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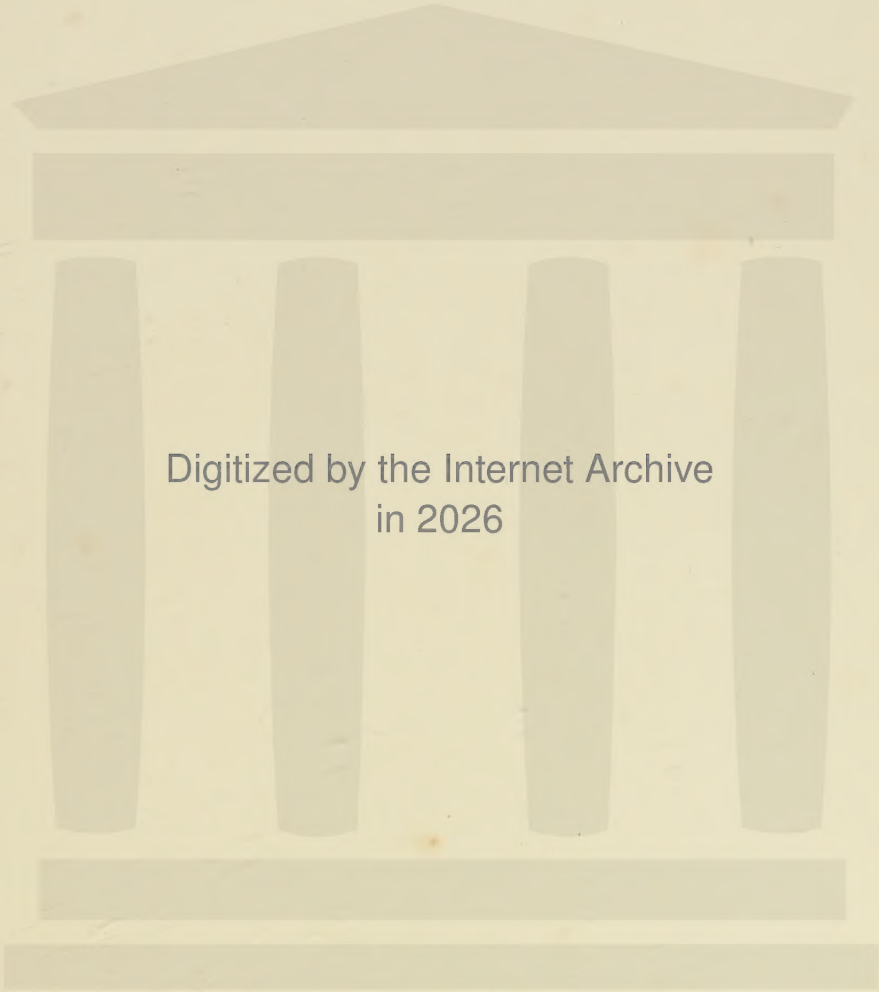

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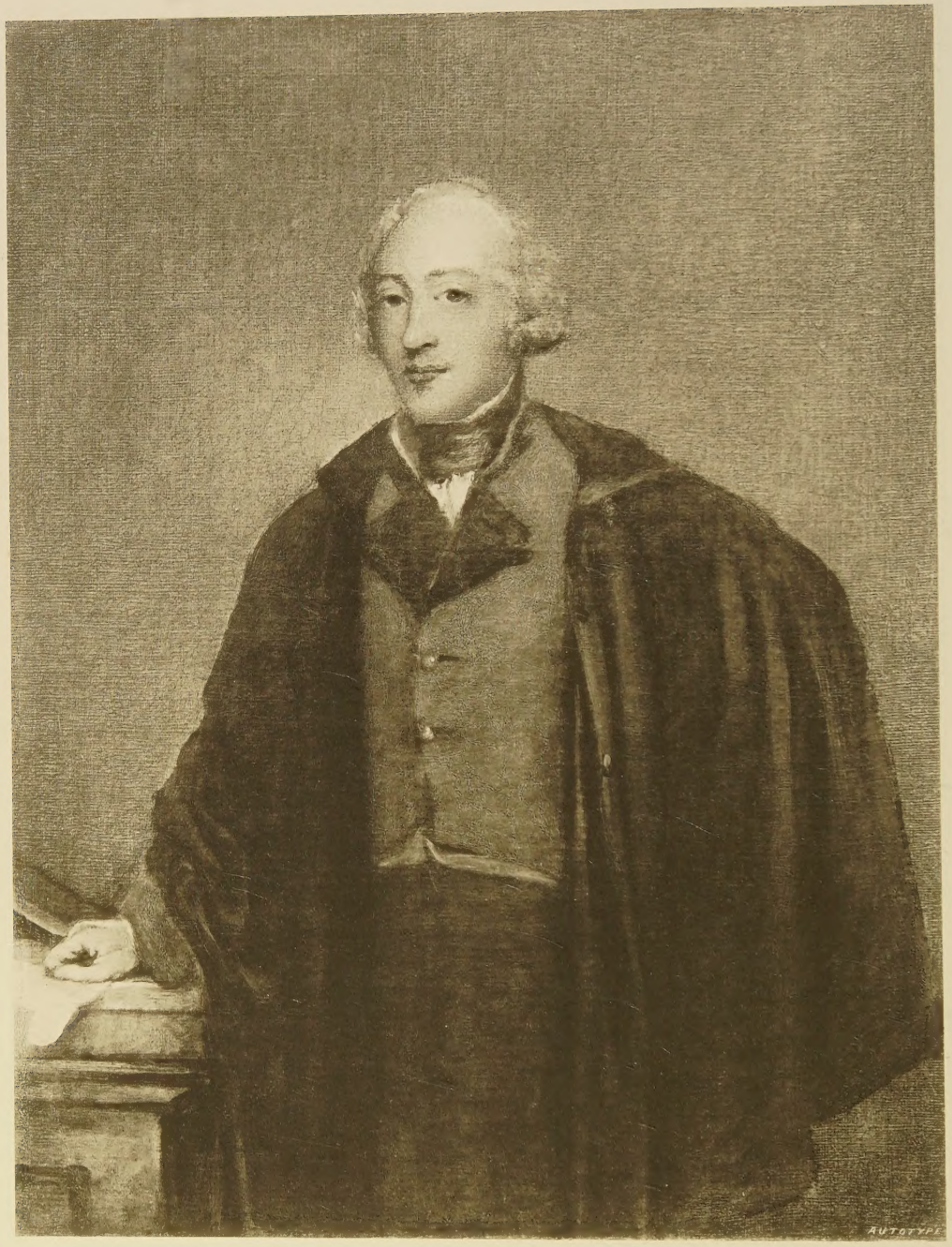

JOHN, 1ST EARL OF PORTARLINGTON.

JOHN, FIRST EARL OF PORTARLINGTON

GLEANINGS

FROM AN

OLD PORTFOLIO

CONTAINING SOME

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LADY LOUISA STUART AND HER SISTER CAROLINE, COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON,

AND

OTHER FRIENDS AND RELATIONS

EDITED BY

MRS. GODFREY CLARK

VOLUME TWO

1785–1799

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GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD PORTFOLIO

CHAPTER VIII

A PLEASANT greeting from Lady Bute to her daughter opens the new year 1785 with good wishes, and gives a cheerful account of the health and prospects of her family.

LADY CARLOW from LADY BUTE

London, 13th January 1785.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER—Lady Macartney having an opportunity of saving you postage by the favour of an Irish friend, I am glad to return you thanks for your letter and purse, tho' I have not yet received the latter, Mrs. Poole not being arrived. Your good wishes, my dearest child, I return a thousandfold, and your dear father joins me in the compliments of the season to Lord Carlow, not words, of course, but our prayers for the long life and prosperity of you and yours are mutual and constant. I am glad you seem to think your youngest child will be the prettiest; the newcomers should have some

advantages to balance the preference that the oldest acquaintances are apt to enjoy. Louisa is gone for a few days to Lady Amelia M'Leod, in whose company I hope she will find amusement, for the weather is such I think, the country can afford no other. William is returned from the Bath in better spirits than I almost ever saw him, and I think I have not seen Lady Macartney so well for several years as she is this winter. The great credit and reputation Lord Macartney has acquired contribute not a little to her satisfaction, and indeed she has good reason to be pleased with it. I wish the E. I. Company may shew their approbation by something more substantial than praise.

The Dutchess of Rutland seems in no hurry to return to her throne,[1] which is a mystery not yet understood here. She lives in the *bon-ton*[2] company, and seems to divert herself extremely notwithstanding all the exhortations of Lady Mary Coke. As I know you have constant intelligence of all we say and do from Louisa, I write but seldom, but be assured, my dearest daughter, your welfare and happiness is ever one of the warmest wishes of your most affectionate mother,

M. W. Bute.

The following letter is not dated, but appears from the context to have been written during this spring. The engagement of Miss Dawson to Major Frederick Metzner was not much approved of by the family, owing to the narrow income of the intended bridegroom. A letter from the lady

[1] The Duke of Rutland was Viceroy of Ireland.
[2] The Prince of Wales's set.

to her sister-in-law, writing of her engagement, says: "I am very sensible that what you say in regard to the step I am going to take proceeds from the sincerity of your friendship for me, and is the dictate of reason and good sense, but you have too much sensibility not to allow there are circumstances in which we cannot always adhere to the voice of reason and our better judgment. I flatter myself, however, that I shall not have reason to repent, and as I think I can give up all the unnecessary parade of life, of which I feel quite tired, for the real comforts of a friend and companion." The marriage took place in the course of this year.

Lord Glandore, referred to in the same letter, married in 1777 Diana, eldest daughter of Lord George Sackville, of whom Lady Louisa writes that 'when unmarried she was conceited and disagreeable, a sort of *pattern* Miss who lectured us all upon propriety. Tired of that character, she assumed quite a different one on her marriage, and became a most dissipated fine lady, flirting, gaming, etc., beyond her fellows. In truth, I suppose she was unusually silly. As she played high, and did not pay very punctually, somebody gave her the name of Owen Glendower (*Owing Glandore*). Her husband, a strange, absent, staring sort of being, seemed hardly in his right senses. Her cousin, the former Duke of Dorset, soon after their wedding invited them to Knowle, where Lord G. went out with the other men on a shooting party one morning, fell into a reverie, took aim, and very quietly shot a pointer instead of a partridge. The sportsmen, not knowing what might happen next, made the best of their way home, and never invited him to go a-shooting again.'[1]

Lady Louisa's admirer, alluded to by Lady Carlow, was Henry Dundas, M.P. for Midlothian, son of one, and brother of another Lord President of the Scottish Court of Session. He was born in 1742, and in 1775 became Lord

[1] MSS. notes to *Irish Journal.*

Advocate of Scotland. In 1802 he was created Viscount Melville, and in 1804 became first Lord of the Admiralty and Treasurer of the Navy, for mismanagement of which office he was impeached in the House of Commons, but acquitted. By his first marriage with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Captain Rannie of Melville, he had three daughters: Elizabeth, who married her cousin, Robert Dundas, afterwards chief Baron of the Scotch Exchequer; Anne, the wife of Henry Drummond; and Montagu, afterwards Lady Abercrombie. Henry Dundas was at the time these letters were written legally separated from his first wife. He married secondly, in 1793, Jane, daughter of Lord Hopetoun.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lady Carlow

[Undated.]

My dear Louisa—I must claim your indulgence to me for not performing my promise of writing the following post after my last letter. I wrote to Lady Macartney at that time, and since that I have been in a continual worry, which entirely prevented my writing to you as I intended. Lady Macartney will have told you of the disagreeable event that is going to take place in our family. We were very much surprised at the intelligence from Miss Dawson, though I have been always expecting it. I persuaded Lord Carlow to send off an express to entreat her not to be too precipitate, as we apprehended by her letter that she either was or would be married in a few days. The messenger returned yesterday, and brought a very proper letter from her, saying she was very much hurt and at the same time pleased with his attention for

her welfare; that she had not consulted him from a consciousness that he could not approve of it, but that she was too far engaged to retract. He also had a letter from the gentleman, containing the highest expressions of affection for Miss Dawson, and desiring to know how he would wish to have her fortune settled; so it is better than we at first feared; at the same time I foresee they must always be distressed, and I fear I am selfish enough to dread their coming upon us for assistance. Is this showing a mean, selfish disposition? I hope not, for God knows I would not grudge her any assistance, and should be the first to propose it were our circumstances different. Major Metzner has referred Lord Carlow to a Colonel Birch, who is at Maryborough, for information with respect to his family and connections; so he is going there this morning. They go to England as soon as they are married. I could not help writing her my opinion of it, as I would have done to my own sister, and representing the inconveniences attending narrow circumstances, as I really believe it to be the destruction of happiness even more when two people are attached to each other than when they are indifferent. It is quite a mistake to imagine that love and affection will make up for all deficiencies, as I am sure there is nothing like the misery of seeing the person one loves distressed.

But here is enough upon this subject, and I must proceed to one that is not much more agreeable, which is a fire we had here the day before yesterday, which burnt down about 20 acres of our plantations, besides

a great deal of natural wood. The fire began in the bog, as they have a most abominable custom of setting the bogs on fire for amusement, and leaving them to burn for a week together, so that if there is any wind the whole country appears on fire.[1] This was not discovered till the middle of the day, when it burst out in ten places at once, and extended the whole length of our water. Lord Carlow came in great haste to inform me of it, and I went and endeavoured to assist in hindering it from spreading, but the wind was so violent there was hardly any such thing as going near it. However, I worked hard all day, together with all the family and every creature we could assemble, though I was almost suffocated with the smoke. It was a most shocking sight to see the violence of the flames, and I despaired of their being able to keep it from communicating to the old timber. However, our endeavours succeeded at last, and it was got under by dark; but we were obliged to have people sitting up to watch it these two nights, as it continued burning in the bog all day yesterday, and is still ready to kindle with the least gust of wind. I was backwards and forwards there all day yesterday, and indeed have not recovered the flurry yet; however, I was thankful the whole time that it did not happen in the house, for I really have had a presentiment of a fire for some time, as I hear of nothing else. There were fifty-two houses burnt at Tullaghmore two days ago, and a great part of the town of Cashel was burnt a week ago.

[1] Portarlington on the Barrow is in the middle of peat bogs, including the famous Bog of Allen.

Saturday.

I wrote thus far three days ago, since which I received a letter from you, another from Lady Macartney, and another from Miss Hobart.[1] The latter wrote in very low spirits. I am sorry to find she has much less chance of gaining anything than she had if her cousin had lived. We went the other night to a play at Portarlington acted by ladies and gentlemen, which was very tolerably done; but it was very long, and then we were obliged to go and sup with a half-brother of Miss Cary's afterwards, so that it was near three o'clock in the morning before we got home; and we found it proved a lucky circumstance, as there were four footpads armed with pistols laying in wait for us at the Common, and they robbed a lady that was going to the play; and I suppose they were tired of waiting for us, so we had a great escape; and it shall be an excuse for my not staying after dark with my neighbours.

We are going to have great doings here next week. The new church is to be consecrated on Tuesday; the Bishop and all the clergy in the neighbourhood are to attend, besides all the country, I suppose; and Lord Carlow will ask them all to dinner both on that day and the next, as there are races within three miles of us. I own I am sorry to begin all this sort of work so soon, but there is no help for it. We have had Lord Glandore here these two days in his way to his own place. I dreaded this visit. However, I must confess he is a good-humoured, civil man, and

1 Probably one of Mrs. Charles Stuart's nieces, a daughter of her sister Albinia, wife of George Hobart, afterwards third Earl of Buckinghamshire.

much more conversable than I had any idea of, though very odd. He has been giving us the most pressing invitations to call upon him this summer, which I fancy *she* won't thank him for. We talk of going to see the Lake of Killarney in the course of the summer, and he says he is but six miles out of the way. A visit from Lord Grandison[1] is another thing hanging over me. However, everybody says he is very much improved; at least, it's the fashion here to like him very much. I hear Lady Grandison is in a very bad state of health. I do suppose he has extricated himself from some of his difficulties at least, as he is building a fine house at Dromane,[2] and is living in a great style. He pays his cook a hundred a year. We are to pay him a visit too, to see his house, as it is to be *built for nothing*.

I must now draw to a conclusion, as my paper is almost at an end. I am diverted at the continuation of your admirer, and wonder if he will propose to you. I must repeat again my wishes that his daughters were disposed of, as he seems an agreeable man, and very likeable, if he had not those encumbrances. I don't see why they should not live with their aunt. You will laugh at me for settling it, but he seems to me only to wait for proper encourage-

[1] Viscount Grandison, afterwards fourth Earl of Jersey.

[2] Dromana, on the river Blackwater, the picturesque demesne of George Villiers, second, and last Earl of Grandison. His wife was Lady Gertrude Seymour Conway, daughter of first Marquis of Hertford, who died in 1800, leaving one daughter, Gertrude Amelia, who married Henry Stuart, son of the first Marquis of Bute, and their son became Lord Stuart de Decies. Dromana was once the residence of the famous Countess of Desmond. It now belongs to Mr. Villiers Stuart.

ment; therefore, I would have you consider before he does, if you could accept of him, as you are better suited than most people to a man older than you.

Lady Carlow from Lady Louisa Stuart

Tuesday, March 1785.

I HAVE been quite ill these three days, ever since that nasty ball—my cold very oppressive, and, I suppose, attended by a good deal of fever, for I have hardly eaten anything, and what was worse, a great lowness of spirits, which I take to be nervous, by the restlessness that I felt. However, all these evils are gone off, and I have only the *honest old cold* remaining, so I shall perform the promise I made Lady Frances of dining with her to-day, and if she wants me, going to the opera. She is alone, Mr. Douglas being gone with the Duke to Adderbury,[1] and my friend, the little tutor,[2] has been absent some time. Mrs. Weddell has a party to-morrow.

Mrs. Weddell was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Ramsden of Byram, Bart. She married, in February 1771, William Weddell of Newby, who died in April 1792, without issue. Mr. Weddell seems to have inherited the name with the property from his mother's brother, Thomas Weddell. His father's name was Richard Elcock. The Weddells were of Erswick, in Yorkshire, of whom Margaret married, in the seventeenth century, William Robinson, and their descendant, Thomas Philip Robinson, third Lord

[1] In Oxfordshire. It was inherited by the Duke of Buccleuch from his grandfather, the Duke of Argyll, whom Pope visited there, and "pressed the bed where Wilmot lay." See *Lady Mary Coke*, vol. i. p. 8, n. 1.

[2] Mr. Buckle. See *post*, p. 19.

Grantham, added the name of Weddell to his own. Mrs. Weddell survived her husband till the 12th of July 1831, when she died, aged eighty-two, at her house in Upper Brook Street, which had been for many years a resort for any one "noted," says her epitaph, "for genius, wit, taste, literary excellence, or proficiency in the fine arts." It is only fair to Mrs. Weddell to add that her friendships once given were constant, and did not depend on anything so ephemeral as notoriety.

Wednesday.

My mother has just got my cold. I believe it is an influenza, for it came upon her as well as me quite suddenly, and this morning she was really very ill with it; but she was almost well before she went to bed, as you may believe, for I went out and supped with the Dutchess, whom I see so seldom I was glad of the opportunity. They are for ever going to Richmond. Mr. Dundas is going to give a great ball at Wimbledon. I told them that some of them must carry me, and they consented, but seem to think they shall return to town after it, which I rejoice at, for, though I could easily sleep at the Lodge,[1] I should not like it at all. I fancy the Dundases invite all their visitors, and how they will contrive it, the Lord knows, for I hear the house is so small, they are forced to have a temporary ballroom; I am afraid there will be no space to breathe in. I dined *tête-à-tête* with Lady Frances, and went to the opera. It was over very early, and I did not go into the room, so could not do myself any harm. Lord William[2] came in, and was very ridiculous with

[1] The White Lodge, Lord Bute being at that time Ranger of Richmond Park.

[2] Lord William Gordon probably, a frequent visitor at Dalkeith.

an account of Mrs. Bellamy's[1] benefit. It put me in mind of old days. With all his oddities, and his tyrannical humours, as a companion he is ill exchanged for Lord Sydney and the Marquis.

Thursday.

My mother slept well, and is so much better to-day she talks of going out at night, as she has a party at the Dutchess of Beaufort's. Lady Robert Bertie has just sent a card for a ball, to which I shall go, and carry the Gunnings,[2] and I intend to dance for exercise, to carry off the remains of my cold. I can have no other temptations amongst the misses and masters there. I am very sorry to tell you Count Brühl[3] is gone abroad with his son, meaning to stay the summer, and [Lady] Egremont has determined to leave town now immediately, which is a sad loss to my mother—not, indeed, just at present, for there are parties enough, but if we stay late in London, or, as we did last year, hardly go out of it, it will be terribly melancholy for her. For my part, though I have taken more exercise than usual this year, I do find the spending so many months here wears my spirits whether I will or not, so much that I could almost marry a farmer to change my way of life, and be secure of breathing fresh air. But "Les choses les plus souhaitées n'arrivent point,

[1] This once beautiful actress, now an old woman, had a benefit arranged for her at Drury Lane in the spring of this year. She took scarcely any part in it, as her mental faculties were greatly weakened.

[2] The two daughters of Sir Robert Gunning, K.B., the Ambassador, first Bart. They were Charlotte, Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte, who married, 3rd January 1790, the Hon. Stephen Digby, brother of Henry, first Earl Digby; and Barbara, who married, in 1795, Major-General Ross. These are the ladies mentioned in *Mme. D'Arblay's Diary.*

[3] Minister from the Court of Saxony. He married the widow of Lord Egremont. His daughter was Mrs. Scott of Harden. See Lockhart's *Life*, vol. i. p. 322.

ou si elles arrivent, ce n'est ni dans le temps, ni dans les circonstances, où elles auroient fait un extrême plaisir."[1] So one must be patient. I often think we may apply that maxim to poor Lady Jane. I believe when she first married she had enough ambition and love of grandeur to have been highly pleased with the great situation and flattering reputation he may enjoy at present, but it has not come till a long course of misfortunes and disappointments have made her totally indifferent to the triumph, and only attentive to the unpleasant circumstances attending it. She is gone out of town for two days to dine at Mr. Macartney's, sleep at the lodge, etc. etc.

Friday.

I carried the Gunnings to the ball, and left them there, for I came away after supper. Miss Gunning, who was tired and dismal, would fain have done the same, but I roared out at the proposal, and told her she was a cross old maid. Only think of her wanting to carry off poor Bell from the best half of her amusement. It is the only point in which I don't feel myself a thorough old maid. I cannot wish to hinder people younger and gayer than myself from being as happy as their pleasures will make them, and I think there is some merit in this, because I suppose nobody ever knew so little what pleasure was as I did, when I was young. We had a very good set of women dancers. But Lord Winchelsea (who looked like the father of the company) and Mr. Chetwynd excepted, not a man, I verily think, more than twenty years old, and a great

[1] *Les Caractères de la Bruyère—Du cœur*, p. 62.

many much younger, all boys from Oxford. The two Staffords were the only ones I knew by sight. They showed me Lord Paget,[1] who is a very handsome youth indeed. Lord Winchelsea[2] and Miss Vernon will make a match, I fancy. He danced with her, and seemed very attentive, and she well pleased. He looks like a sensible, worthy, pleasant man; there is something about him very much resembling his cousin, the Duke of Roxburgh, though not so genteel. I danced seven dances for exercise, as I told you I would, with Mr. Chetwynd, E. Stafford, and the Lord knows who besides, for I hardly asked their names, and it really did me good, but I have not the strength and spirits of other people, for I was extremely tired, that even if I had meant to stay, I could not have got through another dance for the world, and I am a languid, miserable animal to-day. My mother is quite recovered.

Sunday.

I went last night to Mrs. Legge's. It was, as I always find it, extremely dismal. She looks but thin and ill, poor woman. Miss Herbert had desired me to meet her there, but I don't know what good we did one another. She tells me W. Minchin is going to Ireland, and desires me to write a long letter by him, so, as this is very dull, I will keep it, and not make you pay for it. I have been at home all the evening, but went to sup with Lady Frances, who is very uncomfortably low-spirited. I can't exactly tell the cause, for she does not care to talk about it.

[1] He was then seventeen years old, and was afterwards Field Marshal and first Marquis of Anglesey.

[2] George, eighth Earl of Winchelsea, died unmarried in 1826.

LADY CARLOW from MISS DAMER, afterwards LADY CAROLINE DAMER

London, 28th April 1785.

MY DEAR LADY CARLOW—Having just finished a purse, which I beg you to accept, I flatter myself you will like it enough to use it, and that it will therefore be the means of sometimes bringing me to your thoughts. It will be given, with this letter, to the care of a Mr. Delany, who, Mrs. Brand tells me, intends setting out for Ireland to-morrow. I believe he is known to Lord Carlow, and I hope he will be a trusty messenger. At last the cold weather has left us, and though the gardens are uncommonly backward, it is such a release from the pinching cold that everything appears cheerful. I believe the farmers will have cause for complaint this year, which is not always the case; the loss of lambs in Dorsetshire is very great. I conclude Lord Carlow is very busy with his improvements at Dawson Court, but have you got a flower garden in order? That is such a pleasure at this time of the year, and so easily done if you delight in it yourself, and do not pretend to uncommon plants, which often have the only merit of being expensive. My brother Lionel[1] has so much to do at Came that they intend staying only another month in town. Mrs. Lionel is already impatient to be gone, at which I am not at all surprised; they have made it such a comfortable place, and in a little time will be really a pretty one. I think you and Lord Carlow will be of

[1] Hon. Lionel Damer.

that opinion when I have the happiness of seeing you again in Dorsetshire, which I flatter myself will be this year. My father talks of settling at Milton in about six weeks, which I hope he will do, as by that time I never think London pleasant, and I shall be more desirous of going into the country early this year, not having been there at Easter. There not having been many assemblies this year, at least not in the small circle of my acquaintance, I have more often met Lady Bute than Lady Louisa. Mrs. Lionel has had constant little parties, when she has been so good constantly to come, and as Mrs. Moore has been a good deal in the house with Mrs. Lionel (during Mr. Moore's absence) they began their whist very early, which suits Lady Bute as well as my father, who, I assure you, often laments the absence of his favourite partner at whist, and hopes to be made amends at Milton Abbey this year.

I hope, my dear Lady Carlow, that you and all my little friends are in perfect health. I shall be very happy to hear so from yourself, and beg you will believe me ever most affectionately yours,

C. Damer.

Lady Carlow from Lady Macartney

May 1785.

My head is so continually perplexed and taken up with business, my dear sister, and my mind in general so much agitated, that for a long time I have not been able to sit down to write a comfortable letter, and I

cannot promise that this will be so, though I long to converse with you, and to assure you that amidst all my own cares I am not regardless of what concerns you, nor less warmly interested in you.

I mentioned to you in one of my letters that there was a person who appeared to be much engaged with our sister in South Audley Street, and I have lately had reason to be convinced of this from his expressions to myself, for in an interview we had upon business, he surprised me by introducing her into the conversation, told me he thought her the most charming girl he had ever seen, that it was impossible for a man to look at her without being in love with her, and that he thought it the greatest disgrace to the age that she should still be called by her maiden name. He takes every opportunity of seeing and conversing with her, and does really, I find, make love very freely whenever they meet. You may suppose she does not quite dislike this—no woman can, unless the person is very disagreeable, which in this instance is not the case. But though it is at times a momentary gratification, you will not wonder that it occasions no small degree of regret. I really feel for her sincerely, and am quite provoked when I consider the different objections there must ever be to a union with a person who really seems more to like her than anybody. I suppose you have found out that I am all this time talking of Mr. Dundas, and know that he is divorced, has four or five children, two daughters grown up, who have been presented this year. I conclude you know the old sister, Mrs. Christie Dundas; she appears quite to adore

Louisa, and I am actually of opinion the proposal will be made, though I do not see how she can accept it, even though I think she by no means dislikes the man. She herself, however, supposes that politics will prevent him from making her an offer of his hand.

I must beseech you, my dear sister, if she has said nothing to you upon the subject, on no account to hint to her what I have now told you, as she would never forgive me, and I own I think it a subject so little satisfactory that the less is said about it the better. Therefore, I beg you to burn this as soon as you have read it. I must tell you that neither the Dutchess nor Lady Frances appear to have the least idea of his attachment, so he certainly has not mentioned it to them. And I must end, as I began by saying, it is in truth very provoking that some person who would be a more eligible match should not have had the same fancy.

I am all in doubt and uncertainty, my dear sister, about what will be my future place of destination. I think much of India, but God knows whether I shall ever accomplish that scheme ; at all events, Sir William Fordyce insists upon my going to Tunbridge for two or three months in this next summer, so that I shall certainly do.

Pray remember me kindly to Lord Carlow and to my dear John. I hope Louisa is better, and am glad to hear that Car is improved.—Yours, my dear sister, with the most sincere and faithful love and affection,

J. M.

Charles Street, 18th May 1785.

THOUGH I wrote to you so lately, my dear sister, I must indulge myself with sending you another letter in answer to yours of the 10th, which I received yesterday. I could not help being diverted at finding Louisa had told you of the *devoirs* paid to me by a great man, and how you would laugh when you received my letter wherein I mentioned his passion for her, but kept all my own affairs a secret. Indeed, I did not think it quite decent to relate that a great Minister coming upon business of State to a lady in the absence of her husband should proceed to take liberties.

Louisa came in to me last night just as I received your letter, and we both laughed heartily at each other, each telling the other's secret and keeping her own. Louisa will not allow this to be so, because she said she did inform you of his kindness for her, but she certainly did not repeat all the fine things he said to me upon the subject, and I leave you to judge, my dear, whether she is not the first in his thoughts, as since that time he meant to be gracious to me he could not help making this declaration of his passion for her. The truth is, he was just then come from a great dinner, and I suppose at that moment any woman, let her be ever so old and ugly, would have been looked upon with a favourable eye by him. But I am sure he really does like Louisa, and I do regret very much that there are some circumstances which must prevent his being an acceptable offer, for I must very much wish to see her married. She was very curious to see

your letters, suspecting, I suppose, that there was something of Mr. Buckle[1] in it; but I have been faithful to you, and positively refused to let her have it, though indeed, my dear sister, I long to talk over with her this subject too. It strikes me that you have grown quite a prude, for this same Mr. Buckle is quite a little boy to her (I wish you saw him), and appears to be so intent upon his Latin and Greek that no other thoughts would enter his head while he was teaching it. But you may depend upon my not mentioning your remark to her, as she might take it ill. However, I shall begin to doubt you will have some fear about me. I have very interesting *tête-à-têtes*, and why should not I fall in love with Lord R.,[2] for example, or he with me, yet this has never happened. I have just had a note from him to tell me that he has had the news of Lady Granard's being safely delivered of a son, and very well, at Montpelier. I saw a gentleman lately come from them who says Lady Anne is quite adored there. This was in truth a little man who is dying for love of her (one of Mrs. Granville's sons), but he is not so young as Mr. Buckle. How provoking it is that he should not be in a situation in which his love could be of some use to her!

I have heard nothing more from India, my dear sister, or at least nothing later than what I told you. I think I mentioned to you in my last that I fully propose to spend the greatest part of this next summer

[1] The young tutor before alluded to.

[2] Lord Rawdon, son of Lord Moira, afterwards first Marquis of Hastings. Lady Granard was his sister. Lady Anne, another sister, afterwards Lady Louisa Stuart's greatest friend, married Lord Ailesbury.

at Tunbridge, in order to try to get as much strength as I can, lest I should go to India, though I see my mother is so entirely averse to that scheme that I doubt I must give it up. I certainly should not hesitate one moment about it were it not for her, but I owe her so much, and I know her to have so very few comforts, that I shall never be able to prevail upon myself to go. If she sees it in the light of an affliction, the situation is surely a cruel one, for I daresay you agree with me that if one is ever to live with anybody, a separation of eight or nine years is rather too great a trial, particularly when a woman is advancing in life. The time that has passed in absence may be of use, but several years added must estrange people from each other more than would be prudent. And supposing anything was to happen to Lord Macartney (he has already had very bad health), I should never forgive myself to have remained here. Mr. Staunton[1] is urgent with me to the greatest degree to go, and as both he and his wife would in every respect be of much more consequence in India, and meet with more attentions of every kind if I were not there, I must suppose his advice is totally impartial and disinterested. If I do go, it surely would be most desirable for me to take the voyage with them, and not to go alone, or with people I am unacquainted with. In short, my dear, it appears to me thus: Shall I go and make my mother miserable, or shall I stay and totally give up all prospect of cordiality and friendship with Lord Macartney. One thing, I own, makes

[1] Lord Macartney's Secretary, afterwards Sir George Staunton. He was of great service to his chief in several delicate transactions—notably in the dexterous arrest of General Stuart at Madras. See *post*, p. 53.

a great impression upon me. I have never yet met with any person, any common acquaintance, who does not tell me they suppose I shall now certainly go to India. I fear if I do not, it will be a reproach upon my mind as long as I live, unless he positively sends to forbid me.

I am sorry for what you tell me about Miss Dawson, but not in the least surprised, as people in her situation usually take some imprudent step of the kind. I wish heartily that your Lord may succeed in getting a good office. Pray make my compliments to him, and give my kind love to the children. I have sent the five guineas to Mrs. Thompson, who writes word that she is better.—Yours, my dear sister, most truly and affectionately, J. M.

Lady Carlow from Lady Louisa Stuart

London, May 1785.

IT has gone very ill with me, for I was so miserable [body] and mind yesterday, I could hardly hold up my head. I did nothing but reproach myself for being such an old fool as to dance till five o'clock in the morning without any inducement in the world, as I am past having pleasure in hopping about, and as none of my partners could give me any with their conversation, except indeed William Townshend,[1] with whom I wanted to get acquainted; he seems sensible and good-natured, but I don't think him yet a formed man, which he ought to be to battle with old Greenwich, and I doubt she will keep him under her feet as she

[1] William John Townshend, son of Lady Greenwich by her second husband, the Rt. Hon. Charles Townshend. See *post*, p. 136.

used to do. In short, he has not conquered the disadvantage of his education, or got the manners of the world, and he seems conscious that he has not, but otherwise he is certainly a pretty young man. He talked to me with great concern (and appearance of affection) of his sister Mrs. Wilson,[1] about whom I could give him no comfort. To return to the ball, it was a very good one for actual dancing, men (such as they were) being to be had in great abundance. They were almost all officers, and the company in general consisted chiefly of our country people, so you may suppose it was not the genteelest set in London; amongst others who should accost me but our cousin Campbell, Lord Stonefield's son, whom I saw in Scotland. I had utterly forgot him, which put me terribly out of countenance. I danced two dances with him, and told him it was against my rule to dance more, but I never could stir without finding him at my elbow the rest of the night. He would sit by me at supper, and threw a plate of soup over my gown, and I was heartily sick of being so be-cousined, but my other partners were much of the same kind: Lord Breadalbane, out of whom there is no getting a word; and odious Colonel Colquhoun, whom you must have seen in all public places; and little Mr. Chetwynd, who indeed was much the best and most civilised of the collection. He is a very good partner, and I believe much prized by the young ladies at all balls, at least I have seen Bell Gunning pay him a great deal of court the night before Almacks. Amongst the ladies, the

[1] See *post*, pp. 137 and 162.

beauties were Mrs. Campbell's two lovely cousins the Miss Lindsays, Miss Cheap, a Miss Bentinck, who is new this year, Miss Price, Miss Anne Dundas, etc. Her Grace of Gordon bounced away according to custom, and Lady Augusta Murray, who is grown a great deal too flaunting. I supped with Mrs. and Miss Pitt. We had Mr. Lennox, Lord Strathaven, Lord Morton, Mr. Aston Harvey, Mr. Fitzroy, and a few more *comme il fauts*, but they disdained dancing above a dance or two. The best amusement I had was seeing Lord Strathaven and Miss Anstruther, Mr. Montagu and Miss Ramsay, dance a reel, which they did in such perfection that it was fully equal to the *Seguidilla* [1] at the Opera-House. The Dutchess of Gordon had insisted upon General —— dancing with her himself. He is a grave, well-looking man between forty and fifty, very large and rather fat, with a military stiffness and respectable air about him, which makes him not the most likely person in the world to lead up a ball. At the same time he danced the steps extremely well, and in the true Highland manner, as if it had been over his broadsword, so that one could hardly help smiling, especially since Lord Galloway was the other man. I forget the woman. I begged of Mr. Dundas to dance the next reel with her Grace, but he pleaded his tye-wig, which he said

[1] A Spanish dance for two dancers, in which the lady has castanets, which accompany a song of a peculiar metre, the refrain of which is joined in by the audience clapping their hands. There are three varieties, the manchega, the bolero, and the gitana, the first being the most vivacious, and the last the most stately. A characteristic peculiarity of the dance is the sudden cessation of the music after a certain number of figures, leaving the dancers standing in various picturesque attitudes. See *Century Dictionary of the English Language.*

he had put on to secure himself. He was in the right, for if it had come into her head she would have made him dance, and Lord Loughborough too. Things have gone ill with her this winter. She has quarrelled with the Prince of Wales, and after trying everything to make it up again, there is but *paix forcée* between them. She looks as fierce as a dragon, and contents herself with spending her breath upon politics, and ringing a daily peal in the ears of her poor husband, with whom, Lord William says, she squabbles more than ever. I yawned out yesterday evening alone with Lady Jane, and to-night was going to the French Ambassador's with the Dutchess and Lady Frances, but they have sent me word that he is sick, and desire I would sup in Grosvenor Square. The Grahams[1] are to be there, I believe. Lady Betty and Mr. Mackenzie have a great bridal dinner for them this week, and have invited me, which I am very sorry for, for there will be three pair, and I shall be the only unmarried woman, so all the jokes will fall upon me.

Monday.

I arrived just in time at the Dutchess's, at the same moment that she and Lady Frances came from the Queen's house,[2] to which they had been unexpectedly sent for. That is a provoking trick of their Majesties', if one durst say so; the message came at seven o'clock, and put poor Lady Frances at her wits' end, but Mrs. Turner was so good as to give her back an old

[1] Lord Graham, afterwards third Duke of Montrose; he married, February 1785, a daughter of the second Earl of Ashburnham, who died in September 1786.

[2] See *post*, p. 80.

white sash she had had in her possession these two years, and so she went. There were only the three pair above mentioned at supper. I think I make an awkward figure in these matrimonial parties; Lady G[raham] is very shy and silent, and I think, considering Lord Graham has neither of those misfortunes, he does not try enough to bring her forward into the conversation. To say truth, he is as composed and insouciant, by what I saw, as if he had been married these ten years. The French Ambassador was sick indeed, for he had a stroke of the palsy yesterday at the drawing-room, and yet all the town went to his house last night, and played at faro, etc., as if he had not been dying in the next room. We are curious people.

The Baron d'Adhémar was French Ambassador at this time. He belonged to a considerable family of Adhémars in Languedoc, of which one was created Doge of Genoa by Charlemagne in A.D. 814. Another, Adhémar de Monteil, Bishop of Puy, was in early life a distinguished Crusader, and took the Cross at the hands of Urban II. in 1095. Le Comte d'Adhémar, better known as the Chevalier de Grignan, was one of the *Menins* of the Dauphin at the Court of Louis XIV., and died at Marseilles in 1713, and the Comte de Grignan, well known as the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné's daughter, was another of the family.[1] The French Ambassador, alluded to above, had been attached to the King of Poland on his visit to Paris in 1748.

Tuesday.

I spent the evening yesterday between poor Mrs. Woodhouse, who is a good deal better, and Mrs.

[1] See Mommerqué's *Madame de Sévigné.*

Legge, where I found two *tight* card-tables, and had nothing to do but to fall asleep by the side of them.

Wednesday.

Lady Camelford sent to me to come to meet Lady Frances last night. I went first to the Dutchess's, where I found Lord and Lady Courtoun, the Duke of Montagu, and all the boys and girls, which made a great party. Lord Herbert came in too, and Lady Pembroke; I include Lord Stopford and his brother amongst the boys, for I think they are just as much so as they were five years ago, and neither seem to be considered, nor to consider themselves as company for the grown-up people, which I wonder at much in a young man who has been abroad.

The dinner was not so bad as I expected, except in point of being teased about eating. The company were the Dutchess,—the Duke is not well enough,—Lord and Lady Graham, Mr. Douglas and Lady Frances, Mr. Dundas, Lord Murray, and Lord Elphinstone. I went afterwards to Grosvenor Square, where were the Duke of Montagu, Lord Courtoun and Stopford, and a Major Scott, their relation. Then came in Mr. Dundas, then Lady Brudenell late from a party, Lady Frances, and later still, Mr. Douglas. I forget to name Fish Craufurd,[1] who has been confined with the gout these six weeks, and looks very ill indeed. The Douglases and Mr. Dundas only stayed supper.

Pray do you want preferment? the bonny Dundas, as Lady Jane calls him, is so much inclined to be tender

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 44.

to a friend of yours, that really it is worth your while to pay her court, insignificant as you may think her. He made a bold push towards visiting me in a morning to-day at dinner, and taking me by surprise with it, I did not refuse, as I believe I ought to have done, for though the father of those great women, he is so handsome, and so gallant withal, that it is dangerous to look upon him as *un homme sans consequence.* Fye upon Cupid, the nasty little devil has used me always ill, and now if he chose to present me with one of that set of company, he might have shot to better purpose. What sad stuff I am writing! Good-night.

Saturday.

I spent yesterday evening *tête-à-tête* in Charles Street talking of my conquest to Lady Jane, who is mightily delighted and diverted with it. She bids me to take care of her interests; she longs to see him flirting, for they have never met but as the Minister of State and the great Lady, and stood mutually in the greatest awe of one another. What entertains me is the gentleman's shyness, for though he plainly meant I should understand he admired me, and looked and looked again, he contrived it so cleverly that nobody else perceived anything of it. Ten to one it was all for his diversion to laugh at me, but as I can laugh at him in return, no matter; I wish I had never thought of any other kind of flirtation. I am very much disappointed, and find I must end this letter without having heard a word from you. It is now almost a fortnight.

God bless you, my dear sister, and the children. I hope this will find you all well, tho' I fear very cold

and uncomfortable. Lady Mary drags me to Texier's[1] to-night.

LADY CARLOW from LADY MACARTNEY

Charles Street, 2nd June 1785.

MY DEAR SISTER—As Miss Herbert tells me she has an opportunity of conveying this to you with very little charge, I must write to express my wishes that you and yours may all be well and comfortable. I particularly long to have you here now, as all the charming music which you heard last year is again to be repeated at the Abbey. I am very extravagant, and treat myself to every performance, and it would be very pleasant to me, make the entertainment ten times more gratifying if you enjoyed it with me. I am going to the birthday too, when I wish for you to accompany me, and I am really at a loss without your advice and taste about my gown.

I thought it would be right for me to go this year, and also to have a gown rather more expensive than a plain lustring,[2] yet I grudge any expense for my dress. I therefore determined to have some sort of a trimming made at home, and knowing nothing about the matter myself, and my maid being as ignorant, we have together contrived an ugly thing which costs twice as much as I intended. My head is so confused and taken up by other things that I have quite lost the little genius I had for dress.

[1] Probably Tessier, a French actor, who gave entertainments something in the style of our John Parry. See H. Walpole (Cunningham edition), vol. vi. p. 283.

[2] Or lutestring, a kind of taffetas then worn in summer—"a lutestring administration," as Charles Townshend called an unstable ministry, *i.e.* only fit to last for a summer.

I received a letter last night from Lord Macartney[1] dated the 8th January, in which he says he is tolerably well, but has had some severe attacks of rheumatism, and he longs to such a degree to come home that it makes me hate the thoughts of the Government-General, and wish that he may not think himself obliged to undertake it. But if he does, this circumstance of his health will make me doubly anxious to go to him; however, my dear, I have already said enough to you upon this subject.

The family in South Audley Street are all well in all respects at present, thank God. The business of the eldest son is settled in a manner with which he is tolerably satisfied, and which, I think, would entirely content any other person.

As to the lady[2] whom we have lately conversed about, she went to a fine ball last night at Wimbledon, given by the person who expressed so violent a passion for her to me. Whether he repented having made this strong declaration I know not, or whether, on account of some disagreement between him and me on political subjects, he thinks it proper to be more reserved; but there is a great change, and no longer the same *empressement* which appeared before, and which made me really suppose he had some serious intentions. She laughs much about it, and says she has told you she is not yet at her last prayers.

Miss Herbert will give you an account of herself.

[1] Lord Macartney was Governor of Madras at this time, but was recalled the same year with the idea of appointing him Governor-General of India, which office, however, he declined in 1786. See *post*, pp. 52-54.

[2] Lady Louisa, their sister.

I see a great deal of her, and contrive to be of as much use as I can. I fear that old aunt of hers will not give her anything, and that it will be a disappointment, because she seems to expect it from her now that her daughter is dead.

I have lately had a long letter from Lady Anne.[1] The whole family are all in great joy upon Lady Granard's having a son.[2] They have made a violent friendship with the Dutchess of Ancaster, and her family are all to spend the summer at Spa together and the next winter in Switzerland.

Lady Willoughby[3] and Lady Charlotte are now come over just for a month. I think the Dutchess will have it in her head now to get my friend Lord R. for her daughter.

Lady Anne always enquires most kindly, and desires to be remembered very particularly to you. I wish if you go abroad you may be near her. Pray, my dear, is anything yet settled about that?

Adieu, my dear, dear sister. I beg to be kindly remembered to Lord Carlow, and with love to the dear children, ever your most faithful and affectionate,

J. M.

Lady Carlow from Lady Louisa Stuart

13th June 1785.

DEAR SISTER—I won't let so good an opportunity pass without writing to you, and yet as my journals

[1] Lady Anne Rawdon.

[2] George John, afterwards seventh Earl of Granard, was born 3rd May 1785.

[3] Lady Louisa North, daughter of first Earl of Guilford, married John Peyto Verney, sixth Baron Willoughby de Broke. Her niece was Lady Charlotte North, mentioned in the same line.

have been so constant, I have very little to say. Not a line yet from you, which surprises me very much. It is now a fortnight since I heard from you, and I am afraid your being fretted and teased is the reason of your silence. I was last night at the farewell of Grosvenor Square! The Dutchess[1] is now gone to Richmond for good. Lord and Lady Courtoun set out for Ireland to-morrow. The Douglases are still in London, which in this excessively hot weather is terrible to her. I suppose they will be able to get into Petersham[2] the beginning of next month. There is nobody but us that remain in town for ever and ever, Amen. We talk no more of going than if it were February, and somehow it seems as if we had nowhere to go, for L[uton] is left in such a manner that we could not easily go to it again. And indeed I believe that is quite out of the question, and Yorkshire, supposing we had a mind, could not be a *poste tenable* for more than a month or two, as it requires good weather to make it habitable. But it does not signify grumbling at one's fate. I hope no disagreeable man who has a pleasant country house will come and tempt me to do a foolish thing.

There was a vast deal of company last night, but it divided into conversation parties, and so did very well; a great many too at supper.

Lord and Lady Graham do not make one in love with matrimony; he is not much the civiller for it, but

[1] Of Buccleuch.

[2] Douglas House, left to Lady Douglas by her aunt, Lady Jane Scott, to whom it came from Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry. It passed from Lady Douglas to her daughter, Lady Scott, and from her to the present owners, the Drummond Morays.

a little the quieter, which one cannot deny to be an improvement. She, I begin to suspect, has a good deal of lead in her composition, always silent, looking dismal, neglected in her dress, nothing of the usual neatness and splendour of the young bride, and I think her grown downright ugly. I hope all this proceeds from her being ill, and that in a good cause (though no such thing is talked of), but the town will have it she is unhappy. Now I do not believe she was enough in love to make her so, and he seems very attentive to her, and in his puppyish way fond of her.

Lady Emily [Macleod] was with me again on Saturday. We dined after the music at Lady Macartney's instead of coming home and she with us. Then I brought her here, but I was so totally knocked up I had no enjoyment of her company: she left town yesterday, and carried Miss Herbert along with her.

We have just got your letters, which my mother bids me tell you. She says she will not open hers again, having just finished it, but thanks you a thousand times. So do I, and I am very sorry that I cannot get your commissions done to send by this opportunity. It was but yesterday I heard of Mr. Butters going, but I shall probably find out somebody else, and then you shall have them. I have now only time to make up my packet and bid you adieu. I was not affronted, what I said was in joke. I could not possibly take it ill that anybody thought my chance a bad one, for I should suppose them a simpleton if I believed they really and truly thought it a good one. God bless you, my dear.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON[1]

4th August 1785.

MY DEAR LOUISA—I was at Lady De Vesci's when I received your welcome letter with the account of my mother bearing the shock of losing her old friend[2] better than could be expected; indeed it relieved me from great anxiety, tho' I could not refrain from tears when I read the account of poor Mrs. Delany and her noble way of thinking and acting, but at the same time I was much pleased with the Duke's shewing so much respect for his mother's old friend, and I hope he will find opportunities of assisting her in a delicate way, if she should long survive this great shock. However, I am sorry to be obliged now to wish she may be soon released, as I daresay she will never enjoy anything, and it would be cruel to wish her to live. I really feel as if I had lost an old friend in the poor Dutchess, having been used to her all my life. I was very much afraid my mother's health would have suffered, as you mentioned her not being well some time before; however, I hope the journey to Yorkshire has done her good, both as to health and spirits. Pray make my affectionate duty acceptable to her, and tell her I should have wrote, but was unwilling to plague her at this time. We spent a few days last week very pleasantly at Abbeyleix, and I should have liked to lengthen the visit if Lord Portarlington had been of the same mind, as it is

[1] Lord Carlow was created Earl of Portarlington 21st June 1785.

[2] The Duchess of Portland, friend of Mrs. Delany.

probable I shall not see them again for a great while, as they talk of going to Bath very soon, and propose staying for two years. Lady De Vesci told me very plainly it was on a saving scheme, as they owe money, and find the same difficulty of raising money we do, tho' he has his estate in his own power. They told me Lady Wells, who is a sister of Lord De Vesci's, has lived there till they have made their circumstances quite easy. This made me consider a little, and I believe I shall get my mother and you to send me information with regard to the expense of living there, for I should prefer that, if it would answer, on account of the shortness of the journey, and I can't say I should be at all ashamed. However, for the present I see no prospect of our going anywhere, as there's no rents paid, so that we are as much distressed at home as if we were in a strange country, for everything we have received has gone to pay the fees and the interest, and they say the scarcity of hay will make cattle sell for nothing, so one can hardly expect the tenants to pay. The Staples[1] go to Wales in a day or two, which I believe has been the means of determining the De Vescis to leave the country, as they will be such a loss. They told me it was the report of the country that we were going abroad, to which I answered we were always talking of such a thing, but I did not know when it would be put in execution ; indeed, I am at a loss what to determine upon, and I think if things continue as they are at present we may be obliged to remain here, which indeed I am very willing to do if

[1] Sir Robert and Lady Staples. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 60.

I could make it answer, as I must confess I have been very little plagued with my neighbours since I have been in Ireland last, and while they let me alone I am very well satisfied. Our intended expedition to the Lake of Killarney does not seem likely to take place neither, as they seem determined to keep the parliament sitting all the summer, and there is no getting Lord Portarlington to move except to Dublin while there is anything going on there. I hope the next letter I get from you will be a cheerful one, from the woods and the mountains. I wish I could transport myself to you. I think we should enjoy them together. God bless you, my dear. I deferred writing till I am so late I must not say a word more.—Ever your C. P. A.

The Parliament in Dublin was dissolved on 7th August, after a prolonged discussion on the address of thanks to the Lord-Lieutenant, in which it was said that "the people of this country were at liberty to resume or not, a commercial engagement with England." The address was carried by 130 to 13, after which the Duke of Rutland brought the Session to an end. Lord Portarlington seems to have promptly profited by his release, and we find his wife shortly afterwards writing from Limerick on their projected tour.

THE SAME from the SAME

Limerick, Wednesday, 31st August 1785.

MY DEAR LOUISA—I have this minute closed a very shabby letter, but the post was just going out, and as I was sure you would be uneasy at not hearing from me, I dispatched it, and I am now going on with my travels, in order to make up for it. I left off when

I was going to tell you we came to Mr. Heads,[1] which is a charming place in the middle of rocks and mountains, and just upon the banks of the Shannon, which is one of the noblest rivers I ever saw. Here we were entertained very hospitably by the family above mentioned. They have eleven fine children, Mrs. Head a very pleasing woman, and two good-looking daughters, grown up, both very good musicians, particularly the eldest, who has a very fine voice; these with an old maiden aunt (Miss Cassandra) make up their family. They have just built a large good house, and have charming walks along the riverside. They have also the ruins of an old castle upon a rock, which is an island, except when the river is low, which was the case then, so we walked over to it, and had a delightful view from it. We remained there till after breakfast this morning, and then proceeded to a place called Castle Connel, where there is a very good spa. It is a very romantic little spot upon the banks of the same river, and another much larger ruin in the midst of the river. The houses are chiefly built for lodgings, so are very neat and dispersed about in the manner of Tunbridge, all commanding a view of the water surrounded by very rich ground well planted and backed by mountains, and here and there a bleach yard close to the river, which forms a very picturesque appearance. They have just built rooms, where they have balls twice a week. We tasted the spa, and it appears to me just like the Tunbridge.

[1] Michael Head of Derry. The Heads were connections of the Cootes, Lady Carlow's neighbours. In 1778 the eldest daughter, Maria, married the eldest son of the Right Rev. W. Gore, Bishop of Limerick, whose first wife was Mary, eldest daughter of Chidley Coote of Coote Hall, and relict of Guy Moore, Esq.

They say it has done wonderful cures. We walked about their walks, and were proceeding to look at a waterfall when we were accosted by a gentleman, who said he fancied we were strangers, and begged he might attend us, which we accepted, and he took us through his own grounds, where he had a charming little cottage. They were just making hay, and it was delightful. He took us to the place where there has always been a great cascade till this dry summer; there we found another romantic-looking rock, great part covered with ivy, and a house upon it built in the form of a tower, which is inhabited by a gentleman who is building a large house upon a hill looking down upon the river. All these rocks and things in the river make me suppose that the river formerly was not near so large, but has forced its way over rocks and places that were inhabited. This gentleman we found afterwards to be a councillor Reeves. He was excessively civil, and would fain have persuaded us to stay and dine with him in his pretty little cottage, but we begged to be excused. He told us every house there was taken all the summer, and that people gave from three to six guineas a week for lodgings. After thanking him for his civility we proceeded to this town, which is a second Dublin. After we had dined we sallied forth to see what was to be seen, but the wet and dirt was terrible; however there is a part they call Newtown Ferry, which is as well built as Harley Street, and people's names over the doors quite like a city. There is a very fine Custom House, and in the course of our walk we arrived at the Parade, where the band belong-

ing to a regiment were playing upon the top of a wall, like the ruin of a castle, to the people below, who were walking backwards and forwards, and I suppose when it is fine it's quite the fashion. We saw people driving about full dressed in their carriages. I suppose there is a number of balls and assemblies every night. Here I shall conclude, and will begin again the next place we come to. We are going by Mr. L——'s, and I dread *their civility*, as they have got relations settled in our neighbourhood, and I fear we shall become intimate at any rate. God bless you, my dear. I hope this will find you and my mother perfectly well and comfortable. Pray give my affectionate duty to her. Did you see the beautiful chain she sent me? I never saw anything so pretty.—Ever your C. PORTARLINGTON.

4th September.

MY DEAR LOUISA—I left off writing at Limerick, where we were very ill entertained, as it poured with rain, and when it was fair the streets were so dirty one could not see anything with comfort. We proceeded from thence to a place called Newbridge, when we were much disappointed, having been informed it was a very good inn, instead of which we could hardly get anything to eat, beds not fit to sleep in, and fleas enough to devour us.

From thence we went to Tarbut,[1] and had the pleasure of walking all over their charming place without being discovered; it is most beautiful, being close to

[1] Tarbert, a market town on the road from Limerick.

the sea, tho' not quite the main ocean, as you see the opposite shore and the house placed amongst a quantity of wood quite into the sea, but I am sorry to say he is cutting a great deal of it down, for which he deserves to have his head cut off. We went on without any further stopping, except at a miserable place to dine, and got here[1] about nine in the evening, where we found Lord and Lady Glandore,[2] very glad, I believe, to see a new face, for tho' there are several people in the house with them, yet their neighbourhood is thin, and she has been here these two years without stirring, which, to be sure, is doing penance for a young woman that likes diversion as much as she does, and they have no great resources here, it being an old-fashioned place in a very bleak country, with a bowling green surrounded with clipped hedges to look out upon ; there are a few trees just about the house, but I must confess a dismal place, and he is so partial to everything that is old that he is determined not to alter it.

The house is also in the same style, small low rooms, wainscoted, and the drawing-room perfectly antique, which he won't let her alter. It is with difficulty he has let her fit up a little dressing room belonging to the apartment I am in, which indeed she has made a sweet little place. It is hung with white paper, to which she has made a border of pink silk, with white and gold flowers stuck upon it, and hung the room with all Mr. Bunbury's beautiful prints ; the window curtains are pale pink linen with white silk fringe, the chairs pink linen with a border painted on paper, cut

[1] Ardfert House in the county of Kerry. [2] See *ante*, p. 3.

out and stuck on gauze, and then tacked on the linen. It does not sound well, but it has a very pretty effect, especially for a little room. The mouldings are gilt, and the windows down to the ground, the toilet gauze, with flowers of foil and straw, etc. ; there are also two charming little screens done with prints from Lady Spencer's drawings. I must say she seems much more pleasing than I thought she could be, and the people here seem to admire her very much.

Monday.

I wrote the foregoing part of this letter while I was dressing yesterday, and obliged to break off abruptly, but as I find the post does not go till this morning, I add a few words to tell you how much I felt for Lady Glandore last night when the post came in. We were all very merry, when all of a sudden her countenance changed upon seeing Lord Glandore run out of the room ; she said she was sure something had happened, and fell into a violent fit of crying. She then ran out of the room, and in a few minutes he returned and told us of Lord Sackville's death. I really felt more than I can express, as I can judge what a shock such an event must be to a daughter at a distance, and I liked Lord Glandore for his good-nature, for he was almost as much affected as she was. The ladys and gentlemen that were here all went up every minute by way of comforting her, but as I think it must be worrying at such a time, I would not go near her, and I have not seen her since, tho' I believe I felt more for her than any of them, not without some degree of *self* in the case.

I will therefore bid you adieu now, as I am not in

the best of spirits for writing. I got a letter last night from you, and I am glad you went to Mrs. Weddell's; we did see it, and were very much pleased with it. Pray remember my affectionate duty to my mother.—Your C. P. A.

10th October 1785.

MY DEAR LOUISA—It is an age since I wrote to you, and I fear it appears still longer to you, as you bid me direct my last to London, by which means I suppose you have been much longer getting it. I have two letters to thank you for from Bath, and am very much pleased with your account of my brother, but not at all satisfied with the one of yourself. It seems a strange disorder you have had, and a very uncommon one to attack one who lives so abstemiously as you do. I think I could almost wish you to try the Bath waters. I believe there are waters of different qualities, and they might perhaps strengthen you. I hope you do not follow that terrible custom you used to have of sitting up all night, as I am convinced nothing inflames the blood so much. I hope also that you tell the truth when you say you are quite recovered. I am almost in a fidget about you, notwithstanding your protestations, as you confess you did not tell me the truth about my mother, and I do not love to have anything concealed, as it hinders one from ever feeling easy when one is at a distance from one's friends. I must now go on with the account of our tour, as you seemed to be amused by it, and if I defer it any longer I shall forget it. I think I left off when we arrived at

Lord Grandison's,[1] where we found the house full of company, he entertaining everybody with the utmost good-humour, and she appearing quite a cypher. I was quite confounded at first finding such a number of people, and she and Lady Bell[2] so silent and reserved; however, it soon wore off, and he informed me Lady Grandison's health had been so bad for a twelvemonth past that she was obliged to claim the privilege of an invalid, and only appear to the company when her spirits could bear it. You may be sure I begged not to be any restraint upon her, and so she followed her usual custom of remaining in her room till dinner, which made it quite like a bachelor's house. Everybody went their own way, and very pleasant it was. The mornings were spent in parties, riding, driving, and walking, and the evenings at whist and a Commerce table, and other people playing and singing. Lady G. appears vastly good-humoured, and her whole attention taken up with her daughter, a charming, handsome, wild girl, just what I remember Lady Anna Maria Stanhope at Brighton, only with very fine eyes. I am sure that girl is quite a misery to her instead of a comfort, but they tell me she attends to everything about her herself, teaches her everything, and takes the utmost pains to make her amiable, and has the gentlest, pleasantest way with her you can imagine. Now this will surprise you, for you know she was not reckoned to abound in sense, and yet one with the best understanding could do no more, and I assure you her

[1] See *ante*, p. 8.

[2] Lady Isabella Seymour Conway, sister of Lady Grandison, and sixth daughter of the Earl of Hertford. She married George Hatton, Esq.

attention is not thrown away, for she seems a sweet girl. He also seems very fond of her, but they both seem to think it a misfortune to have but one child. Every other night we had a dance, there being a sufficient number of us to make a very good set. She is very fond of dancing, but does not dare to do it except now and then a dance, as she burst a blood-vessel about a year ago, and you have no notion how attentive and fond of her he is, and also of Lady Bell. I think he is the best brother that ever was, for he would contrive to get husbands for them all, if there was ever so many. Everybody says he made the match for Lady Bell, but he utterly disclaims it. However, he is very good-natured, for they are to live with him both in town and country, and make use of everything belonging to him. We were entertained with the behaviour of the lovers, for they made it a rule never to speak or look at each other, and Lady Bell sat up as grave and as unmoved as she used to do at her mother's assembly. Her whole amusement seems to be thrumming on the harpischord and attending to her health. She gets up early and rides before breakfast, and then after it again, and sometimes three times a day, and this in all weathers. She eats also by rule, and I fancy she likes dancing from thinking it wholesome exercise, as she goes to all the balls in the country and dances all night. We had a very fine ball given us by a Sir Richard Musgrave,[1] who lives on the

[1] Sir Richard Musgrave of Tourin, County Waterford, created a Baronet in 1782, married in 1780 Deborah, daughter of Sir Henry Cavendish of Doveridge in Derbyshire, and Anne, daughter and co-heir of Henry Pyne of Waterford, through whom she descended from the regicide Bradshaw. The marriage turned

opposite side of the river. He is husband to the famous Lady Musgrave you have seen in London, who scratched and tore his eyes out almost, and then had the art to persuade him to allow her a handsome separate maintenance and pay her debts. He seems an odd character—a great deal of conversation, draws, and is musical, and has picked up a smattering of everything, that makes him entertaining enough for a little while, if he would not give one too much of it. He fell quite in love with my niece,[1] and, by the way, it was quite the fashion to admire her at Dromana. Lord Grandison thought her beautiful, and they were all paying her compliments at a great rate. She was quite delighted with it, as you may suppose. Lord Drogheda's[2] daughters came there time enough for this ball, and very fine girls they are, but quite Conways, great large creatures. It was quite a fine ball for the country, and they seem to have a number of young men, which is what we fail in, in this part of the country. Lord Grandison's is a most charming place, the house standing quite upon a perpendicular rock covered with wood, and a fine navigable river running constantly by

out unhappily, and led to a legal separation, upon which popular feeling ran high, many taking the lady's side, which was ably represented by the well-known counsel Sir Jonah Barrington, who mentions the case in his *Personal Sketches*. However, Mrs. Thrale seems to have taken the baronet's part, for she writes, on hearing an unfounded rumour that Sir Richard contemplated a second marriage in 1782, to try and dissuade him. "How," she says, "you should have courage to think of a second venture after such luck with the first amazes me." He was the author of the *Irish Rebellion in 1798*, written somewhat bitterly from the Anti-Catholic point of view.

[1] Mary, eldest daughter of James Stuart. She married, in 1813, the Right Hon. William Dundas, M.P. for Edinburgh. He died only in 1845.

[2] Charles, sixth Earl of Drogheda, married Lady Anne Seymour, eldest daughter of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, and, of course, a sister of Lady Grandison.

near enough to speak to the people on board. He is building a very large addition to his house, a farmyard, stables, lodges, etc., making roads and laying out the place, all going on at once, and seems really very clever about it. I should never have guessed he would have retired into the country and attended to everything as he seems to do, but he is vastly fond of the place, and says he shall live there a great deal, but loves a great deal of company. They both made me promise to visit them again in the summer, and she begged I would bring all my children, for as she does not trouble herself with anything in the house, she has no notion of any inconvenience. He means to take a large house in Dublin this winter, and was mighty anxious that we should take one in the same part of the town, that we might live a great deal together and have a good party of English. We stayed a week at Dromana, and then proceeded to Lord Tyrone's, which is a noble place[1] and a fine house, but here everything was in great order and form, and therefore not near so pleasant, especially as she is very stiff and reserved, and he is a little in the *vieille cour* style, so that our last week which we spent there was rather a drag, as it happened not to be very good weather. However, we went all over the place, and then another day we went to see Besborough,[2] which is a charming place with very fine old timber, and a very good house with some charming pictures, and it felt as warm

[1] Curraghmore, in the county of Waterford, the residence of George, second Earl of Tyrone and first Marquis of Waterford, whose second wife, then living, was Barbara, daughter of Sir William Montgomery of Magbie Hill, Scotland.

[2] The Earl of Bessborough's place in County Kilkenny.

and comfortable as if the family had left it the day before, and it has not been inhabited these forty years, which I think does great credit to the maid who has the care of it. The day before we left Lord Tyrone's Lady Inchiquin came there, who told me she had often met my mother at Lady Egremont's this winter. We came home by Kilkenny, intending to sleep at Lady De Vesci's, but the man of the turnpike informed us they were gone the day before to town, which put us rather in a distress, as we had come a long journey with our horses, and it was near nine o'clock; however, we determined to go on four miles nearer home and sleep at a place which partly belongs to us. We were unfortunate here too, as our Secretary of State with all his family had just taken possession of the inn. However, we made shift to sleep there, and got home the next morning. I was vexed at missing Lady De Vesci, thinking I should not see her again before she left Ireland, but they called here and spent a day with us since. She is a most pleasing woman, and I cannot help regretting her. I wish you would try to get acquainted with her, as I am sure you would like her, if she ever got over her shyness; and indeed I should be quite obliged to my mother if she would leave her name with her and Lady Knapton,[1] as taking notice of her when she is a stranger there, she will take as such a civility, that it will in some measure return all their kindness to me, and I would not ask this if they were people that would be any sort of plague. There are several more of my acquaintances

[1] Lord de Vesci's mother.

going to Bath immediately, but none that I care much for but these. General Baugh called to take leave of us. He is a good-humoured rattling creature, and I daresay will get acquainted with you if it be possible, as he knows everybody. You asked me about Lord and Lady Bective. They are one of the first families here, but I don't know if they are agreeable. Their son, Lord Hetford,[1] married a Miss Quin, and has lived abroad for some years. They are now at home, and she one of the finest ladies in Dublin. I daresay Mrs. Graham and her daughter will fall in my mother's way, as they are great card-players. They are in what is called the first set in Dublin. There are numbers besides that I have heard of, tho' I don't recollect their names, but I am sure you will wish to avoid them, and I am not interested for any but Lady De Vesci, for whom I have the greatest admiration as well as regard, as I know so many charming things of her, and I am always wishing to follow her steps here in the country. I forgot to tell you that when we were at Lord Tyrone's they were in expectation every day of a visit from the Duke and Dutchess of Rutland, who were going to see the Lakes of Killarney, and a few days ago, as Lord Portarlington and I were out attending some work, and up to our knees in dirt, there came a message from Sir John Parnell, who lives about seven miles off, to say their Graces came to his house late the night before, and begged we would come to meet them at dinner. This was between two and three o'clock, and our chaise had gone to Pt. Arlington to fetch Miss

1 Lord Headfort, son of Sir Thomas Taylour, created Earl of Bective in 1766.

A. and a friend of hers, who had been at a ball there the night before, so we were obliged to dispatch a messenger to fetch it, while we hurried home to dress. I felt very awkward at the thoughts of going, as I never have been presented to her, and they might also have expected us to have asked them here, instead of obliging them to go where they did, which is the most wretched house in the world. However, I thought they would be in distress to know how to entertain them, and so we would not send an excuse, but it was past six before we got there. The Dutchess was very good-humoured and did not give herself airs, tho' they always make such storys about her; but I don't believe she likes this tour, which is, I find, exactly the one we took, so if they had been a little earlier we should have met everywhere. I think they have waited till all the good weather is gone. She has no Lady with her, and he only two aids-de-camp. We met the De Vescis there again, and she and old Lady Parnell thanked me a thousand times for coming. We played four pools at Commerce, and I won two, so I was paid for my complaisance. I fear this letter will cost you a million of money. I did not mean to have made it more than a double one, but have gone on imperceptibly, and I now wish I had desired Lady De Vesci to take it, which I should have done, but she was to spend some days with Lady Staples[1] in Wales, and I thought it would make you quite uneasy waiting so long.

I have been a little uneasy about John for this week past; he has not been at all well; he was for two

[1] Lord de Vesci's sister, married Sir Robert Staples, Bart., and was a friend and correspondent of Lady Portarlington. See vol. i. p. 60.

days quite unable to hold up his head, and very hot and feverish. I thought it a cold, and gave him physick and cooling things, but still he continued the same, till a few days [ago] he complained of his throat being sore, and upon looking at his mouth, there appeared a number of white blisters about his mouth and tongue. The next day Caroline began to be heavy, and we discovered blisters in hers. Upon this I sent for the doctor, fearing it was some infectious disorder. He treated it as nothing but a common cold; however, he said he was sure John had been worse, and he disapproved of everything we had done, which I found was that he was affronted at not being sent for before. However, it made me easier with respect to the children; he seemed to think so little of it, but I now fear it was from ignorance, as Caroline has been much worse these two days, and Louisa has the same to-day, so I fear it will go through the family. John is still far from well, though his illness is going off. I am sorry to conclude my letter in this unsatisfactory manner, but I will write a line next post to tell you how they are. I shall send again for Smith to-morrow, though I can't say I have much dependence upon him, which is very uncomfortable. I could never stay here if I had the misfortune to have unhealthy children. Now God bless you, my dear. I hope this will find both you and my mother in good health and spirits. Pray remember my affectionate duty.—Ever your C. Pt. Arlington.

15th October.

I have been a week writing this tremendous scrawl.

CHAPTER IX

IN September of this year (1785) we find Lord Bute writing to his favourite daughter Lady Macartney, for news of her husband, who had left Madras, and was on his way home. As has been shown,[1] the Government offered him the Governor-Generalship of Bengal, or, as it now began to be called, of *India*, and a letter from Edmund Burke informed Lady Macartney of the fact. This explains the "new character" which Lord Bute imagined his son-in-law would sail under, but after his arrival in England Lord Macartney had a conference with the chairman of the East India Company, and informed him that, owing to the attacks of gout to which he had been subject, and having "suffered greatly in his constitution from the climate of India, it was absolutely necessary for him to have a change of scene and a relaxation from business in order to acquire sufficient health and strength for such an arduous office." In addition to these motives, he added he could not undertake such an appointment without a clear understanding that the commander-in-chief of the troops was "under the immediate control of the representative of the civil

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 279.

power." After a debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox both warmly eulogised Lord Macartney's behaviour at Madras, and regretted his decision. A few days later the appointment was offered to Lord Cornwallis, and Barrow mentions that one evening Lord Macartney followed his wife to a party, took out a card and wrote on it, "I am the happiest man in England at this hour! Lord Cornwallis, I hear, is Governor-General of India."[1]

Lady Macartney from Lord Bute

Highcliffe, 13th September 1785.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—I am glad you heard from Lord Macartney, though the date is not so recent as could be wished; by the account you send me I am convinced he will receive his new character, or know for certain that it is fixed, before he can take his passage. I shall long extremely for your next packet, though I see we must still remain a terrible time in uncertainty. I have just received a letter from Charles, from the banks of the Lake of Geneva; he writes in great spirits, says Mrs. Stuart bore her journey very well, which indeed he informed me of before he reached Geneva. They have got to a place where there is a chalybeate water, stronger than Tonbridge, which is very fortunate. I expect by what you say of the Tonbridge waters this year they have not agreed with you so well, my dear Jane, as formerly. Fordyce, whom I saw on Sunday, says Lady Bute's present

[1] See *Life of the Earl of Macartney*, by John Barrow, vol. i. p. 317. The visiting card, written on as above, is in the editor's possession.

disorder is entirely owing to the short continuance of the last paroxysm. He is very much for her drinking every day a full half pint of claret, which I shall tell her, though I doubt she won't follow his prescription. This storm has cut me out work for months. I have over thirty men employed, mostly to repair the wounds received in the last violent attack, and to provide against a future one, for the equinox is still before us. Adieu, my dear daughter.—Yours most affectionately,

BUTE.

After Lord Macartney returned from Fort St. George a duel between him and General Stuart, the former military commander there, took place near London. The cause of the quarrel was briefly thus: when Lord Macartney arrived at Fort St. George in 1781 he found that the military authorities were not disposed to obey his orders, and though he was aware of the necessity of subordinating the military to the civil power, he had tolerated in Sir Eyre Coote what he would not do in his successor, General Stuart. On seeing that the latter would not co-operate with him or carry out the orders of his Council, he was formally dismissed the Company's service on 17th September 1783 and allowed to return to his own house; but, fearing that Stuart, who had arrested Macartney's predecessor, Lord Pigot, in 1776, might try the same mode of getting rid of his successor, the Council decided upon arresting the General before he could give any orders to the troops. This was cleverly accomplished on the evening of the day on which he was dismissed the service. General Stuart was sent home in the first ship; hence the duel on Lord Macartney's return to England. The parties met at daybreak on 8th June 1786 near Kensington, and from con-

temporary accounts it would appear that General Stuart meant it to be fatal to the one or the other. Lord Macartney was severely wounded at the first fire, and although his adversary demanded another shot, the seconds would not permit it, and the combatants were removed from the ground, the General declaring that he would have further satisfaction.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, in a letter to his wife, thus writes regarding General Stuart: "I have read Stuart's correspondence with Macartney, and if anything should happen to Lord M. in consequence of the duel, I would certainly hang Stuart on his own statement."[1]

Previous to the duel General James Stuart had been engaged in the operations against Tippoo Sahib and Hyder Ali, and also against the French in 1782, carrying the French lines at Cuddalore on 13th June 1783. He was Colonel of the 31st Regiment when he died at Castlemilk on 2nd February 1793.

Sir George Staunton had been for many years unpaid Secretary to Lord Macartney. They had made acquaintance when the latter was Governor of Grenada, and the former, who had property there, was Attorney-General. When Lord Macartney went to India as Governor of Madras, Mr. Staunton accompanied him, and was employed in negotiating a Treaty with Tippoo Sahib,[2] and also in mediating between the two Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, whose differences threatened to be of serious consequence to the East India Company. In consideration of these services the Company gave him a pension of £500 for life, and His Majesty created him a Baronet. In a letter from Lord Macartney to William Pitt, dated 22nd October 1788, he recommends Sir George Staunton warmly for an appointment

[1] See *Lady Minto's Memoirs*, and *Scots Magazine*, vol. xlviii. p. 302.

[2] There is a picture in the Portrait Gallery of Lord Macartney and Sir George Staunton arranging the Peace with Tippoo Sahib in 1784, by Abbott.

in India, saying, "If the experience of upwards of four-and-twenty years, in the various offices I have held, were presumed to enable me to form any judgment of the characters of mankind, I should not hesitate a moment to recommend Sir George Staunton as most singularly fitted for any station that required knowledge of business, discretion, perseverance, and address.

"Those qualities he so eminently displayed in negotiating the treaty of 1784, with Tippoo Sultan, which gave peace to India, and to which we owe the tranquillity of that part of the world for nearly five years past, must be too well known to you for me to dwell upon. I shall not now, therefore, trespass on you further than to entreat from you the justice to believe that this letter proceeds from the fairest motives, and not a little from my sincere wishes for the success of His Majesty's government in the hands where he has placed it; and surely, sir, no man feels more sensibly than you do how much that success depends upon the employment of talents and integrity." In 1792 he was appointed one of the Commissioners to China, and accompanied Lord Macartney on his Embassy there, but his failing health prevented him remaining in China as Resident British Minister at Pekin, as was contemplated. He died in his house in Devonshire Street, London, 14th January 1801. He was the author of an account of the Embassy to China, in which he vindicated Lord Macartney's behaviour to the Chinese Emperor.

The following letters will be interesting as throwing some light on the duel. The first is from Lord Macartney to his wife, and has inscribed on it in her handwriting, "Copy of a letter written by my dear husband just before he went out to fight a duel with General Stuart, and left with Sir George Staunton, to deliver to me. The original of this was given to me by Sir George Staunton upon Lord

Macartney's return home wounded, and I trust will always be preserved in my family."

Lady Macartney from Lord Macartney

8th June 1786.

MY DEAREST LOVE—When you receive this letter I shall be no more. To leave you is the only pain I feel at this moment, but I trust we shall meet again in a happier world, for if the step which I am now obliged to take be forgiven, I know of no other crime to sit heavy upon me.

My will, which Sir George Staunton will deliver to you, with some other papers, will shew you that I retain to the last the same affection and confidence which I have ever reposed in you. Let me recommend to your care and friendship my niece, Miss Balaquer,[1] Sir George Staunton, Captain Benson, and Mr. Acheson Maxwell. Adieu. Macartney.

Lady Macartney from Lord Townshend

Cork Street, 14th June 1786.

MADAM—I called twice on Lord Macartney, and should have been glad if I could have seen your Ladyship. My wish was to have contributed to have allayed the very great anxiety your Ladyship must suffer, by assuring you that among the many who are far from insensible of your situation I have not been

[1] Elizabeth Balaquier afterwards married the Rev. Dr. Travers Hume. Her son assumed the surname of Macartney on succeeding to Lord Macartney's Irish property of Lissanoure, in County Antrim.

inactive to do all possible service, and that I am persuaded that such steps will be taken, should there be any disposition to renew this unhappy business, as will be as conclusive as you yourself could wish.

As the earliest information of this must contribute to your Ladyship's happiness, the motive will, I trust, excuse the interruption. With perfect esteem and respect, your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

TOWNSHEND.

The duel was happily not renewed, the King it was understood having personally intervened. A few months later we find Lady Macartney happily established at Tunbridge Wells, a favourite resort of her sister Lady Lonsdale, who persuaded her to join in some of the gaieties of the place.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY MACARTNEY

Tunbridge Wells, Thursday, September 1786.

I RETURN you many thanks, my dear sister, for yours of the 20th, though I regret it much that you had to tell me of such bad weather, at a time too when the shining of the sun would have been particularly acceptable; it was indeed provoking to go through such lovely scenes in a deluge of rain, and I think it was also provoking that you should not have fitted yourselves out so as to have been able to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Weddell[1] for some days. Your description of them and of all belonging to them is delightful. I am glad to hear there are people to be

[1] See *ante*, p. 9.

met with so completely comfortable. The same *fine* weather you have enjoyed has in general been our lot, yet I contrive to walk out some hours every day. These last three days I have also been occupied by business I am seldom engaged in, and which does not suit me. I told my mother before that Lady Lonsdale arrived here, Monday. The next day it was settled we were all to go to the ball; it was Mary's birthday, and Mrs. Stuart desired she might have this treat. Lady Lonsdale dressed her, in my opinion, very unbecomingly; but my opinion was not heeded, and Mary cared not one farthing about the matter. To the ball we went, and found the Prince of Wales there again, and everything that was fine. My old acquaintance Colonel Lindsay danced with Mary; you may suppose she was not a little happy, but this was only the beginning of good things. Orlando Bridgeman came up to us, said he proposed giving a *fête* to the Prince, at the Rocks, the next morning, and desired to be honoured with all our company. To this *fête* all that was fine in the place was summoned. It was very pretty. The young people after breakfast danced upon the grass, and the Prince of Wales bid one of his young men ask Mary—I should rather say one of his boys—as this was a brother of Lord Darnley's,[1] a tall boy with his hair about his ears. He seemed about Mary's age, and they suited each other admirably, both dancing with all their hearts. I should tell you, however, that it

[1] Lord Darnley's next brother, the Hon. Edward Bligh, an officer in the Guards, was then seventeen years of age. He died unmarried in 1840.

rained very much, and every now and then the whole group were forced to run in under the shed, which was made for the breakfast; when the rain abated they began dancing again, this several times, and each time the dance was renewed it was with more mirth and jollity. After this entertainment was finished we were informed by the Master of the Ceremonies that the Prince of Wales desired there might be a ball in the public room in the evening, and the gentlemen had all agreed to make a subscription for the supper, so poor I, half dead, was forced, after dining and dressing, to sally forth at nine o'clock to another ball last night, instead of going to bed. Mary danced again, had two partners, and one was the fine Mr. Bridgeman. You will easily suppose, my dear, that our sister the Countess[1] was quite in her glory all this time, such a number of fine people, fine men, and the Prince of Wales, whom she forced to speak to her, though he avoided speaking to any one out of his own party, except to his partners, and those were the girls who danced the best, a Miss Pennyman in particular, who was a remarkably good dancer. Have I ever told you, my dear, that my agreeable friend Mr. Erskine[2] arrived here about a fortnight ago, was then perfectly well, and he and his wife were both very happy to find me here, and delighted to find the very next house to me empty; they hired it immediately. Mr. Erskine

[1] Lady Lonsdale.

[2] Hon. Thomas Erskine, third son of the tenth Earl of Buchan. He was made Lord Chancellor in 1806, and created, the same year, Baron Erskine of Restormel, a title taken from a ruined castle in the Duchy of Cornwall by permission of the Prince of Wales.

was taken ill the next day, and has been so ill ever since that she, poor woman, has never left his bedside night or day, and hardly taken off her cloaths. I am told that his first complaint was the toothache—a very bad tooth, or rather stump, so deeply rooted in the gum that no art has hitherto been equal to take it out. It has occasioned an abscess in his cheek; this has fallen into his throat, and at times he has had so much fever that the physicians have been excessively alarmed about him. He sent for Mr. John Hunter[1] to attend him, who told me the other day that unless Mr. Erskine kept himself very quiet and was extremely patient, he could not answer yet for his doing well; but that, considering the state he had been in, he thought him as well as could be expected at present, though his confinement was likely to last a very long time.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lady Portarlington

[Dawson Court], 7th September 1786.

My dearest Louisa—I sent you a very shabby letter last time, therefore I am determined to begin sooner, and not to be hurried by the post. We are now all alone again, except Mr. Damer, but how long we shall continue so I do not know, as Lord and Lady Glandore threatened us with a visit at the beginning of this month. Lord Grandison and the two Mr. Hattons left us on Monday, I believe with great regret, for they seemed very well entertained

[1] The famous surgeon and collector of the Hunterian Museum.

with our neighbourhood, for, knowing they liked society, we invited company to dinner almost every day, and I bespoke a ball at Portarlington, with which they were very much pleased, and indeed for a country ball it was as good a one as ever I saw. He made Lord Portarlington fix the tenth of next month for going to him, when he is to give me a ball in his new great room. I cannot say I like going from home; however, I promised Lady Ely[1] to go there, as she has a great mind to see the place, and she would not go unless I did. I believe I shall take John[2] with me, as Lady Grandison has sent me repeated messages about bringing as many of the children as I could, and it will keep him out of harm's way, for the governess cannot manage him at all, and seems quite to have given up the point; indeed, I fear she will not answer for any of them, as she seems too like myself in not having steadiness and resolution enough with them, and at the same time has not the same solicitude (of course), therefore she is put out of patience, and seems worried to death with them. I could not help speaking to her of the little progress she had made with them, and told her if she found herself not equal to it, she had better give up the place, which she seemed very ready to do, so I believe I shall let her go. I shall not wonder if you think I am the person in fault, as I am never satisfied with the people about my children, and I own to you I was originally, as I went upon the principle of indulging them in everything that would not do them harm, and often let them twist me into things that I find I ought

[1] See *post*, p. 63. [2] The eldest boy, then only five years old.

to have been steady in refusing, I don't mean from their being improper, but that they always expect to get the better when they find out one is easy, and I lament very much the sort of difficulty I always feel at refusing anybody (let alone the children) what they wish. I am now trying to repair my faults, and never give way, but it costs me a great deal, I assure you. I would give a great deal to be possessed of firmness on many other occasions as well as with them, and think it a most enviable quality. You have no idea how charmingly Lady Ely manages the children. She has exactly the right method, and I tell her I want her to govern the whole family. She is fonder of them than anything you can imagine, and at the same time never lets them get the better; if she has once told them they should not do a thing, she never yields the point.

Thursday.

I wrote the above yesterday morning, and you imagine how agreeably surprised I was in the afternoon to see a chaise drive up to the door and Lord Macartney in it. I cannot describe the flutter I was in, nor the joy I felt at seeing anybody belonging to my family here. I believe I should have been out of my wits if she had accompanied him. He is not as much altered as I expected, and seems in very good spirits, and I think much more agreeable, as he has left off the sneering way he had. I am very glad to hear she has gone to Tunbridge, for his account of her health is not satisfactory. We are going to drive him about the place, so I hope it will be a fine day, for I

would wish him to make a favourable report of it, as I grow more partial to it every day. He is come from the Agars,[1] which I believe is very ugly, so he will see this to advantage. Adieu, my dear; as I must write a line to Lady Macartney, I am obliged to conclude. Lord M. seemed surprised not to find me altered. I suppose he thought six years and five children would have made an old woman of me. I wonder he did not think I looked ill, as I am without powder, and that does not show off a middle-aged person to advantage. He had a fine romp with the children last night. Pray present my affectionate duty to my father and mother. God bless you, my dear.—Ever your affectionate

C. P.

In a letter from Lady Macartney to Lady Lonsdale at this time she says: "I have now had a letter from Lord Macartney from Dublin. He is much pleased with his visit to Dawson Court—thinks the place beautiful, the children all charming, and Lord and Lady Portarlington, both of them, grown fat and improved; as to him, he says he is quite another man, so much more talkative and sociable than he used to be, and he gives his Lordship good judgment and remarkably good taste in many things, and says he and his wife seem immensely comfortable together."

Another son had been born the preceding July, and christened Henry. He became a captain in the R. N., and married Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Moriarty and Lady Lucy, daughter of the first Earl of Carhampton. He was the father of Henry Reuben, the third Earl of Portarlington.

[1] Gowran, in Kilkenny, the seat of James Agar, Viscount Clifden.

CHAPTER X

THE beginning of the year 1787 finds Lord Portarlington in Dublin on business connected with public affairs. He writes thence to his wife, who had been at home now for some months, but was contemplating a visit to Bath to take her youngest boy, then suffering from weakness in his ankles.

The Lady Ely mentioned in these letters was a daughter of Hugh Bonfoy, and widow of the first Earl of Ely, who had died in 1783. She is thus described by Lady Louisa in her MS. Notes to Lady Francis Scott's *Journal:* "Lady Ely, a particular friend of my sister Caroline. Her mother, Mrs. Bonfoy, who always lived with her, aimed at *bel esprit*, and was sometimes a little affected, but Lady Ely totally the reverse. Mrs. B. was whole sister to Mr. Eliot, made Lord Eliot by Mr. Pitt, and to the first wife of Sir Charles Cocks, made Lord Somers; and Lord Abercorn, though thirty years younger than Lord Eliot, was the son of the same mother, a daughter of Secretary Craggs."

The two marriages Lord Portarlington mentions as talked about came off in the spring: Lord Carysfort and Miss Grenville[1] were married in April, and

[1] His second wife.

Lord Altamont and Miss Louisa Howe in the May following.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Dublin, Tuesday, 6th January 1787.

I GOT to town in good time on Sunday, and had a pleasant journey, except that my horse, being young and not used to the road, tried me a little. I went next morning to Mr. —— and communicated my intention to him. He seemed surprised at it, and said it would be necessary for Government to oppose it, as they had no intention of commencing any enquiry at all, which he thought would have a bad effect. I still kept to my opinion, but told I would not move in it till the Bill now forming by Government for punishing such risings in future shall pass the House.

And so the matter remains for the present. All people who have any liberty of thinking for themselves are grumbling very much at the proceedings and plans of Government. I think they will be obliged to drop their plan of a General Police. And the profusion of the public money, as appears by the accounts in the House of Commons, is scandalous after the liberal provision made the year before last by Parliament.

I have not yet seen Lady Ely, tho' I have called three times. I saw Mrs. Bonfoy this morning, who shewed me a pattern of an attic uniform which Lady Ely is going to direct us all actors to make up. I hear that Lord Caryfort is to be married soon to Lord Grenville's and Lord Altamont to Lord Howe's second daughter.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from HON. MRS. JAMES STUART

Richmond Park, 20th February 1787.

MY DEAR LADY PORTARLINGTON—If your brother had not from day to day talked of writing to you himself, I should have much sooner told you in what health and spirits he returned home, how delighted with the success of his journey, your and Lord Portarlington's kind reception of him, and with Irish hospitality in general. In short, he is so pleased and so grateful, that next June twelvemonths he says he is positively determined to make you another visit. I am not without hopes he will yet tell you this with his own hand, but dreading his usual indolence in writing, I told him yesterday I would send you immediately the enclosed melon seeds, lest, if longer delayed, it might be too late to sow them. Mr. Stuart also mentioned to me that you wished to hear how we fat calves for London market. The enclosed paper will shew you the whole, and I have added directions for making a penn for them, as he tells me you have not yet made one. I heartily wish your journey to England may take place on my own account, and not a little on Mr. Stuart's, who, besides the pleasure of seeing you, would be not a little gratified to show you his farm. It affords us both constant employment for some part of every day, and for my own part I confess that it interests me more than I can describe. Mrs. Charles, who looks better, and is really in better health and spirits than I ever saw her since her marriage, is as

much occupied with her garden, so that when we meet, which is very frequently, the earth and its productions engross our whole conversation, by which means, at least, we avoid the sin of speaking scandal. Did Mr. Stuart tell you that we see little Corbet frequently? He spent all his last holidays here except the last week of them. He is a boy of a very sweet disposition, and by no means dull; on the contrary, he is uncommonly observing and droll. As to his books, I fancy he has been before he went to Kingston School very much neglected; he is therefore very backward in that respect.

I sincerely long to see your children. Mr. Stuart gives a delightful account of them, especially Lord Dawson, for whom he has got a gun, bayonette, buff-belt, and sword, ready for the first conveyance. Perhaps his military genius, like Jack's, will not be of long duration; at present he thinks more of the law than the sword. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart on the good account Mr. Stuart gives of your little boy. God grant him a perfect cure. My love to all of them. Mr. Stuart went to London yesterday, else I am sure he would join me heartily in that, and in begging to be remembered to Lord Portarlington. Mary sends you her love. I intend her father shall carry her to see you, if you will allow it, and he consent to such a travelling companion. Adieu, my dear Lady Portarlington.—Believe me very sincerely and affectionately yours,

MARY STUART.

Lady Portarlington from Lady Louisa Stuart

13th March 1787.

I TAKE a large sheet of paper, that I may seem to give your letter a proportionable answer, although I am much afraid I shall not muster up matter enough to fill it. I heartily wish it were in your power to follow Mr. J.'s[1] advice throughout, but the more you take of it the better. There are places enough in England where one can live both cheaply and pleasantly. The country would certainly be preferable to both because of the extreme gaming and the tribes of Irish. I can't help hoping that you would really be comfortable in such a retreat. It seems more agreeable to my imagination than any scheme you have formed this great while. As for the two people[2] he talked about to you, they have really lived in a more comfortable style than I have ever known them do—always supping at home for one thing. He is very fond of his fine house and his great room, partly for its convenience and partly for grandeur, and that makes him fonder of home than he used to be. Then we are more at our ease by many degrees with all his friends and companions, and know better how to manage them. In short, I verily believe he intends doing everything that is right, and there is but one thing he wants—feeling. However, we are not sensible of that failure, or do not

[1] Mr. Jackson was in the service of the East India Company, and a great personal friend of both Lord and Lady Macartney. He had a son living at Portarlington, and it was probably while staying with him that he had been giving Lord Portarlington advice about his estate. Mr. Jackson was a great deal at Lissanoure, Lord Macartney's place in County Antrim, and was employed by the latter in many ways.

[2] Evidently Lord and Lady Macartney.

own it to ourselves, so it's mighty well. For farther views in the ways of ambition, I suppose he has them, and he may very reasonably and laudably, for one cannot expect a man of very great abilities for business and very high reputation to be content to sit still in his great chair at scarce fifty years old. I wish he were Secretary of State with all my heart, but I don't know whether I do wish him a good sinecure, or a place at Court, for an increase of income and nothing to do would be likely only to make him extravagant. I hardly imagine there is any probability of his getting anything good enough for his acceptance at present, but there is no immediate hurry. My mother went out last night for the first time. We have had a great many circles at home of different people, and I have begun to mix with the world again. I was at the French Ambassador's on Sunday, where I had a little flirtation with the dear Baron, who has not carried me off yet, by the way, as you were afraid that he would, though he has been in town some time. London is mighty different from Bath, where you sit quietly in a place, and can converse for two or three hours. He seems lost, and abused our crowded assemblies violently, with good reason indeed. I see he thinks it his duty to retreat whenever an Englishman comes up to you, and unluckily there was one on Sunday determined to push him out. This was my old acquaintance, the brother[1] of the match that J. and you made for me, as you

[1] John Charles Villiers, second son of first Earl of Clarendon, born 1757, succeeded his brother (who died unmarried, 1824) as third Earl of Clarendon. He married, 1791, Maria Eleanor, daughter and coheir of Admiral the Hon. John Forbes.

wrote me word a little while ago. You know he used always to show some liking for my conversation, but this winter (I have seen him only twice, though) his manner is so pointedly attentive, that I own to you, considering that he has just got his portion and a very good place, and is therefore in a settled situation, I suspect he means something, for from the minute he spies me, he never quits me till he has handed me into my chair, and nothing jostles him away. My mother says it is worth while to think of it, the elder has plainly given all his interest to him (for this place is far beyond my friend's pretensions, to be sure) and will not marry, etc., and he is the sort of man to stay in a Court now he once is in it. This puts me in mind of what passed with somebody of your acquaintance a few years ago about Charles Granville, only I confess I am almost thirty, and I believe you were but five or six and twenty, and had ten times a better chance; so it may be more reasonable to talk to me as at my last prayers. I told her a love-match without any love was but a bad business, and supposing one were to settle upon a very narrow income, it should be in the country, and not at Court. Fifteen or sixteen hundred a year would not do much for two people who must live in London and appear in fine clothes at St. James's twice a week. A warm attachment would make it go down very well, but commend me to marrying prudentially and in sober sadness on the chance of Lord C[larendon']s never marrying, and Mr. Pitt's always continuing Minister. I came home very melancholy. These *empressements* somehow put me in mind of old

days, and I could not help thinking how differently I should have felt on receiving the same attention some years ago from another man, and how unlikely I was ever to be happy, etc., reflections not favourable to matrimony. Indeed, to anybody who has known what it is to like heartily, marrying in cold blood for esteem, and good opinion, and convenience, and anything else prudent people embellish indifference with, must be an uncomfortable prospect. Adieu, my dear, dear Caroline. God bless you.

London, 23rd March 1787.

I HAVE just received your letter of the 18th, and am highly pleased to find you write in better spirits. I do hope the scheme of settling in England will take place, for though I might not see much more of you, I should feel a great deal more comfortable if you were in Devonshire or Shropshire. I hear Lord Talbot is going to let his place in Wales[1] almost upon any terms. He offered it to Lord Macartney—700 acres for £250 a year, and reckoned the house and garden at nothing but the keeping and taxes. If the land could be let again to farmers it would be wonderfully cheap, as coals and provisions are so plentiful in that country; but there is no neighbourhood. Tongue Castle in Shropshire is still to be let; in short, at a distance from London you might have many.

I have got a great cold once again, and have worn out all my spirits at nasty assemblies, never at home till past 12 o'clock, which is as bad to me as your three, as I have lived so retired for most of the winter. Lady

[1] Hensol Castle, Glamorgan.

Emily [Macleod] is in town for a fortnight at Mrs. Herbert's house. Mrs. H. has removed to her apartments at St. James's in order to lend it them, which is the best natured thing that ever was done. I went to the opera for the first time this year on Tuesday, in compliment to Lady Emily. They have one entirely of Handel's music, which I liked extremely, but it made me as melancholy as if it had been a deep tragedy. I shall make Lady Macartney go with us to introduce her at the French Ambassador's[1] on Sunday, and I shall carry her to my Chère Amie Mad. de Reventlow's[2] assembly on Monday. Lady M. had a large party last night, and Lady Sefton a great assembly, and Mrs. Herbert and Lady Emily were going racketting to Almack's afterwards. I begged to be excused from that. I think Lord Herbert's[3] match with Elizabeth Beauclerk, his pretty little cousin, broke out the day after I wrote you last; we have all suspected it for some time. Lady Pembroke is the happiest creature I ever saw in my life, and there must be some wonderful revolution in the mind of her lord, for he has consented without making one objection, and written the kindest letters imaginable to them. It is a prodigious match for her, and the poor little girl seems heartily in love, but I think Lord H. has rather grown attached

[1] The Marquis de la Luzème arrived as Ambassador during this year. In May 1789 he had a house in Portman Square, and the entertainment given by him on the King's recovery is recorded as remarkable beyond all others for its magnificence. During the taking of the Bastile he applied for leave to import 20,000 sacks of flour for the benefit of the poor in Paris.

[2] Wife of the Danish Minister.

[3] George, Lord Herbert, afterwards eleventh Earl of Pembroke, married, 1787, Elizabeth, second daughter of Topham Beauclerc. Her mother, Lady Diana Beauclerc, was a daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough.

to her by degrees, from the habit of living with her, for I do not take him to be a passionate character. Our friend was not trusted with the secret, and therefore I think not so well used as she might have been. She whispers to me it is a bad breed, and Lady Diana will govern them all, but she puts the best face upon it, and says she likes it as well as they do. There is another match declared, but you do not know the people—Miss Willoughby, Lord Middleton's daughter, and Mr. Saville, whom you may remember as Mr. Lumley. He has been languishing for her a great while, but her friends would not consent; she is very beautiful. By the bye, I believe I mentioned to you certain surmises of mine about the intentions of an old acquaintance. I shall not look silly when I say I begin to think I have promised too soon, because you know I am not apt to err in that way. But I do hope I have mistaken, or else he has thought better of it, for I have never met him since Sunday s'ennight, though I am going about so much more than usual, and he made bitter complaints of so seldom seeing me, and catechised and worried me to know where I was to be. I am well pleased, for the conquest was no vanity, and I should be sorry to mortify an old friend. I have been so unlucky as never to meet the enchanter[1] either, whose company, with your good leave, would have made assemblies a little pleasanter, tho', to confess my inconstancy, I find I don't like him half as well in London as I did at Bath.

This is a very short, stupid letter, but my stupid, stuffed head must be my excuse. I must go to the

[1] "The dear Baron" perhaps. See *ante*, p. 68.

oratorio in spite of it, because the Queen has given me tickets, and I am told it is a very dull one. I was at the Allegro last Friday, and liked that very much. God bless you! I can't write any more, I am so heavy and crying. I am nursing as much as I can because I want to racket with Lady Emily.

London, 6th April 1787.

I BEGIN two or three days before my time, in hopes of sending you rather a longer letter, as I have the account of a fine ball to give, which is a more enlivening subject than my scrawls generally contain. It was last night at your old acquaintance Lady Hopetown's,[1] in her old house in Albemarle Street (they have bought Lady Emily's), and there assembled the whole town. A thousand pretty dresses on pretty women made it an agreeable spectacle, and though extremely crowded, the house did *hold* us! For my part, I secured a seat in a quiet corner, and there posted myself until supper time, having no mind, and indeed no temptation, to be anything but a spectator. There was a sad *contretemps*, which I am afraid spoiled everything to the givers of the *fête*. The Prince had named the day himself, his friends had promised that he should dance with Lady Anne Hope in proper form, and behave himself mighty well. But lo! at twelve o'clock in *reeled* his R.H., pale as ashes, with glazed eyes set in his head, and, in short, almost stupified. The Dutchess of Cumberland[2] made him sit down by her, and kept

[1] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George, sixth Earl of Northesk.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland married Mrs. Horton, a daughter of Lord Carhampton. See *Lady Mary Coke's Journal*, vol. iii. p. 483.

him tolerably peaceable till they went down to supper; but then he talked himself into spirits, set all in motion again with the addition of a bottle and a half of champagne, and when *we* went to supper (for all could not sup at a time) he was most gloriously drunk and riotous indeed. He posted himself in the doorway, to the terror of everybody that went by, flung his arms round the Dutchess of Ancaster's neck and kissed her with a great *smack*, threatened to pull Lord Galloway's wig off and knock out his false teeth, and played all the pranks of a drunken man upon the stage, till some of his companions called for his carriage, and almost forced him away. He was so far gone that I daresay he does not remember anything that passed, this morning. To be sure, this was a little hard upon Lord and Lady Hopetown. They have presented their second daughter, tho' the poor girl is not above fourteen, because Lady H. reckons her a beauty. She has a fine figure, but a pale, ugly face, in my mind. Lady H. herself looked very young and handsome last night. Eliza Beauclerk and Lord Herbert were there; neither of them danced, and they take no notice of one another in public—a proof, in my humble opinion, that he is not *in love*. People may say what they will about being stared at now, but when a man's mind is taken up with one object, he forgets that there is anybody else in the room. I am sure I have seen Mr. North make a whole row get up in order to get at Mrs. North, and care no more than if they had all been blind and dumb. And I remember many years ago, when Charles used to be so ashamed of what he

called *dangling*, as little as I understand of love, it struck me that he did not like *her* so well as she did him. But true lovers are scarce things. The remaining Miss Dundas[1] is now going to be married to her cousin-german, the President's eldest son, Solicitor-General for Scotland. It seems a very comfortable match, and what she might have had if her father had not been so great a man. But it is a very good one too, and one can't but observe that the *bonnie* gentleman's luck *does not desert him.* To get off both his daughters in a twelvemonth, both well and one greatly! I am glad of this, for she seems a very quiet good girl, and has no airs. Mrs. Drummond is improved—much grown and very pretty.

I went to the French Ambassador's[2] on Sunday with Lady Emily, and pressed Lady Macartney into the service to introduce her. She was very well entertained with the scene. Mr. V[illiers] was there, and as soon as he spied me, came up in a manner so marked that I found I might take my word again as to what I wrote you last post, for both my companions saw it in the same light. I therefore sought to avoid any particular conversation or serious one, assumed a good deal more gaiety than usual, and addressed myself to this and that person as it happened. He was very thoughtful, and looked at me very earnestly

[1] Henry Dundas's (Lord Melville) eldest daughter married her first cousin, Robert, eldest son of President Dundas. He was made Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1784 when twenty-five years old. In 1789 he became Lord Advocate, and in 1801 Chief Baron of the old Scottish Court of Exchequer, which was abolished in 1838. Mrs. Drummond was Anne, second daughter of Henry Dundas. See *ante*, p. 4.

[2] See *ante*, p. 71.

once or twice, as much as to say, What do you mean? I rather think he understood me. It is not an easy thing to know how to behave in such a case; one can always avoid a man or affront him, but I don't wish to do either, because I have long been on familiar terms with him, and have no right to give myself airs of contempt; so there is no other way but to be rather more easy than usual. If he does not take this hint, I shall not avoid an explanation, disagreeable as it is, for I think it will be the fairest and kindest thing I can do to him to let him come to it. I should feel a great deal for him if I thought him really in love, but I can't say he really looks like it. I think he will comfort himself elsewhere in half a year's time. I had a conversation upstairs upon this subject, in which it was hinted, though very distantly and gently, how little chance I had of other offers, and how unpleasant the situation of a poor old maid, etc. This set me athinking upon many very disagreeable things, which I have for some time endeavoured not to think about, and I know not why the thought of the *past* also recurred to me so strongly, that I seemed to live over again a winter in which you had many melancholy letters from me. In short, I was in terribly low spirits for two or three days, and I am not very much disposed to mirth at present. Racketting and raking disagree with me. I have two balls to go to on Friday. I wish I could divide them to any two poor girls that would give their ears for them; send Mary Stuart as my proxy, for example. They were not so plentiful in former days when I liked them, and, what was worse, I

seldom had it in my power to dance when at them; now I almost always have. This reverses the proverb, "If you will not when you may," etc. Mr. V[illiers] was not at Lady Hopetown's, where he told me he should meet me, and after a long examination as to my engagements, he said it was the only place he had a chance of seeing me at. The House of Commons sat late, but, however, several members came in who had paired off, and therefore I am disposed to think he stayed away on purpose, after reflecting on my behaviour. If so, we shall probably not see each other for three weeks, as Easter approaches, and when we do, it may be on our old terms of good-will and acquaintanceship, and I shall like this much better than an explanation.

Saturday.

Well! I was wrong in my supposition of not seeing him, but right in the rest, and I assure you I feel quite a load off my mind. First and foremost, there is no occasion for anxiety about him, for the gentleman is as far from being in love as I can wish. My best ball was at Lady Middleton's, to which I went about seven o'clock. I was asked to dance directly, and while I was standing up in he came. He bowed to me, looking extremely foolish, and when I had done dancing, just came up and spoke to me, with such an awkwardness, meaning to be *cold* and yet to be easy, as I never saw. He did not go down to supper with me, but affected to talk to other women, etc., etc. This waked a cruel reflection in my mind. I could not but be struck with the exact resemblance between his behaviour and what

I once saw before, when wishing to hide my feelings made me, I am afraid, act much the same part I have done now, from having none to hide. Good God! is it possible that I had happiness within my reach and let it slip for want of knowing the world and myself? But you will scold me for useless repining. To proceed, I danced again after supper, and by the same foolish averted look I rather supposed he did not design to have anything to do with me. But after I sat down he came by degrees *edging on*, till he sat down too. I received him with such perfect cordiality and good-humour, he could not keep his embarrassment. This makes me say there is no love in the case, for if there were he would have been more hurt than ever. And so we fell into a great deal of discourse, just as we used always to do, but not at all like the last times we met. We talked of love and matrimony amongst other things. I took care to laugh and joke upon those subjects, and he fell into it, and so all is well. He sees I don't think seriously of him, but now he is in hopes that I have not seen that he has thought of me. His pride is healed, and we remain the best friends in the world. The conversation was a little of the longest, to be sure, for I believe it lasted an hour and a half, and I did not get away till past five; and to-day, when I could wish to be quiet, the Queen has sent for me. I am quite happy to have this foolish affair at an end. I must own I think him a man of more principle and more feeling than is commonly to be met with, but he is not agreeable; and then I detest his mother, and then there are all the Lady Jerseys and Salisburys and

Essexes, as I told you about his brother, and to make so bad a match as we should be to each other (though I own I am a worse for him than he for me, for I have no reason to fancy I could have a better, and he may, I daresay, any day in the week), to make such a match without love on either side, and only very cold good opinion on mine, would be silly enough. Don't you agree with me? Mrs. H. says a woman starves and is forgot in her garret, but two people of fashion never starve together. But poor and *triste* as my prospects are, my spirit revolts at the thought of marrying upon such considerations.

Monday.

My mother has at last been prevailed upon to consult Fordyce, which we have all wanted her to do a great while, on account of a lowness that has hung upon her ever since her illness. He advises Bath, as we supposed he would, but she is going to try the Bath water here for a few days before she settles to take the journey. However, I have no notion it is worth a farthing, so I look upon our journey as pretty sure, and I am very glad of it, though I hate the thought of Bath in itself; but it certainly is the only thing for her. I fancy we shall not stay more than a fortnight or three weeks, that being the spring dose in general. I have caught a fresh cold at the Queen's house the other night, I believe, or with all my balls and raking. It takes a feverish shape. Now I am pretty safe from meeting the above-mentioned person again this month or six weeks, and by that time I shall be completely

out of his head, I daresay. Adieu. I grudge the postage you will pay for this silly scrawl.

The Queen's house was on the site of the present Buckingham Palace, and had been bought by George III., who had settled it on his Queen, and resided there when in London. The palace stands upon the Mulberry Garden, a place of public entertainment in the days of King Charles II., so called from a plantation of mulberry trees formerly placed there by James I. for the encouragement of silk manufacture. Lord Aston was keeper of the silkworms. The place was then sold to Lord Goring, who named it "Goring House." He was succeeded by Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who rechristened it Arlington House, and in whose time it was burnt down. The ground was then purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, who rebuilt the house on nearly the same site. Buckingham House, as it was now called, was designed by Captain Wynne, and was a mansion of great magnificence, and has been described in considerable detail by the Duke himself. It finally came to Sir Charles Sheffield, the Duke's natural son, who sold the remainder of the crown lease to George III. In 1825 George IV., having procured a grant for alterations, used the designs of Nash, and built the present structure, which has been materially altered by her present Majesty.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Curzon Street, 14th April 1787.

MANY thanks, my dear sister, for your last kind letter. I was happy to learn that you had profited by the friendly assistance of Mr. Jackson, and that your affairs were likely soon to be arranged in a manner

that you might look forward to a regular clear income. I own I am rather a coward for you when you talk of going abroad with all your large family, but if it must be so, I hope the scheme will succeed to your satisfaction.

I have never been able to go to see Mrs. Charles in order to obtain from her the exact account of what she spent in that place near Frankfort, but you can never expect to live as cheap as they did, because they, I believe, were not more than four or five in family, including their upper servants; and they kept no horses, only hired a pair occasionally as they wanted them.

I hope now you will certainly come over here and spend some time in London before you cross the sea. I am the more interested in this as Lord Macartney seems to have laid aside the thoughts of going to Ireland till the middle of the summer, so I hope we may enjoy a couple of months comfortably here together. It will be very agreeable if you can settle to be over here about the beginning of next month, as my mother and Louisa will then, I conclude, be returned from Bath, where they go in a few days. We are all very glad that my mother has taken the resolution of spending a few weeks there, as tho' her health seems now pretty good, she has never recovered her strength since her last fit of gout, and the change of air and exercise must be of service to her, and you know she never has any here. Louisa is so anxious about her that she does not seem in the least to regret London, tho' it is now particularly gay; but indeed

she leaves nothing worth regretting. Never was anybody more unlucky than she is, if it is ill-luck not to meet with a suitable establishment, but everything that comes to her in the shape of a lover comes attended with very strong objections.

I conclude you know all about Mr. Villiers. How very provoking that he should not have been the eldest brother! As she did not appear to have the smallest degree of partiality, one could not say a word by way of persuasion, and I own I should dislike to see her marry (even tho' I wished her married) if it was with reluctance. At first my mother was rather pleased with the attention, and seemed to look forward with pleasure to their being more intimately acquainted, but upon more mature consideration she became convinced that it would not be a desirable union unless they had a strong mutual affection for each other. Indeed, when I reflect upon the loss she would be to my mother, I cannot heartily desire to see her married, though for her own sake I wish it.

I have just had the pleasure of hearing from Louisa that you and all your family are perfectly well, my dear sister, which makes me very happy. I hope you will send to me to look about for a house for you here, tho' I am not quite sure whether I shall not go to the country for a little while during the time my mother is away, as Lord Macartney talks of making a little tour. However, this is very uncertain. He joins me in kind remembrances to you and Lord Portarlington, and says he hopes the packet which Mr. Popham sent to Lord P. may have brought you some good news, though

he is much inclined to distrust that gentleman, and to fear that all his promises will vanish into air notwithstanding that he has not got a good office.—Ever, my dear sister, with the most faithful affection,

J. Macartney.

Lady Portarlington from Lady Louisa Stuart

Bath, 6th May 1787.

I HAVE been in daily and hourly expectation of a letter from you ever since I came here, and cannot imagine the reason why none of us have heard from you, for I find Lady Macartney has not any more than I. You may think me a little remiss myself, but indeed it has been chiefly because I have had hardly anything to say. This place is miserable in point of company. I went to one ball with Lady de Vesci, and there were literally not four people in the room I knew by name or sight. Lord Morton is here, and dances away to the great admiration of all the good people. He is just in his right element, only it is a pity he can't be Master of the Ceremonies, which everybody has thought him made for this great while. My best comfort is that I have found out a very pretty walk in the fields, where I go and air myself every morning, in hopes of recruiting and growing fat. My mother begins to find great benefit from the waters, and she has every now and then a tolerable party. We go sometimes to sit with Lord Mansfield[1] and the Miss Murrays in an evening. He is terribly broken

[1] The Chief Justice, then eighty-two years old. The Miss Murrays were probably the daughters of his eldest brother, Lord Stormont.

and feeble, so much so that I was quite shocked the first time I saw him; but he does not seem the least failed in point of understanding, for once he exerted himself to talk, and was as entertaining and lively as ever. Their Graces of Chandos[1] were there that night, and it was a perfect comedy, for the Dutchess admired and coaxed him, and blundered and mistook his meaning, till she put him quite out, and he did not know what to say to her. She is the finest slip slop in high life I ever beheld. My Mrs. Mary would make just such a Dutchess, but withal she is wonderfully serious and important, and that makes the cream of it. Your friend Lady de Vesci goes to London for a month to-day, and then talks of returning to Ireland. There is a friend of hers, Mrs. Brownlow,[2] here, with two pretty daughters, and they are going with her to London. She introduced this lady to me, who told me she had seen you very lately, and talked as if she knew you very well, tho' I do not remember the name occurring often in your letters. Lady de Vesci is easier with me than I could expect, considering her shyness; they are going to send their eldest son abroad for a year or two.

We hear of nothing but the Prince of Wales, but as we get no other account in our letters but what is to

[1] The Duchess of Chandos was a daughter of Richard Gamon, and widow of Roger Hope Ellitson.

[2] Wife of the Right Hon. William Brownlow of Lurgan. Probably her two eldest unmarried daughters are here meant—Isabella, who married, in 1796, Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt; and Elizabeth, who married, in 1791, John, fourth Earl of Darnley. Mrs. Brownlow's youngest daughter, Frances, then a child, married, in 1800, Lady de Vesci's son, Hon. John Vesey, afterwards the second Viscount de Vesci.

be seen in the newspapers, I will not repeat anything here. Lady Macartney writes us a long story from Lady Lonsdale's authority, *who knows it all* (but I confess I do not value her knowledge three farthings), though she has bustled and worked till she has made up a mighty friendship with the Dutchess of C[umberland], and thinks herself a very consequential person; I presume the Dutchess gives her her intelligence, but it is not a bit the more likely to be true for that, for in these cases people tell the tale they wish to be believed. This, then, is a flaming opposition account. The Prince was with extreme difficulty prevailed upon to see Mr. Pitt and the King, and his Majesty very humbly consented to everything the Prince pleased, which is so contrary to all probability that I wonder even Lady Lonsdale can swallow it. I quite rejoice that I am out of the actual hearing of the story, for I suppose her tongue is at this moment going faster than twenty mills. In the meantime, however, the Prince's friends have taken the trouble very fairly to declare Mrs. Fitzherbert *something* in the House of Commons. I do think that poor woman has been cruelly used, on the whole, and I pity her, for she seems modest, unaffected, and unpretending, but not very wise, as her conduct has shewn.

I am ashamed of sending you so dull a letter, but I live in hopes that I shall soon hear you have settled everything for coming over, and then letters do not signify. My heart beats when I think of seeing you in two or three weeks, but pray do write to some of us in the meantime. Everybody is going to be married in

town—Lady Augusta Murray,[1] they say, to young Mr. ——. And your little friend, Miss Bennet, already to a young gentleman from Durham, Sir Edward Swinburne[2]—a very good match.

I saw Sir John Stepney here one day, and he told me they liked both the match and the man, but Mr. Bennet was very miserable at the thought of parting with his daughter. They report also two of the Lady Bathursts to Lord Grimston and young Mr. Whitbread, the great rich brewer's son, but these want confirmation. It is a great year for matches. There is one that goes on very slowly, but I think will come to something one day or other—Lord Winchelsea and the eldest Miss Vernon.[3] He certainly has a little liking for her in a quiet way, but there is a married woman in the case at present. Adieu, and God bless you! We leave this place on Friday, go for two days to Mrs. D[elany] at Windsor, and to London on Monday. Poor Lord Graham has lost his little child.

During the interval between the last and the following letters, the Portarlingtons came over from Ireland and spent some weeks at Highcliffe. After their departure to Came, Mr. Lionel Damer's place in Dorsetshire, we find Lady Louisa writing to her old friend, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and get a pleasant glimpse of Lady Frances Scott and her family. The *Jane*, about whose governess there seem to have been complications, was her step-daughter, the eldest of Lord Douglas's daughters, afterwards Lady Montagu.

[1] Married the Duke of Sussex in 1793.

[2] Sir John Swinburne, Bart., married, 12th July 1787, Miss Emma Elizabeth Bennet, of St. James's, Westminster.

[3] This marriage did not take place. See *ante*. p. 13.

Lady Frances's own daughter 'Caroline' became later Lady Scott, and was the authoress of *Trevelyan* and *Marriage in High Life*. It was for her that Lady Louisa wrote her *Memoir of the Argyll Family*.

The Duchess of Buccleuch from Lady Louisa Stuart

Highcliffe, 1st October 1787.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS—I will not waste any time in making excuses, because there are none to be made, excepting that I have used everybody else as ill as you. But your letter has indeed got the better of my laziness, and determined me to ask pardon as humbly as you can wish, with the children's conclusion, *now pray, pray, for I will do so no more*, though perhaps my promise may prove as ill kept as theirs, since I must own I find indolence in this respect and most others grows upon me every day to a shameful degree. At the same time I am unreasonable enough to be as desirous of hearing from my friends as ever; but nobody will be brought into order and write without demanding a return, so that I live in great ignorance of what the world is doing. Need I say that Lady Frances is one of the silent people! I have not *much* right to complain, to be sure; however, I wrote last, and I did not know one word of all you tell me till your letter arrived; therefore it was doubly acceptable, for Lady Betty and Mr. Mackenzie having left the neighbourhood, I really felt utterly in the dark about her. While they staid at Lymington

there came regularly to them a certain manuscript newspaper, in which, amongst the balls at Windsor, and the Prince, and the Duke, and other more interesting subjects, she and her concerns would sometimes have a little word said of them.[1] By the bye, I am glad the great affair of Jane's governess is settled to her satisfaction, as it was a perplexing one. I rejoice too that Caroline is to go with her to Scotland, because I daresay she would not have a minute's peace without her; but this weaning the little child is a sad story, and I rather wish she may not set out so soon as she promised, for I think it a pity she should, till her mind is perfectly easy. I perceive all things tend to your and her staying late in the North, which I could lament, if I had a mind to be selfish, but I can easily understand your not being eager to remove. Now for the account you so kindly desire of my *belongings*. My father was low and weak for some time after he left London, but is at present as well as I have seen him for years, and as stout as your father. I could not easily, I believe, find another person to compare him to, for there are few such men of their age. My mother, alas! does not retain the strength of her youth in the same manner, being very little able to bear fatigue, and very averse from taking even necessary exercise; but, however, she is certainly both better and stronger than she was this time last year, and has been in good health all the summer; perhaps because it was a bad one, for great heat is her enemy. We go to

[1] Probably *Lady Mary Coke's Journal.*

Bath the nineteenth of this month, where I hope she will find the usual cordial, and in that hope I shall be glad to go. If it were not for this and the chance of my sister's meeting us there, I should be nothing less than glad, for I cannot say I am partial to the place, or the inhabitants (with many of whom we are now acquainted), or the life one must lead there.

But I do flatter myself we shall have a month or three weeks more of Lady Portarlington. This is all I can tell certainly of her, or rather his plans, but I imagine they will return to Ireland, and, as unpleasant as it is, I own to you in confidence I believe it best they should, for the scheme of going abroad for economy seems to succeed but rarely, and Lady Portarlington being passionately fond of all *virtu*, and not very apt to resist temptation, I should have little expectation of its proving advantageous to them. They left us about a fortnight ago, after staying here five weeks, which time was so comfortably spent, and so like former days, that we were all overwhelmed with melancholy when it came to an end. They are now at Mr. Lionel Damer's in Dorsetshire, where they mean to stay a month longer. The post, they tell me, is just going out, to my great regret, for now I have begun to feel so well pleased to be writing to you that I could easily scribble three or four pages more; but since that must not be (for positively I will not put it off a day longer), adieu, my dear Dutchess. Lady Mary shall hear from me very soon, therefore I say nothing to her, but beg to be remembered to the rest of the family; and pray give my kindest

compliments to Lady Harriet Don and Lady Betty Cunningham, whom I shall ever think of with the greatest regard. They call again, so believe me ever yours, L. S.

Lady Bute made a short driving tour this autumn with her daughter and her son James and his wife, starting from, and returning to Highcliffe, in Hampshire. Lady Louisa does not seem to have done justice to either Wilton or Longford. At the former the number of the Arundel marbles overwhelmed her, making her feel perhaps, as Lady Mary Coke says she remembers hearing Lord Chatham complain, "There were so many, he felt *mobbed* by them."

The 'iron chair,' which struck her at Longford as the 'most beautiful thing of the kind ever seen,' was originally in the possession of the Emperor Rudolph II., to whom it was presented in 1574 by the city of Augsburg; it was carried off from Prague by Gustavus Adolphus, and subsequently purchased in Sweden and brought to this country by Mr. Brander, who was a well-known Swedish merchant, antiquary, and naturalist, settled in England.

The dinner party described at the end of the letter was, as Lady Louisa says, rather a departure from the usual ways of the family, and besides Mr. Brander and his wife, comprised Mr. Grose, the jovial antiquary, immortalised by Burns as—

> "A fine fat fodgel wight,
> Of stature short, but genius bright."

Dr. Fordyce, another guest, was a brother of Sir William, the well-known physician often mentioned in these letters. Dr. Fordyce had been for a number of years a very eloquent preacher in Monkwell Street Chapel, but, losing his popularity,

he retired from London, and was then living at Christchurch, Hampshire, close to Highcliffe, where, through the kindness of Lord Bute, he had access at all times to his fine library. In Lady Louisa's letter to the Duchess of Buccleuch, 28th August 1786, she says of him: "He pesters us with abominable verses every other day. They are so very bad that one has not the assurance to praise them, but my father sometimes makes him a compliment, with a safe conscience, for he takes care never to read a line."

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

Highcliffe, October 1787.

I GOT your letter on Tuesday, the day before our expedition to Salisbury, which I believe I mentioned to you as designed. We went there with our own horses. It is but thirty miles, a very excellent forest road, and through a beautiful country watered with fine rivers. We ordered a late dinner and proceeded to Wilton, which I was quite mortified to scamper over in haste, and see to so little advantage. The busts and statues are innumerable, and I do not at this moment distinctly remember one. There are also some glorious Vandykes, of which you have often seen the prints, and many other very fine pictures. In short, it would take at least a week to see them properly. What you view from the windows is a most beautiful scene, but they say that is all, and the rest of the place only a piece of down or common. It does not look comfortable, certainly, but very great and majestic; and I should think it might be made comfortable too if anybody but Lord Pembroke had it.

We lay at Salisbury, in a most dirty, noisy inn, kept by an impertinent, fine lady, who did not even trouble herself to show us the bed-chambers. The next morning we set out again early, and went to Longford, Lord Radnor's. A very singular old house, built in a triangular shape, with round towers at the three corners, and one of the most comfortable large places I ever saw. I should like to build just such a house for the sake of the round rooms. There are two famous fine Claudes and other exceeding good and pleasing pictures. An iron chair too, which he bought of our neighbour Gustavus Brander for £600, and really not too dear, for it is the greatest curiosity and most beautiful thing of the kind ever seen. It represents the whole history of the Emperor Adolphus [Rudolph ?], and belonged to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. There is no describing it, but I believe it has been often drawn and engraved. From hence we went on to Wimborn Minster, going close by Lord Shaftesbury's place, which is in the middle of the Dorsetshire downs, and seems a fine one, but not very pretty. We met the young Lady S. in a chaise airing. I never saw her before. She seems well-looking. From Wimborn we were to go and see a Mr. Willet's library,[1] which is very famous in this country, but when we got there behold he and his family were at home (he visits my father), which put an end to that scheme, and there were no post horses

[1] A description of the fine library at Merly was prepared by the owner, Ralph Willet, and privately printed with a number of illustrations in 1785. The collection was afterwards broken up and sold by auction in 1813, and the wing in which it was contained was pulled down.

to be had, so we were forced to wait till one could go on (fourteen miles more), and so did not get home till it was quite dark. James submitted to be bodkin between Mrs. Stuart and me the two last stages—he had ridden till then. They are both in good spirits again, but I think his misfortune has altered and improved him—made him much gentler. My mother liked this excursion extremely, except the last part of it, which fatigued her terribly, but I don't perceive that she has been the worse for it since.

On Saturday we had a great dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Brander, Mr. Grose, the antiquarian—another Sancho Panza,—who is with them, and our other neighbours, Mr. Paers (?) and his sister. They seem good, reasonable sort of people, Miss a little too elegant and *minaudière*, the young man plain and well-behaved. Delightful young things, says Dr. Fordyce, who is good, I believe, but, heaven knows, far from reasonable. I am sadly afraid of a dedication from him, which would really fret me extremely. These things are just a joke when in print, for people who don't know you suppose you have encouraged the flattery and are pleased with it, which would hurt my pride not a little.

I write in haste, you must know, for the chaise is almost at the door, for we are going to see the Branders. Are not you surprised that we live so much with our neighbours? It does a great deal better than the Luton system of politeness and solitude, although I don't sometimes like it myself. Adieu, I am hurried away. I am glad to hear Mr. Jackson is still with you. Pray give my best compliments to him.

It may be interesting to quote here a graphic description of how Lady Bute and her daughter struck so acute an observer as Fanny Burney :—

One morning at this time Mrs. Delany had a long visit from Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart, and I went to her house to meet them. I had frequently been of the same party with them in town, and I was glad to see them again. Lady Bute, with an exterior the most forbidding to strangers, has powers of conversation the most entertaining and lively where she is intimate. She is full of anecdote, delights in strokes of general satire, yet with mere love of comic, not insidious ridicule. She spares not for giving her opinions, and laughs at fools as well as follies with the shrewdest derision. Lady Louisa Stuart, her youngest daughter, has parts equal to those of her mother, with a deportment and appearance infinitely more pleasing; yet she is far from handsome, but proves how well beauty may be occasionally missed when understanding and vivacity unite to fill up her place. I had conceived much liking to her formerly in town, and had been much flattered by marks of kindness received from her. She and her mother both sent to me now, and I spent an hour—all I had to command—very pleasantly with them. They told a thousand anecdotes of Mrs. North, whom they had just parted from at Bath. They seem both to inherit an ample portion of the wit of their mother and grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though I believe them both to have escaped all inheritance of her faults. I wish I had it in my power to meet with them more frequently—spirited conversation with agreeable people falls now so rarely to my lot.[1]

December 1, 1787.

I had received an invitation for to-day to meet Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, and I should have wished it at all times, so much I like them both. . . . Lady B. and Lady Louisa were both in such high spirits themselves that they kept up all the conversation between them with such a vivacity, an acuteness, an archness, and an observation on men and manners so clear and sagacious, that it would be difficult to pass an evening of greater entertainment. They were just returning from Bath, and full fraught with anecdote and character, which they dealt out to their hearers

[1] See Madame d'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 237-8, edit. London, 1842.

with so much point and humour that we attended to them like a gratified audience of a public place.[1]

The Duchess of Buccleuch from Lady Louisa Stuart

Bath, 8th November 1787.

My dear Dutchess—I intended to answer your kind letter while it was *warm*, and accordingly bade Lady Mary tell you you should hear from me in a post or two, but having once let slip the right moment, I fell again into my lazy habits, and now a fortnight more has been dawdled away without the performance of my promise. But it shall not go on so as it did in the summer. As I know you will wish to learn how my mother does, I begin by saying I think her better than I have long seen her. She has an excellent appetite, and very chearful spirits. The waters, of course, agree perfectly well with her, and she fails in no point but taking exercise, which she either cannot, or will not do; she pleads the former, and, to be sure, everybody knows themselves best, yet she seems to me to give way too much, and is so glad to *crib* a few yards from her walk, or miss a day's airing, that I am as glad when some chance prolongs either.

My sister Caroline and her family arrived here this day se'nnight, ten days later than they had designed, for she was detained at Milton by an *illness*, which happened in a very fortunate time. If I remember right, I said something in my last letter to Lady Frances which may help you to understand what I mean now. She appears pretty well recovered. As she does not travel too soon, I hope her health will

[1] *Diary and Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 463-466.

not suffer at all. If so, I cannot be very sorry; the increase of family was far from desirable in itself, and considering the journey they must take, and many other things I need not dwell upon, it seemed an evil hanging over one's head. I own I shall see her go with much less of the heartache than I should have done with that prospect before me, especially as she looked miserably ill when she left Highcliffe, which made me even then apprehend that all would not go on smoothly. At present I think she looks as well as one can reasonably expect. They have not quite fixed their plans (you know they are not apt to be very *decided*), but I rather suppose they will stay till towards the time of the full moon, when it is to be hoped the rain and wind will have spent themselves. Did the proverb hold good that when things come to the worst they mend, one might now expect some tolerable weather. It has been much the reverse since we came here, and one week was so unwholesomely warm as well as damp, it filled one's head with plagues and earthquakes, and gave some gossip or other a fair opportunity to trump up a tremendous story of a putrid fever in the town, which sold a vast deal of vinegar and camphire, and frightened us all away from each other's houses (for nobody could be confined even with a sprained leg but they had the disorder). However, it proved almost wholly void of foundation, and the first clear, cold day put it out of our imaginations. Mrs. Wilson's[1] family was one of those through

[1] Miss Townsend, Lady Greenwich's daughter, and Lady Frances Douglas's half-sister, had married an Irish gentleman named Richard Wilson. See vol. i. p. 125 and *post*, vol. ii. p. 137.

which report said the fever had gone, and indeed I find her eldest boy has had a dangerous, though not an infectious, illness. For herself, she is habitually in very indifferent health, and as I have not seen her since the year of her marriage, to me she appears wretchedly altered; but our apothecary, who attends her, thinks her in every respect much better than she has been. She tells me they have taken a small house in Worcestershire with but sixteen acres of ground, which, I suppose, will suit them very well, but they propose remaining here till spring. If they could limit their expenses, this is no improper place for people in their situation, who love company and diversions, for her birth and connections insure her a certain degree of respect, and everybody is disposed to show her civility and kindness. *He* has not given us so much disturbance as we expected, but I find it is because he belongs to a set of gentlemen who are at present very busy in entertaining Sir Thomas Rumbold[1] at the gaming-table. One cannot but wish them all possible success as long as they aim at such fair marks, but it is an uncertain sort of trade, and I am afraid Mr. Wilson will not make his fortune that way. I never spend an hour with her but, what with the dejection in her appearance, what with the recollection of old days, it sinks my spirits to the ground. And yet I cannot say she seems unhappy or anxious about what is to happen. She mentioned to me, and very gratefully, the Duke's kindness with regard to her son. Her daughter she represents as a sickly child, unlikely to be reared.

[1] He had been Governor of Madras, and distinguished in Clive's wars.

We lose the Middleton family, who are very comfortable people, next week, and there is nothing to take their place, although we hear of several arrivals every day. Lady Mary Bowlby[1] goes to balls and fine things like a gay lady, and is much the better for it. Lord Huntingdon came two days ago, a foot shorter than before, but very well and talkative. His two nieces are at this minute in London, but he is *afraid* they will only stay a fortnight in their way to Ireland, by which I perceive he does not invite Lady Anne[2] to stay longer. It will be extremely tantalising to me to find her just gone when we settle in town, a piece of good luck that, I think, constantly attends me upon such occasions.

I am glad Lady Harriet [Don] has had so much of your company this year. Indeed, I always murmur at her lot. He, I take it, is but an *everyday sort* of man, and she is far from an everyday sort of woman. I believe people are seldom aware of the consequences of that (worst kind of) inequality till too late; at least, they generally make light of it in conversation. My politicks go as far as yours, and no farther, for I was heartily glad of the Peace for its own sake. The poor Duke of Rutland's death has now beat the Dutch and French out of discourse. 'Tis a shocking event, and I pity the Dutchess, both for the dreadful affliction she must feel at present, and for being left to her own guidance hereafter, which I look upon as a great misfortune.

[1] Sister of George, Duke of Montagu.

[2] Lady Anne Rawdon, married the following year Lord Ailesbury. She was a niece of Lord Huntingdon. See vol. i. p. 250.

You must forgive me, my dear Dutchess, if this letter does not enliven you; I am but stupid in my own humour, and such a *black* day as this would leaden me if I were otherwise. I long to know something of Lady Frances, and hope I shall hear from one of you soon. All here send their loves, etc.—Yours ever, L. S.

The "Peace" which is mentioned in the foregoing letter refers to the Rebellious States in Holland which had been in insurrection against the Prince of Orange. The city of Amsterdam, the last stronghold of the Revolutionary party, finally capitulated on the 10th of October 1787, and surrendered the keys of the town to the Duke of Brunswick, sent by the King of Prussia with a strong reinforcement to the assistance of his sister, the spirited Princess of Orange. The Stadtholder was reinstated in his rights, a general amnesty proclaimed, and peace re-established.

The death of Charles, Duke of Rutland, Viceroy of Ireland, at the early age of thirty-three, is the sad event to which Lady Louisa alludes as "beating the French and Dutch out of discourse." He was a great loss to Ireland. Young, talented, good-looking, possessed of great means, which he spent lavishly, he and his beautiful Duchess (a daughter of the then Duke of Beaufort) were excessively popular, giving magnificent entertainments and holding a veritable court. His letters to Pitt have been published, and show with what single-hearted devotion he essayed the difficult task of stemming the current of the commencement of the Irish Rebellion. At the time of his death the Duchess was unfortunately in England, and the poor Duke, knowing he could not see her, said, with almost his last breath, "he was content to die with her image before his mind's eye." In a letter from William Pitt to his mother, dated 29th October 1787, he says: "I received last night the afflicting news of his (the Duke's)

death. His illness was a fever, which had been hanging upon him for some time, and which within a few days took an unfavourable turn, and proved of the putrid sort. I am informed by his agent that by his will he has appointed me as one of his executors and guardians of his children, a mark of kindness and confidence which must add to what I feel for him."[1] Besides being a statesman and sportsman he was also a man of deep culture and keenly alive to any literary or artistic excellence. He has been called the "last of the patrons," having received the poet Crabbe as chaplain at Belvoir and procured him preferment. Curiously, however, it was Crabbe's own satire, "The Patron," which brought the custom into disrepute, though the poet himself always deprecated the idea that any personal allusions were intended, and professed a great regard for his benefactor.[2]

Lady Portarlington from the Steward at Dawson Court

20th November 1787.

MY LADY—I received your letter concerning matters in Dawson Court, which I hope are carried on in such a manner as to answer your expectations. Your Ladyship and Lord Portarlington say I have neglected the turf, but be assured I did not. The weather was so severe this autumn that no person has got turf off the bog but those who cut in March and April, and you know my orders were not given before the 21st of May. Nevertheless, I hope to get home sufficient for the winter firing now, as the weather is taking up and the ground drying very fast, which is much wanted in this part of Ireland, as I understand in the

[1] Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. i. p. 349.

[2] See *Life of Crabbe*, by T. C. Kebbel, p. 41.

HIGHCLYFFE.

HIGHCLIFFE

memory of man there has not been more damage done by rain and flood, etc., etc. I thank God we escaped all the whole hurricane, though the water rose three feet in the cellar where the beer stands. I very fortunately had the wheat sowed and most of it over ground before the heavy rain fell, or I could not have sowed it this season. I have engaged wheat at £1 : 2 : 9 per barrel, to be all good and sound. The rooms are all well aired. The horses have been in this month, as the weather was so severe they could not be kept out. Lady Harriet is a darling fine child, and Lord Carlow is well, and growing very tall. I have thrashed two steeps of barley, and shall begin to malt immediately. The hops turned out very indifferent this season, but what they have produced is very safe and good. Jenny, I hope, will make a good return of the dairy.

I am, according to Lord Portarlington's orders, pruning the old trees in the garden, planting, etc., etc., as opportunity offers.—Your Ladyship's most humble, obedient servant, ROBERT BUCKLEY.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

Highcliffe, Christchurch, Hants,
4th April 1788.

THIS house[1] has increased more than fourfold since I saw it, but it is the most comfortable I ever saw, perhaps from having been begun upon a small plan, and pieced on by degrees. The rooms on the

[1] This was the same place, though not the same house as that afterwards acquired by Lord Bute's grandson, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and which was the happy home of his daughters, Lady Canning and Lady Waterford, in their girlhood.

first floor are but twelve feet high, those on the second but seven; there is one of forty feet long that goes up two stories—a beautiful room. The rest, as I said before, are all of a moderate size, all have *dégagements*, and there are more cupboards and conveniences than I ever saw even in an old house. All look toward the sea, so that there seems no end of the front. You come first across a vestibule (for one can hardly call it a hall) into the dining-room, which has a door into the garden. On the right hand of that is, first, a small ante-room, then a little room with a bow window, then one rather larger, then the great room above mentioned, then two book rooms, and then, I believe, a laboratory, etc., etc. Behind these are closets, back stairs, and so forth, so much for my father's own use. On the left of the dining-room lies a little bow window room. From that you go into my mother's pretty dressing-room, then into the bedchamber, which is of a good size; behind is an apartment for her maid. The wing further on, answering to my father's book rooms, contains the kitchen and offices. My bedchamber and dressing-room are over their bedchamber—the prettiest little rooms you ever saw, as much retired as if I were in another house. Mrs. Mary too is *fort bien logée* very near. All are plainly furnished in comparison of Luton, but perfectly neat and pretty. I suppose you have the little drawings my father sent you some years ago; you are only to conceive a great house, added on each side as thus—

My little room is painted like Charles's thatched house, and by the same man—so pretty. I wish I could carry it with me wherever I go. Adieu, for I am pressed in point of time, but I will write again before it is long. The fresh air has done me wonderful good already. The difference I feel is so great, I am amazed it is not greater. I mean I wonder London does not essentially hurt my health. But perhaps it does. God bless you, my love. May this find you well, and in better spirits.

I am heartily glad Lady Ely is with you.

In April 1789 Lady Bute had a great loss in the death of Mrs. Delany, who left her, as a remembrance of their old friendship, two pictures—one of the Three Maries, after Salvator Rosa, and another of the Raising of Lazarus. Lady Bute wrote a long letter of condolence to Miss Port, the niece and favourite companion of Mrs. Delany, from which we give the following extract :—

"You are but just entering into life, and, believe me, whatever good advice or assistance you may have, that much of your future happiness *depends upon yourself.* Nature seems to have been bountiful both to person and to mind, but the benefit of these advantages rests entirely on the use that you make of them. A modest, natural cheerfulness adds charm to beauty and good sense, while affectation and pretence to wit destroy the effect of both. Indolence is not an uncommon fault at your age, and perhaps it is one of the most pernicious in its consequences, and this I beg you carefully to guard against. You have several accomplishments for your amusement, but I would earnestly recommend to

you not to neglect the less genteel employment of good housewifery, which, in my opinion, is necessary for a woman in whatever station in life she is placed. If circumstances are not affluent, it is indispensable; but if they are, many comforts arise from regularity and order in the conduct of those affairs which are usually under a woman's direction, whether mistress of a family or not. *Sensible* men are more likely to have serious thoughts of young ladies whom they observe to be neatly dressed, unaffected in behaviour, with good humour, and *attentive to economy*, than of indolent and accomplished beauties. Music and drawing are rational and agreeable amusements, but they are amusements only. Let me hear from you again. Forgive this sermon—it is meant as a proof of real regard."[1]

Lady Bute spent the autumn this year at Bath, where Lady Louisa accompanied her. Whilst there she left her mother for a short time to pay a visit to her friend Lady Ailesbury at Tottenham Park, the beautiful place in Savernake Forest in Wiltshire, which came to the Bruces from Protector Somerset. The park and the forest were thrown into one by the second Marquis, and the house is now called Savernake. Lady Ailesbury's stepdaughters were Frances, the eldest, who married, in 1799, Sir Henry Wright-Wilson, and lived till 1836; and Caroline, the youngest, and the one most congenial to her stepmother, who died unmarried in 1824. Lord Ailesbury was the youngest son of the third Earl of Cardigan, and added the surname Bruce to Brudenell on succeeding his uncle Charles, fourth Earl of Elgin and third Earl of Ailesbury, in the Barony of Bruce of Tottenham. He was created Earl of Ailesbury in 1776. His second wife, who has been mentioned before as Lady Anne Rawdon, was a daughter of the first Earl of Moira, and had only been married in the preceding February, which

[1] See *Mrs. Delany's Memoirs*, vol. vi. p. 496.

perhaps accounts for the slight friction apparent between herself and her stepdaughters. The Lord Elgin mentioned as a visitor a little later on at Tottenham was Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl, born 1766, married twice, first to Mary Nisbet of Dirleton, and secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of James Townshend Oswald. He was well known as the collector of Grecian antiquities now deposited in the British Museum, and called the Elgin Marbles. He died 1841.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY BUTE

Bath, 2nd October 1788.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—I this minute received your letter, and am very sorry to find that Lady Ailesbury's ill-health has deprived you of much of the pleasure you would have enjoy'd in her company, and that she has suffered such pain. However, I hope your being at Tottenham has been some comfort to her. As to my visit, I will own my courage fails me, and tho' 'tis a sensible mortification to give it up, I believe I had better not attempt it. My second bathing (which was Sunday) did not agree so well as the first; being much fatigued and heated, I believe I got cold, having had a cold in my head ever since (tho' much better to-day). This need give you no alarm, as I have consulted Mr. West, who proved he thought it of no consequence by desiring me to drink the water as usual, but to desist from bathing. This check, small as it is, frightens me from the thought of sleeping in any house but my own, especially as a journey of thirty miles is a degree of fatigue to me, therefore Lord and Lady Ailesbury must accept of my kindest compli-

ments and thanks instead of my company. As to your return, I really would have you stay till Monday, 3rd of November, when you shall find the chaise early at the Devizes, having calculated that if Lord Ailesbury goes to the Drawing-room on Thursday his horses will not be at liberty sooner than Monday. I can't say enough of Miss Vernon's attention to me, and assure you she attends me regularly in the morning, at dinner, and in the evening, if I happen to be at home, which I think has been but once without company except the days I bathed. I saw Lord Huntingdon[1] yesterday morning.

I fancy he has helped forward the match of Mr. Pelham and Miss Cobb,[2] which seems in a measure declared, as Mr. P. carry'd her to see his sister, and all the Cobb family came to Mrs. Vanbrugh's party with Mr. P. and Lord Huntingdon. But as the Middletons have been silent on the subject, I have asked no questions. I have had no letter from Highcliffe since I wrote last, which I am not alarmed at, knowing that writing is so uneasy to your father. I have one to-day from Lady Macartney, settled again at Parkhurst, Lord M. with a very bad cold. She also talks of an influenza, as they do here, tho' I have never heard of it among any of my acquaintances, therefore hope the reports are, as usual, exaggerated.

Now, my dear Louisa, make yourself perfectly

[1] Lord Huntingdon died suddenly the following October (1789).

[2] The Hon. H. Pelham, second son of Lord Pelham, married, November 1788, Miss Cobb, daughter of Lady Mary Cobb.

easy, and remember you may really be of use to Lady A. during my Lord's absence in helping to entertain Lord Huntingdon. But pray write, that I may be sure you get this and will come home on Monday. I do not inclose to Lord A., supposing he must of necessity set out for London to-morrow. Adieu, my dear daughter.—Ever your most affectionate mother, M. W. Bute.

In the following letter from Lady Macartney she alludes to the King's illness, which became very pronounced in the autumn of that year. On 3rd November Miss Burney writes from Windsor, in her Memoir: "We are all here in a most uneasy state. The King is better and worse so frequently, and changes so, daily, backwards and forwards, that everything is to be apprehended if his nerves are not some way quieted. I dreadfully fear he is on the eve of some severe fever. The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected beyond all expression in her presence to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very terrible to see."[1]

Things went from worse to worse, till at last a Privy Council was summoned by the Prince of Wales at the Castle, at which the King's physicians were summoned, and gave their opinion on oath that it was necessary the King should be removed to Kew, and confined there for a time. The poor Queen, who had been averse to this step, knowing the King had a great dislike to the place, gave in reluctantly, and signified her consent. It was said that Lord Chancellor Thurlow was moved to tears after an interview with the

[1] See *Fanny Burney and her Friends*, by Seeley.

King, and Mr. Pitt said that his respect for and attachment to his Majesty were rather heightened than lowered by the demeanour of the Royal patient.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Parkhurst, 27th November 1788.

I SHOULD have written to you again much sooner, my dear sister, before this time, but as my mother and Louisa came to settle in town last week, I concluded the latter would give you much earlier information, and consequently my letter would only be a repetition of what she had said. Alas! we have but melancholy news now to repeat. I saw several of the Dublin papers yesterday, and find you have in them as full an account of all things going forwards as ours give us here. In all of them there are many idle stories and false reports, but the answer given to the enquiries at St. James's may be depended upon; for this last fortnight there certainly has not been any rational change for the better, sometimes intervals which afforded hopes, and then again a relapse into fever and delirium—yet no danger is now apprehended. I have heard that the medical people believe it not only possible, but probable, that after a time all may be well again, and health and comfort in body restored, but when, God only knows. May He support her who has most to suffer, for seldom has one heard of so severe a trial; yet I am assured it has been met with the utmost fortitude and resignation. It is impossible, I think, at this time not to make many serious reflections. The great blessing of a religious turn of

mind never struck me so forcibly as it has done within these last few weeks, tho' God knows I have on my own account often experienced that it is a resource when all others fail and forsake one. I acknowledge, however, that the trials I have gone thro' were light in comparison to those we have lately heard of. I should think this is a period which must incline every one to repose the fullest hopes and confidence in the existence of a happier state than the present life, while the best and most deserving people—those who have served God most faithfully—are so exercised with the most dreadful sufferings. But what a pleasing reflection it is that amidst all this scene of horror and distress the heart may yet be lifted up in prayer to Him for resignation and submission, and enabled to look forward with full trust in those promises given of the most ample recompense and reward to affliction patiently endured, to a future dispensation of durable and endless felicity.

Oh! my dear sister, endeavour to instil into the minds of your beloved children a sense of true religion; try to secure for them this heavenly resource under all circumstances; teach them that duty to God, to their Creator and Redeemer, ought to be the first and most pleasing thought of their heart, and all other duties fulfilled thro' a sense of obedience and gratitude to Him, this steady aim will be productive of sure and certain comfort under every difficulty and distress. And let me add that it is of the utmost importance this truth should be inculcated, this bias given to the mind at an early age, for I have observed people who

have the best principles, whose conduct and actions are strictly conformable to and expressive of a strong sense of duty to God, yet not having been accustomed from their youth to apply to the study of religion as an object of pleasure, do not derive from it that consolation at an advanced time of life which they might enjoy. Depend upon it that without the smallest degree of enthusiasm, if the heart and the mind are properly directed, there is a pleasure and satisfaction to be known in the exercise of piety, the study and contemplation of religious subjects, which exceeds all others. Would to God I could see those I most love enjoy what I now describe. I pray earnestly for this as the greatest of blessings. There is, to be sure, a certain number of years in which the spirits and vivacity of youth may give such a desire for and enjoyment of the good things of this world, that the above-mentioned considerations may appear to be forgotten, and their impression almost effaced; yet had they been carefully impressed on the mind when young, I do believe after this time they would return again and have their full effect. The wish for life itself, for the comforts and advantages of life, would only be thought of with submission to the will of God, disappointments in these wishes received with patience, misfortunes with resignation, and as life advanced a perfect indifference would take place for every advantage and enjoyment which did not lead to higher objects than this world affords.

Louisa, I conclude, gives you a constant account of all in S. Audley Street. May it please God to send some change for the better there. At present I fear it

is all very melancholy. I am, thank God, enjoying a great deal of peace and comfort here, but would with pleasure resign it all to go and try to be of use to them.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH from LADY LOUISA STUART

London, 3rd December 1788.

INDEED, my dear Dutchess, I don't know how to excuse myself when I compare this date with yours of October 18th, and read that you desired an immediate answer. But I received your letter at Tottenham Park, and as you know another person's house is always a bad place for writing, I put off answering it till my return to Bath, and all the horrible events[1] that have happened since that time have so confused and overturned my ideas as to make me unfit to do anything. I suppose this has been pretty much your case too; and really, altho' I have heard of joy and triumph in some worthless quarters, I have not seen anybody of any party who did not seem to be as much shocked as they ought, and as ready to deplore the publick calamity. I am resolved to say as little as I can upon this melancholy subject, because if I gave way to it, my letter would be filled with nothing else, and the less one talks or thinks of it the better. My father is perfectly overwhelmed by it, and has not at all recovered his spirits yet. My mother was deeply affected, and between her own melancholy and his, and a cold she caught, very unluckily, just before she left Bath, she was but half well for some days after she came to

[1] The King's illness, and consequent debates on a Regency.

town, which she did a great deal too soon, not having had by any means a sufficient dose of the Bath water. It agreed wonderfully well with her, quite set her up at first, and though its good effects have been counteracted since, I hope she will feel them when she can shake off the lowness produced by these dismal times. She is well in health at present. We have snow and bitter weather, but heat, not cold, is her enemy. If we live till spring, I shall be very anxious she should take a second journey to Bath before the hot season begins. Lady Portarlington, as perhaps you have heard, surprised us with a sudden lying-in, of which we had no suspicion till a very few days before the news came. She meant most kindly to save us uneasiness, but the first minute was not an easy one. She suckles her child (which is a boy), and has recovered, she assures us, remarkably well.[1] She has got, I really think, a very full stock of those blessings, and I heartily wish she would add no more to it, but I shall never think it sure she has done now. I fancy you will agree with me if I make the same wish for Lady Frances. She seems quite well, but I have only had one short glimpse of her for a single quarter of an hour since I came here. However, I hope she will come to town for a day or two to-morrow. The Aylesburys settled in London a week before we did. Lady Frances Bruce has taken herself for a week to her friend, Lady Fairford's, which makes the house particularly comfortable at present,

[1] George Lionel, born 28th October 1788, assumed the additional surname of Damer, and was a colonel in the army, and C.B. He married Mary, daughter of Lord Hugh Seymour.

and you have no notion how well Lady Ailesbury goes on with the other in her absence. Lady Caroline really has good in her, does not want understanding, and is capable of improvement. Then her bad health and the habit of being depressed and humbled seem to have given her a natural disposition to be compassionate and feel for other people's misfortunes, and she is very grateful for any notice taken of herself. But her sister governs her, and the maid, I believe, governs both Tottenham Park, in spite of them, was very pleasant to me. There is much less form and order than I should have supposed; one may go one's own way and nobody interferes, no troublesome *exactness* about hours (though they are regular and early); in short, nothing to plague one, and a charming place of its kind; too solitary for you, and wanting water. But as I had seen nothing but sea and sky all the summer, I could the more easily dispense with that, and my eyes were quite feasted with so many green trees. I staid there three weeks. Lady A. was in grief about her mother[1] (who is now recovered), and ill of a cold or a toothache the greater part of the time, yet I saw enough of *their ways* to be satisfied she felt quite comfortable and happy, and I am sure she seems to make your uncle[2] so. I never saw anything so amiable as her behaviour to him and the pleasure she takes in being his comforter, soothing him and raising his spirits when anything vexes him. The

[1] Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of ninth Earl of Huntingdon, and wife of John, first Earl of Moira.

[2] Lord Ailesbury was brother of the Duchess of Buccleuch's father, the Duke of Montagu.

Sydneys were there one week while I staid, Lord Huntingdon and Lord Elgin another. The former's understanding seems sinking along with his person. I protest his nonsense is something like the Dutchess of Bedford's. The latter pleased me extremely. I hardly know a young man I like so well. It would be a great blessing to Lord and Lady Ailesbury if he would marry Lady Frances.

I heard of your excursion to Harrowgate first from Mrs. Lloyd, who was at Bath, and I imagined it likely to be a pleasant one. I never saw Mr. Weddel's *place*,[1] though I was once a day and a half in his house, for the weather was too bad to admit of going out; but the country is so flat, I can easily conceive it not to be very pretty; yet they have both so good a taste, I daresay the most is made of it. Mr. Lascelles' I have only seen from the road;[2] it looks very splendid, and is beautifully situated, but I should be tempted to judge a little from what I know of the owners there too. Indeed, I suspect one may in general make a tolerable guess that way. I suppose you will not let one pity you at all for being shut up in the country among *the storms*, as they say with you. I know you can make yourself very comfortable, but I hope we shall see you here a little sooner than you at first proposed. I met the Duke at Lady Sydney's the day he came, and thought him in very good looks. His G. of Montagu I have seen

[1] Newby, in Yorkshire, a fine house built by Adam, containing a collection of pictures and works of art. Mrs. Weddell was a daughter of Sir John Ramsden, and a great friend of Lady Louisa. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 128, and vol. ii. p. 9.

[2] Harewood, bought by Mr. Lascelles in 1738. The house was begun in 1759 and finished in 1771.

several times. He appears as well as he can be with so much to make him unhappy.[1] Adieu, my dear Dutchess. If I durst ask you to return good for evil and write to me soon, I would, for it would really give me the greatest pleasure to hear again from you. My love to the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth, etc.—Ever yours sincerely, L. S.

[1] The Duke was Constable of Windsor Castle and had been Governor of the Prince of Wales, whose conduct, combined with his father's malady, was enough to cause the Duke great uneasiness.

CHAPTER XI

THE new year 1789 opened with a decided improvement in the King's health, and on the 1st of March thanksgiving services were held in the principal churches. In the evening there was an illumination in London, "extending," says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "from Hampstead and Highgate to Clapham and Tooting." The Queen and the Princesses came up to town "to feast their eyes," as writes Miss Burney, "on streets as brilliant and crowded as Vauxhall on a full night." The Birthday Drawing-room in March which followed these festivities is described as follows by Lady Louisa's graphic pen.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

30th March 1789.

DEAREST CAROLINE—I have been leading so racketting a life for more than a fortnight that writing has really been a thing out of the question with me—one day up till four in the morning, and the next too dead to stir or think. I am not sorry to give in to all this dissipation, as, awkward as I feel it for a woman of my age to be dancing about with boys a dozen years younger, it drives away thought and

vexation, and is something like drinking three bottles is to a man. I am grieved to hear from Lady Macartney that you wrote uneasily, and were apprehensive politics would make a breach between you and your friend Lady ——. For Heaven's sake don't let them, if you can help it. But I am not surprised, if your brains are half as much heated as *ours*.

The King is recovered, and everybody else, I think, gone mad. Oh, what a winter have we passed! But not more than I expected before it began; one is never disappointed that way. The Drawing-room on Thursday was crowded many degrees beyond any Birthday I ever saw, and really made a frightful scene—many people crying and fainting, and going into screaming fits. I was so squeezed and demolished myself, I was very near crying, and trembled so when I was *thrown out* upon the Queen, I did not know what she said to me. Yet I escaped wonderfully well in comparison to most people. My mother had no difficulties at all, and no fatigue. Lady Macartney was in violent hysterics after she came home, Lady Mary Montagu fainted away then, so did Lady Sydney, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, Mrs. Adair, Miss Chaplin, and I know not how many more. There is to be a great *fête* at Windsor on the 3rd April, a concert and supper at which everybody is to appear in a uniform, the men in the King's Hunt, which you have often seen, and the ladies in deep blue, trimmed with scarlet and gold, the same colours. No unmarried women are asked but Lady Mary Howe. Loyalty is a most expensive virtue at present. This dress, which by the

Queen's directions is to be from Mrs. Beauvais only, comes to thirty pounds; the uniform for the White's ball to about three or four and twenty, if you have it from a milliner (Richards makes mine, so I shall come off for half that sum); the price of the medal about their necks is five guineas; add the expense of the Court dress for last Thursday (which was made a Birthday), and you will see that a good subject cannot be dressed for these three days under a hundred pounds. *Tout ceci sent terriblement la femmelette; qui après toutes les scènes affreuses et les affaires serieuses se mette à inventer des modes et des habits de fureur. Bon dieu! souvenez vous que je vous aie toujours dit qu'on soit un esprit mediocre.* The White's uniform is a white sattin body and petticoat, with a white and gold belt, and white and gold bands round the arm, half sleeves of *crêpe* plaited, and a *crêpe* festoon trimmed with *blonde*, and tied up with two gold tassels on the shoulders. The train consists of five breadths of *crêpe*, bound with white sattin ribband, not joined, but one put over the other to look as if there were two stripes of white sattin at the end of each breadth. It meets before, and is tied back on each side like a robe, with gold cord and tassels. There is a *crêpe* flounce round the petticoat. The cap is plain *crêpe* with a *bandeau* of white sattin, and "God save the King" upon it in gold spangles, and four very high feathers on the other side; value six guineas. For that I was forced to buy of one of the three milliners whom their Graces of Rutland, Gordon, and Chatham have appointed to make the uniform; and this cap everybody who had it wore at Court. There

is another without feathers for the *chaperons*, and they have white night-gowns tied back with gold tassels. My mother says she will pay it for me, but I grudge flinging away so much of her money. Almost everybody at Court had some motto or other in their cap. '*God save the King.*' '*Long life to the King.*' '*Vive le Roi, Dieu nous l'a rendu.*' The Queen had a *bandeau* of '*God save the King*' in diamonds, the Princesses the uniform cap with gold spangles, but two or three ladies had stuck up a huge print on sattin as big as one's two hands, in a frame, Britannia kneeling to return thanks, which was a *new touch*, indeed. I am sure the old expression of putting one's shoes upon one's head is grown quite flat, people put there so many stranger things than their shoes. Everybody was very fine when they went into the Drawing-room, and like customers to Rag Fair when they went out. Some lost their caps, some their trimmings, some trains, some necklaces, some handkerchiefs; the men their bags and swords. My mother presented Mrs. Pierrepont and Mary. You see I tell you all the tittle-tattle I can think of, in hopes it may be some amusement.

God bless you, my dear, a thousand thousand times!

The entertainments mentioned in the last and some of the following letters as given at the then popular resorts, the Pantheon and Ranelagh, may render a few words on these places acceptable.

The Pantheon, which stood on the south side of Oxford Street (No. 359, now a wine-merchant's warehouse), was designed by Wyatt, and opened in 1772. Like Ranelagh,

the principal room was a rotunda under a dome; both this and the contiguous ballroom were very finely decorated. The Pantheon was celebrated for its masquerades, of which one of the most famous was given by Boodles Club in 1774, but the usual company was of a miscellaneous character. On the destruction of the Opera House in 1789 it was used for operas, but with indifferent success. It was burnt down in 1792, but rebuilt for concerts and other entertainments. The second building was taken down in 1812, and again rebuilt and used as a bazaar.

Ranelagh, so called from an Earl of that title, was designed by William Jones, and was a very famous resort of the fashionable world from 1742, when it was built, till its destruction in 1805. It was a large circular building, and stood between the outfall of the Serpentine brook and the Royal Hospital Gardens at Chelsea.

After it was pulled down the site remained vacant for many years, until included in the Gardens. The rotunda in this *Vauxhall under cover*, as it was called, was 150 feet in diameter, and was where most of the entertainments took place. It stood on the margin of the stream, which was afterwards closed over and converted into a sewer.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from MISS HERBERT

5th April 1789.

MY DEAR LADY PORTARLINGTON—We are grown so gay since the King's recovery that I really had no time for anything, and politics before made all societies disagreeable. But now all parties are united in the general joy on his Majesty's recovery. I began as soon as the illuminations took place, and gave my nephews and niece a ball on the occasion at St. James's, and a magnificent supper—the Dutchess

of Buccleuch and two daughters and two sons, three Douglases, Miss Keane, three Marshams, etc., etc., about fourteen couple, and I had seven boys from Eton. How happy I should have been to have had all your children at the ball, but particularly Lord Carlow and Lady Caroline and Louisa!

The Drawing-room was fuller and more crowded than any Birthday ever was, and as I was in waiting, I received the killed and wounded in my apartments. White's ball at the Pantheon was the finest thing ever seen, and the supper no better conducted. Brooks's mean, the 22nd, to outdo White's ball. They are re-hanging the room with blue and buff silk, trimmed with gold fringe. It is to be at the Opera House. And the French Ambassador[1] means to outdo Brooks's ball, as he has received orders from his Court to give the finest *fête* that ever was seen in the whole town, and we are to have an installation which is to outdo all this in magnificence. We shall be ruined in dress. We all appeared in white and gold at the Pantheon, and "God save the King" in our caps. Very few (and those only men) in opposition appeared at the Pantheon, but we all mean to go to Brooks's that can get tickets. I have one from Lord Porchester. Mrs. Siddons is to speak an ode on the King's recovery, the dancers are to dance, the singers are to sing, and it is all to be delightful. The Royal family are to go to Cheltenham again in the summer, but not to drink the waters. Do you mean to send Lord Carlow to Eton soon? Henry is in the sixth form, and will

[1] Marquis de la Luzème. See *ante*, p. 71.

leave it soon, and the third boy goes after these holidays to Eton. I am sorry to hear that your house in Dublin is so uncomfortable. I wish there was any chance of your coming to England, or our meeting soon. They talk very much of the Parliament being dissolved. I hope it will put some money in your pocket, which may enable us to see you.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Curzon Street, 7th April 1789.

I HAVE written to you twice, my dear sister, since we came to town. We have been detained here longer than we expected, Lord Macartney having had business which has kept him from day to day, and we are not now to return till Saturday. I have spent my evenings constantly at home, and had all my friends here by hours, who have given me an account of the fine things going forward. The ball given by the Club at White's, every one agrees, was one of the finest and prettiest entertainments that ever was seen. Doctor Willis[1] and all his sons were there, in a very jolly supper party with the Dutchess of Gordon, Mr. Pitt, Dundas, etc., etc. Her Majesty gave a very fine concert at Windsor last Thursday—above a hundred people present, all the first Officers of State and their wives, the Queen's family, several of the King's Lords and their wives, and some particular favourites. The King spoke to everybody, seemed to enjoy the music very much, led the Queen up to supper, and then retired to his room. The supper was in St. George's

[1] Medical attendant of the King.

Hall—extremely magnificent. The Queen sat between the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, and all the rest of the Royal family on each side of her. A part of the ornament of the dessert at supper was the Chancellor's [1] Arms, and Mr. Pitt's Arms, hung round with trophies. I suppose no subjects ever had so great a compliment paid them before, nor so marked a declaration of Royal favour. Lord and Lady Ailesbury were lodged at Windsor, and passed the following day with their Majesties. Lady Ailesbury thought the King seemed perfectly well, but he observes great regularity as to diet and hours; dines at two o'clock, sups very early, and goes to bed at ten. He sees all the Foreign Ministers and his own people of business every Wednesday, has a Levee then, and afterwards there is a dinner for all of them.

We are told here that your chief Governor [2] is to remain, and Major Hobart to be the Secretary; he is very fortunate—so young to get into so high an office.

My father is now returned from High Cliffe, pretty well, but, as usual, taking loads of physic. Our poor, dear mother is in very good health, thank God; indeed, I think much better than she was last year at this time, as she has nothing of that heaviness about her she used to have. Lady Lonsdale has had a very bad cold, but is now about and well again. His Lordship is at Bath. Charles is laid up with the gout in his feet. Is not this extraordinary?—the gout coming into a family where it was never known before.

I went to see Lady Mount [Stuart] this morning.

[1] Lord Thurlow.

[2] Marquis of Buckingham.

Her daughters are both improved in looks. Charlotte[1] will be a very fine figure, and, in my opinion, a very handsome woman, though most people dispute this with me. But they are dumb as ever before their mother, and one can never see them without her. I suppose you know Lord Mount [Stuart] is at Paris. His son has been there a long time. Mr. Coutts and all his family are there. It is strongly reported that the Duke of Dorset is to marry the eldest Miss Coutts, whom you remember seeing here with me; and Mr. Stuart the second daughter, who was always ill last year, but is now, they say, an exceeding pretty girl, much prettier than her sister; and it is also said that Mr. Coutts is to give each of them a hundred thousand pounds.[2]

This is Friday, and we return to-morrow into Surrey, but shall probably come backwards and forwards till we set out for Ireland, which is still intended, the end of May. We expect Mr. and Mrs. Hume here from abroad in their way to Ireland the beginning of next month, and then we must, I suppose, be in town to show them the lions here. All sorts of fine things are going forward. The King and Queen are to go in state to St. Paul's; after that it is said there are to be magnificent entertainments given by the French[3] and Spanish[4] Ambassadors to her Majesty. The fine entertainment at Brooks's is to be Wednesday sen'night. I think we have got very well off,

[1] Afterwards Lady Charlotte Homan.

[2] Lord Mountstuart *himself*, and not his son, married as his second wife, 7th September 1800, Frances, second daughter of Thomas Coutts.

[3] See *ante*, p. 71.

[4] See *post*, p. 139.

as Lord Macartney has not been obliged to subscribe either to that or White's.

God bless you, my dear sister; it is my constant prayer both for you and yours.—Ever your most affectionate J. M.

I have just had a very cheerful letter from Corbett.

Lady Portarlington from Lady Louisa Stuart

10th April 1789.

YOU have often forbid me to be uneasy when I was long without hearing from you, and yet now we have all been so long, that I can't help fearing you have had more anxiety than you expected about poor little Henry's inoculation, and I am almost in dread of your next letter. Alas! I fear, upon the whole, your winter has not been more comfortable than ours, especially since the political rage reached you. It is a great deal more prevalent here than one would wish, and has reached some places that it should not, but I have been out of the way of hearing much of it lately. My father came to town last week—I can't say much better for his health or spirits—yet I don't think he looks ill. He takes loads of physic, according to custom, and I am afraid it does him little good. I was in hopes he would have returned quite in good spirits, since things were changed to his wish, but I don't see the difference I hoped for in that respect. My mother is low, but, I thank God, in good health. I had written half of a long letter I intended to send to you by Mr. and Mrs. Moore, but partly by my dawdling, partly by my

mistaking Mrs. L[ionel] D[amer]'s message, I let them go away without it, so it is burnt, for it was not fit for the post. Lord Milton and Miss Damer are gone out of town for the holidays. She has a friend in the house with her all this time, a Miss Richards, which must have been a great comfort. I believe when I wrote to you last I was preparing for the White's ball. I never suffered so much from fatigue in my life. I have hardly felt in spirits since. We were two hours in the string of coaches getting there, but it is almost treason to say one did not like and enjoy it of all things. The sight was certainly very fine, the Pantheon being beautifully lit up, and the uniformity of the white dresses giving it a great deal of splendour. The supper was excellent, and come-atable, which is not commonly the case at the Pantheon, for at former entertainments there, I think, one never used to get any. I shall be so unloyal as not to go to the Brook's ball, for I really dread the name of such another great spectacle. The French Ambassador is to give another at one of these places. By what I heard of the concert I mentioned in my last, it was the finest and dullest thing imaginable. Those of the company who were not particularly fond of music fell asleep. Poor Charles has been fairly laid up with the gout in both feet for a week past. It is hard upon him at his age, but I hope it will mend his spirits. Mary[1] does that in some degree, I think; she seems quite to govern him and Mrs. Stuart. She appears very sensible and very honest, and people in general like her very much—the men especially; but

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 44.

between you and me, she is a little too rough and rude, and regardless not only of forms, but of all common civility, and I never saw any creature who had so little conception of *mauvaise honte*. When I walked about with her at the Pantheon I felt myself the little young girl, and her the woman used to the world, the difference between us is so great on that point. She made herself so much at home, and pushed about so bravely, saying, when there was a crowd, "Come along. Follow me, and I'll warrant I'll make way through them. Lord! why, one would think you were afraid," and then a great laugh. And the first time she sees anybody she sets off talking to them as if she had known them all her life. Her antiquated admirer is in the country. Lady Lonsdale continues much afraid of what that will come to. I don't think Mary's heart in any danger, but for Mr. Digby,[1] I own he appears to have another sort of friendship for her than that he had for Miss Gunning. We ladies of thirty and towards it inspire a quieter kind than ladies of eighteen, whose faces come in for a share, I doubt.

Adieu, my dearest Caroline. May God ever bless and protect you and all belonging to you! Forgive this dull, dull letter. I am duller than it, but my heart is yours most sincerely.

The following allusion to inoculation will be interesting as coming from a granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, it will be remembered, was the first English-

[1] Probably the Mr. Digby mentioned in Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs*, who afterwards married Miss Gunning. See *ante*, p. 11.

woman to try it on her child, and who was largely instrumental in bringing the practice into England.

Parkhurst, near Dorking, in Surrey, was the place to which Lady Macartney alludes in the same letter, and was bought by Lord Macartney. His wife was much attached to it, and when in 1797 he was created a British Peer, he chose the title of Baron Macartney of Parkhurst, but only two years later sold the land and house, together with the furniture, for less than £5000.

The Mr. and Mrs. Hume mentioned here are Elizabeth Balaquier, Lord Macartney's niece, and her husband, the Rev. Travers Hume, son of Gustavus Hume, State Surgeon at Dublin.[1]

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY.

Curzon Street, 25th April 1789.

I AM very glad to hear from Louisa, my dear sister, that you are well and amusing yourself agreeably. She says you do not mention anything of inoculation in your letter to her. I suppose, therefore, that you have deferred inoculating dear Henry. I hope he is perfectly well, and that little George is now grown a stout boy, also that Lord Carlow and all the dear girls are well. Louisa says you are so much taken up abroad that the little girls think it very extraordinary. I wish I was in the same town with them. I could devote many hours to them, though perhaps in Dublin I should not have any such leisure. Here I do exactly as I like, and lead a most comfortable life to my own taste. We have been in town for another week, Lord Macartney having had business. We return again to Parkhurst for ten days,

[1] See *ante*, p. 55.

and then come back here to receive Mr. and Mrs. Hume, whom we expect to arrive from Paris at that time; they will probably remain here a few weeks. Lord Macartney says we are to stay with them a fortnight, and after that either to go over to Ireland or to settle at Parkhurst. His present plan seems to be that we should go to Lissanoure to stay, as I told you before, several months, yet he has not finally decided whether to do this or to go over himself for a month, finish his business, and return to Parkhurst. I should really and sincerely be most happy to spend a little while with you, my dear sister, otherwise I own I dislike the thoughts of Ireland, both on account of leaving my mother for so long a time, and that the taking so long a journey is very troublesome and expensive. However, I shall not declare any choice, but leave Lord Macartney to determine what he thinks best; having been so often left with my mother, I have no right to ask it again.

This has been a most busy week in London. St. Paul's, I am told, was one of the finest sights ever seen; I had not courage to encounter it, otherwise should have liked exceedingly to have gone there. The illuminations, every one but me and my mother went all over the town to see last night, but we sat very quietly here. Miss Herbert came in to sup with me after parading about the whole evening; she looks very well, and is in very good spirits. I saw Mrs. Charles and Mary this morning; they had also been thus employed. Mary grows more and more to like London, has a number of acquaintances and many flirtations, and I think her Old Colonel now stands a bad chance.

I daresay you was glad to hear of the invitation to South Audley Street for next Tuesday evening at Windsor. It has been given in the most gracious manner, and apartments ordered to be kept for my mother and Louisa there. Only think of the former being obliged to wear a bright gown, motto in her cap, etc., etc. She is, thank God, in very good health and spirits now, but I wish the fatigue of going twenty miles, dressing, and a ball may not be too much for her, and report says that she will have a Drawing-room to go to at St. James's on Thursday, when his Majesty is to appear. But I do not know this for certain. Everybody agrees that he is perfectly well, though not quite so strong as formerly. My father, who came to town unwell, is quite recovered, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased at present. Lord Mount [Stuart] is just come from Paris, and Mr. Stuart with him, who is a handsome young man, only he is too dark. They won't allow that there is any truth in the report of his having paid addresses to Miss Coutts;[1] he seems a very good-natured, good sort of young man.

I hope, my dear sister, when you write you will give me a full account of yourself and family, and how everything goes on. I conclude you will not remain much longer in Dublin. Adieu! You see I write whenever I can give you an account of all here, as I imagine it is very acceptable to you to receive such. I beg to be kindly remembered to Lord Portarlington, and am ever most faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. MACARTNEY.

[1] See *ante*, p. 124, note 2.

Lady Lonsdale is just beginning a very pretty painting for you, and I hope to have another table done in a different manner from the last one, which I suppose is quite spoilt and yellow by this time.

Louisa was at a masquerade of the Dutchess of Ancaster last night, and seems to have diverted herself well; but her spirits have been unequal this winter.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from MISS HERBERT

28th April 1789.

MY DEAR LADY PORTARLINGTON—I want much to know how you all do. I have not heard this great while. Our heads are turned here with balls. Brook's was not near so pleasant a ball as White's—too hot and crowded, and supper not so well attended in. They supped in the boxes upstairs—two boxes laid into one. It was a large tent, and hung with blue and yellow, trimmed with silver, but there was no air, as the silk at top prevented the ventilators being of any use. I hear in May, Boodle's Club mean to outdo everything, and give a *fête* at Ranelagh.[1] I set the example of children's balls. Lady Frances Marsham has given a very pretty one, and to-night Lady Porchester gives her children a fine one. I like them much better than grown-up balls. The Queen gives, on Tuesday, a ball at Windsor, to which Lady Bute and Lady Louisa go. There is a report that the King and Queen go in summer to Hanover. I wonder whether they will carry over bedchamber women. I should not dislike to go at their expense for a little while—three or four months.

[1] See *ante*, p. 120.

Nothing ever was so magnificent as all our illuminations were on Friday. The Horse Guards, the Pay Office and Admiralty, were beautiful. I had a great many candles and "God save the King and Queen." I did not go to St. Paul's. Only two of us went, but I saw the procession, and gave a breakfast at St. James's.

Lady Macartney talks of going to Ireland in June. I hope so for your sake. Adieu. Believe me yours most sincerely, G. H.

Do let me hear how you all go on in Dublin, and pray give my compliments to Lady Ely.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

30th April 1789.

I AM quite ashamed when I think how long it is since I wrote last to you. Lady Macartney professes always to write from London, so I hope she did last week, and then you would know that we were all well; my father considerably better, and only taken up with the important business of preparing for the Windsor ball, which in good earnest was a great fuss. I am glad it is over, for I was much afraid my mother would have suffered by it; but, however, she was so much pleased, and in such spirits, she is rather the better than worse. I am the tired person. It really was the finest sight I ever saw, and answered one's idea of Royal magnificence. The vast size of the room, all so well lighted up, and the number of persons dressed alike, had a splendour not to be easily described. You have seen men in the King's uniform, so I need not describe that. The ladies were in the same colours of

blue and scarlet and white. The dancers had a Garter blue body trimmed with a scarlet and gold edge, the stomacher white, laced with gold cord, the sleeves white with a *crêpe* festoon on the shoulders, tied up with gold tassels, a scarlet and gold band round the arm. The petticoat was white *crêpe* with a flounce trimmed at top and bottom with a white and gold fringe, and the same edge of scarlet and gold. There was also a sort of train tied up behind, of *crêpe* with the same ornaments. The chaperons wore a blue nightgown, trimmed with a very broad white and gold fringe, tied up in a festoon on one side like a robe, with thick gold cord and vast great tassels, a white petticoat and an apron under the gown, the same as the dancers' petticoats; the gown made with four straps before, edged with scarlet and gold, and a girdle of the same all fastened with diamond (true or false) buckles. Altogether it had a very magnificent appearance, and the dancers' dresses were very pretty, except that the festoon on shoulders was unbecoming to those who were not very slender. I will try to recollect the names of the dancers if I can. There were about five or six and thirty couples, which, I promise you, made it no small fatigue, as one was forced to go through the whole, and not sit down at the end, and the good old oak floor had no more spring than if it had been marble. First there were the six Princesses and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, then Lady Caroline Spencer, Lady Mary Bertie, Lady Charlotte Gordon, two Lady Montagus, two Lady Levisons, Lady Sutherland, Westmoreland, Talbot, Parker, two Lady

Waldegraves, two Finches, two Bellasyses, two Miss Thynnes, two Miss Townshends, Miss Brudenell, Lady Mary Parker, Lady Anne Wellesley, Lady Mary Howe, Lady Charlotte Villiers, two Lady Hopes, Lady Frances Bruce, and myself. The men were many more in number than the women, and I shall not be able to recollect them all. The Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Gordon, Lords Worcester, Graham, Wycombe, Gower, Westmoreland, Salisbury, Morton, Elgin, Winchelsea, Cathcart, Belgrave, Paget, Arden, Hopetoun, Fauconberg, Galloway (for these old gentlemen all danced—Lord Hopetoun with me for my sins), the Duke of Gordon, Lord Parker, Stafford, Clarendon, Delawarr, and two Mr. Villiers, two Phipps, and two Elliots, two Lascelles, two Staffords, Lord Mornington, and Mr. Poole, Mr. Edgecombe, Ryder, Townshend, Manners, Yorke, Lord Bayham, Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Brudenell, Col. Egerton, Mr. Finch, and Lord and Lady Poulet, Falmouth, Lovaine, Lady Charlotte and Mr. Curzon (by the way, she has grown so very *great a lady*, I hardly find any likeness of my old friend, Miss Howe, in her), and some others, beside the Court, Ministry, mothers of the dancers, etc. They said a hundred and fifty sat down to supper in St. George's Hall, and that was indeed the very finest sight I ever beheld. The Royal Family supped altogether upon the raised platform, attended by the pages in a uniform exactly like that of the company, only pale grey instead of blue. You may imagine what a show they made, looking down on the rest, who were ranged in two long tables reaching from one end to the other,

superbly lighted with innumerable silver branches; the gallery above filled with the King's band of music, dressed in scarlet and gold. In short, I do not think any country could show a more magnificent spectacle. The King looked better than I expected to see him—rather thin and older than he was, but, on the whole, very well. Now I must conclude, for Lady Mary will never forgive me if I don't send her a line to-day. I will give you the rest of my story soon. Adieu.

12th May 1789.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—As usual I am behindhand, but, as you say, there is no end of making excuses. I was extremely happy to have rather a cheerful letter from you last week, and to find that diversions diverted you. We have had for some days nasty hot weather, a burning sun, and an east wind that, I suppose, is cold enough in the country, but in London only makes one the hotter. This is just what always disagrees with my mother, and it keeps me in anxiety about her; however, she continues well at present. Very bad colds are going about; he[1] has got one, but I think it is only a cold.

I have done nothing extraordinary in the way of diversion since the Western ball, except going disguised to a masque at the Dutchess of Ancaster's, where I had a good deal of fun, for I drew Charles[2] into a long conversation, and should have brought him to make love to me if Mrs. Hobart had not suspected me, and maliciously told him he was losing his time. I had

[1] Probably her father.

[2] Her brother.

made myself a very droll figure, and attracted a deal of attention, but as I found one or two people discovered me, I grew afraid of conversing much with the men. The Prince of Wales laid hold of me two or three times, and had a vast mind to be better acquainted, taking me, I believe, for a lady of a certain sort, so I was forced to steal off quietly and hold my tongue.[1]

Saturday 16th.

Here have I dawdled away my time terribly and neglected finishing my letter. A sad thing has happened since I began it—poor William Townshend[2] shot himself on Tuesday night at a small house near Richmond, which he lately took. It is a thing nobody could have been surprised at, so that Lady Frances, from living in constant expectation of some such catastrophe, has borne it better than you might expect. She is gone out of town to-day along with the Dutchess and her family, who are set out for Scotland by way of Oxford, and it was settled before that she should go so far along with them. I am very glad they have persuaded her to let this make no difference in her plan, for if she stayed in town Aunts Betty and Mary[3] would come to comfort her every day, and she must go to comfort Lady Greenwich, who really surpasses herself on this occasion, not being half so much affected as you would be if any ploughman in the cabin nearest you were to destroy himself. As for Lady Betty and her grave, wise husband, they actually seem very glad,

[1] See Scott's *Familiar Letters*, vol. i. p. 401.

[2] See *ante*, p. 21.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Mackenzie and Lady Mary Coke.

though they and Lady Greenwich certainly have, shocking as it is to say so, his blood upon their heads; for they all agreed, especially Mr. Mackenzie, with his caution and wisdom, that by law he could not be shut up, while they told everybody that would hear them they expected constantly to hear of his killing either himself or somebody else; and he did try repeatedly to murder his maid last week, and, in short, has been quite out of his senses the whole winter. And there Lady Greenwich let him be where he pleased, without even a man-servant about him, not taking half so much care of him as you would of the dog. And they talk of the strange things he said and did, sometimes with laughter (you will hardly believe me), and sometimes with bitterness, as if the poor creature had been to blame for his misfortune. He has made a will, and left his sister £4000 and some houses he had on Ham Common in trust hands for her and her children, and the rest to Lord Leicester and Lady Frances. The latter will be very sorry for that, I daresay, both because she would rather Mrs. Wilson had it than herself, and because it may bring her into disputes with her mother; for you may be sure Lord Leicester will force Lady G[reenwich] to come to an account, which she has never done yet, and will be furious about. Queen Mary is the most reasonable of the family upon this subject, but as all her feelings lean more to anger than sorrow, she rather rages at her sisters than grieves for her nephew. . . .

The foregoing remarks probably related to a disputed claim made by Lady Leicester (Lady Mary Coke's mother-in-law) to part of the plate belonging to the Duchess of

Argyll, Lady Greenwich's mother. Mrs. Wilson was a daughter of Lady Greenwich, and sister of the William Townshend who had lately shot himself.[1] Lady Louisa relates the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Wilson during Lord Carlisle's viceroyalty in Ireland. "Mrs. Wilson was at this time in Ireland, her husband's native country, to which, however, it had been very difficult to induce him to go, or, as he said, 'to be *banished*.' Banishment *home* was so genuine a bull that it made us all laugh, but her friends thought it the only chance of getting anything done for him, and through Lady Frances's earnest entreaties, the Duke [of Buccleuch] wrote recommending him to Lord Carlisle, who gave the sort of uncertain conditional answer, avoiding a promise, usually given by men in power. Upon this Mr. Wilson attended his levée at the castle, and was civilly noticed; but not content with showing himself once, he went again and again, till once Lord Carlisle, either tired of his face, or, chancing to overlook him, passed him without speaking. Immediately the other fired off a letter to tell him he should put up with the affront at present, considering him as the representative of his sovereign, but seeming to leave it doubtful what notice his offended honour might impel him to take of it hereafter. This epistle—assuredly a receipt in full of all demands—Lord Carlisle sent to the Duke of Buccleuch, who, not having been over willing to make the application before, very naturally said, 'What can anybody do for such a fellow?'"[2]

THE SAME from THE SAME

London, 5th June 1789.

DEAREST SISTER— . . . I ought to give you an account of all our *fêtes*, but really, though I have been at them, one has put another out of my head, and I retain no clear idea of any. Certainly, I

[1] See *Lady Mary Coke's Journal*, vol. i. p. 231. [2] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 125.

never saw any such entertainments, nor, I believe, did you. It is unlucky to be past the age of delighting in fine shows. The Spanish Ambassador's[1] I think surpassed all that went before it in magnificence, and was pleasant, but poor Lady Macartney, who went with me, was fretting about a recent vexation, and she took away all the tendency to gaiety I had. There was a new invention of a lottery, a ticket being given to every lady as she came in; then, when you pleased, you went to draw a number and took your prize (there were no blanks), which was generally a purse, a little pocket-book, a smelling-bottle, a trumpery fan, etc. A Miss Sturt won the lot 205—a fine watch set with diamonds—and a few other people handsome trinkets. Some say the Queen won the King of Spain's picture adorned with jewels. I don't know whether this is true, but it was a natural thing to contrive some such *galanterie* for her. We had a hundred little boys in Spanish dresses, standing with gilt wands as guards before the boxes, and I suppose at least as many waiters, in a very fine scarlet and gold uniform. There was a stage built up, on which a set of children danced the *fandango* and *seguidilli*.[2] The supper was the finest and most plentiful I have seen this year, and, in short, I think it bore away the bell. The French Ambassador's[3] had the fault of being crowded and rambling (upstairs and downstairs), and the supper was very bad. Boodle's was uncommonly pretty, from being half out of doors and in a temporary room almost

[1] The Marquis del Campo was the Spanish Ambassador who gave the *fête* at Ranelagh on 9th June 1789, in honour of the King's recovery.

[2] See *ante*, p. 23.

[3] See *ante*, p. 71.

as big as Westminster Hall, the supper in the Rotunda, and the Cotillon dancing in another temporary building—the Temple of Flora. This is a very slight description of such superb sights, but they really have passed on without making any impression on me; and I even think the young people seem glutted with them, and not so delighted as they would be if they had seen but one or two in the winter. I concluded the campaign (most probably) with the Drawing-room yesterday, which was *comme à l'ordinnaire*. I went with Lady Ailesbury, who leaves town very soon. So does Mrs. Herbert. Lady Frances is half settled at Petersham. Mrs. Scott is gone, the Pitts going, and, in short, I shall hardly have an acquaintance left in town very soon. When we move I cannot tell, but I fancy it will be settled at once on a sudden; my father is better upon the whole.

Mrs. Sturt[Stuart?] gives a masquerade at Hammersmith next week, but I have sent my excuse, not caring to make a fine dress, and it is too riotous a house for a frolic and disguise, if I were in a merry humour, which I can't say I am. I believe Mary[1] will feel very much *desœuvrée* when she returns to Richmond after so much and constant diversion, yet she does not appear to enjoy it as heartily as I should have expected—to be all eye and ear, and charmed with everything; but when I have gone about with her she has been discontented and fidgetting, and like an older practitioner who had views, and affairs to manage. She is rather too forward from total want of *mauvaise honte*. Mrs.

[1] See *ante*, p. 44.

Charles could have taught her better, but she is meek, and quite gives way to her, and Mary holds her very cheap, and all the rest of us too, I think, as old fogies who know nothing of the fashionable world. Her friends seem to hold her cheap in return, and push her about and make her their cat's paw, for, to give her her due, she is honest and artless, and some of them, especially the Mornington family, know very well what they are about. A match is declared between Miss Pitt (Lord Rivers' daughter) and Mr. Fox Lane, and one probably will be declared soon between my old acquaintance, Mr. Campbell,[1] and Lady Caroline Howard, the first of the young beauties. I think Lady Charlotte Gordon will get Mr. Lennox.[2] The great Mr. Pitt himself seems to labour at it, which he owes her, as he was so cruel when they aimed at him. Adieu, dear, dear Caroline. I have not heard from you this great while, and begin to long for a letter. My love to all the little ones.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Dublin, Thursday Night,
25th June 1789.

WE came here this morning with ease in six hours, riding to Johnstown, and from thence to Dublin in a chaise, and got our dinner comfortably at *Kearn's* in Kildare Street. Lord B[uckingham] goes to-morrow to England, and probably will never return here; he is certainly not well, and worse than he

[1] First Lord Cawdor.

[2] The Hon. Charles Lennox and Lady Charlotte Gordon, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Richmond, were married in 1789.

owns. Everybody in opposition is to go out, but not much given away yet, and no peerages come over. Bellamont and Glandore get the Rolls between them. Lord Shannon's place not given away. It was intended to make a Board of Commissioners with it, but found illegal, so it lies over. Lord Carhampton, they say, is to have the ordnance, and Lord Drogheda retire on pension. Lords Hillsborough, Antrim, and Tyrone to be Marquises. Lord Hillsborough came up to town express yesterday to get his friend Mr. Johnson, Kilmainham, but he did not succeed, and it is given to Mr. Day. Lord Charles Fitzgerald is to have Mr. Burton's place, and the rangership with it, or a place at the Revenue Board. Charles Coote is promised to be promoted to the board of accounts, £800 a year. He waited to secure this, and sails this night, and my brother with him. There is a gown come from England for you, which I shall bring down with me. The post is going out, so have only time to wish you a good-night, my love.—Your ever affectionate

PORTARLINGTON.

Dawson Court, 1789.

I CAME home, my love, in good time to dinner yesterday, having made my journey partly on horseback, partly by boat, and part in a chaise. I went this morning to see John, and I found him in good spirits and very well, except a scratch on his knee, which he got by falling over a boy's top. By his dancing afterwards it inflamed a little, but it now looks very well, and he will be able to run about in a day or two. I showed

Mr. Ray all the commons and corporation ground, notwithstanding the wind, which was very high and troublesome. Before I came here he had walked over all the ground, so that after our ride and walk of to-morrow we shall be able to digest matters. Damer is just now arrived to assist us. I long to hear how you have settled your music engagement, and whether you have courage enough to sing freely. I don't think you should have any reason to be afraid, but if you are, you had much better on every account not attempt it, as you might distress yourself, and the company be disappointed by not hearing you sufficiently. Everything here looks very well.

Saturday Evening.

I CAME home, my love, to dinner this day, having finished my business in town. As I find you still remaining at Abbeyleix, where perhaps you may wish to stay a little longer, I write this by Lawlor to let you know that if you wish to remain with Lady de Vesci till Tuesday, I will send the chaise early that morning for you. Mr. Cunningham cannot let you know till Wednesday next if the General returns immediately. John came down with me in a chaise, and is very well and in good spirits. Lord Buckingham went off on Friday from the Black Rock, and has left his arrangements to be settled by his Secretary, which will be pretty much as I informed you last post. It is the Lieutenant-Generalship of the Ordnance that Lord Carhampton gets, in General Hale's room. In addition to the four Marquisates and the other pro-

motions and creations here, two peers are to be given us from England, Mr. Mac'namara and Mr. Eden. The latter is made a peer to qualify him for the French Embassy, where they will not receive him without that rank. Pery[1] is certainly to be made a peer, and gives two seats for it, which he has purchased of Lord Lucan for 400 guineas.—Ever yours, PORTARLINGTON.

Lord Buckingham's departure and the institution of the Whig Club took place on the same day!

The Marquis of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant, had been censured by both Houses of the Irish Parliament because he would not transmit their address to the Prince of Wales on the Regency question. Lord Portarlington moved the vote of censure in the Upper House. Lord Buckingham was succeeded by Lord Fitzgibbon.

The place mentioned as given to Mr. Johnson was probably the governorship of Kilmainham on the Liffey, near Dublin, an ancient priory for Knights Templars, built in 1174 by Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. In 1672 the Duke of Ormonde obtained an order from Charles II. to convert the building into an institution for the reception of old or disabled soldiers, like the one at Chelsea, and a Governor, master, sub-master, and other officers were appointed. The building was very handsome, of a quadrangular structure, containing a dining-hall 100 feet by 50, with oak panelling on the lower part of the walls, and portraits of sovereigns and other distinguished people on the upper part. The post of Governor of Kilmainham was always

[1] The Right Rev. William Pery, Bishop of Killaloe, was created Baron Glentworth of Mallow, in Ireland, in 1790. The letter, however, may allude to his elder brother, created Viscount Pery in 1785. The second Lord Glentworth, son of the Bishop, and then M.P. for Limerick City, was created Viscount Limerick in 1800, and Earl of Limerick in 1803.

given to officers of distinction. Kilmainham has of late been associated with the gaol where Charles Parnell and other political offenders have been detained.

Lady Portarlington came to England during the summer of 1789, and seems to have passed some time in London, Bath, and Dorsetshire, so there are no letters available between the sisters during this time. Her husband was kept in close attendance on the Irish Parliament, returning to Dawson Court at intervals.

Miss Herbert from Lady Louisa Stuart

[Imperfect] 1789.

THIS is by no means proper for the Queen's lady, but, on the other hand, it is much beneath her Majesty to know or care what such a silly girl as Lady Charlotte chatters with Lord Wyndham, Aston Hervey, and so forth, now she has marked her by leaving her out of her balls. And if there is a female politician and great fool who particularly distinguishes herself by raging and scolding for the ministry, she is sure to be distinguished by extraordinary civility. It would make you sick if I were to tell you half the nonsense that is seriously noted one way or the other. When the town was illuminated all the women about Court vied with each other in boasting how late they had been up driving about the streets, and the Queen downright looked grave upon anybody who owned they were at home before one o'clock. In short, though I have no manner of doubt the King's recovery is perfect, I am quite convinced he gives way to her much more than he used to do, for I am sure he would no more have

let all the ladies and governesses and chambermaids about the family prattle politics in the manner they do now, this time twelvemonth, than he would have let them sign papers for him. Nor has there ever been during his reign anything like the degree of Court intrigue and cabal there is at present. Lady Courtown, Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. Digby, Lady Charlotte Finch and all have their irons in the fire, and I do verily believe half the serious ill blood between the Queen and her sons has sprung from the tittle tattle of these women and the pains they have taken to convey backwards and forwards every idle story. Now I believe formerly not one of them durst have mentioned the Princes to her or the King but with respect, and as not seeming to know they were otherwise together there than they ought to be. I see I have classed inadvertently a person[1] who is not one, under the term of women, but I was not much in the wrong, for he has the tongue and indiscretion of any ten gossipping women you ever met with, if I may judge by all the stories he tells Mary, her mother, and five or six female friends. You should take care always to talk to your friend Lady E. upon these subjects, or any that come within a mile of them (for people are so jealous and watchful that sometimes I find I have been attacking Whig or Tory, when all politics whatever were the farthest thing from my thoughts), in a manner that will sound quite proper if repeated, for her friend in the nursery is a very busy person, I suspect, and not one of the least mischievous. I have every reason to suppose

[1] Mr. Digby.

that our good, kind relations, the Campbell sisters,[1] endeavoured to do my mother all the harm they could in the Queen's opinion, through the medium of Lady Charlotte Finch, for I have got out of Lady Frances that they throw out she was very lukewarm indeed in the cause, and they could not conceal their spite and disappointment at her being invited to the Windsor ball. Lord A.[2] told me that the Dutchess of Buccleuch, upon their sneering at it before her, had the *malice* to descant for an hour on my mother's good looks and high spirits, and to exaggerate the King and Queen's civility to her, as if they had made her their first object. To say the truth, I do think he was very kind, and very glad to see her again. She was only very civil, but, however, there is much more cordiality in his nature than in hers at all times. The Princess Royal seemed quite the same to me, but we had not an opportunity of conversing much at the ball. There was another last night to take up all the odds and ends. A genteel phrase you'll say, but, indeed, by what I hear of it, it was an odd mixture of people, but all such as had voted right, as my foolish, warm-hearted, and hot-headed friend Miss Townshend says.

I will parody two lines of Parnell to express a spell that seems cast upon the present times—

> "Let those be fools who ne'er were fools before,
> Those who were always fools, be fools the more."[3]

I wish you saw grave men who used to have common sense glancing a look of indignation at the number of

[1] Daughters of John, Duke of Argyll. [2] Lord Ailesbury. [3] See *Vigil of Venus*.

feathers in a girl's cap, for four, you must know, are loyalty, three rebellion, and two a disposition to trim. Don't suppose I mean to lay the folly upon one party only. Lady Lonsdale sometimes convinces me there is full as much in the other, but in general I hear most of the ministerial gossip. She has had frequent bad colds this year, and been often put in a fright by her Lord, but in general she keeps up her spirits as usual, and I think is more quiet and reasonable, unless when she gets upon her party hobby horse, and then there is not a mob history of the King that she will not pour into one's ear.

LADY LOUISA STUART from the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Dalkeith House, July [1789].

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA—I will not avail myself of the excuse you make for my not writing, although it is certainly a very good one, and you certainly deserve to be punished for your abominable laziness, but I am not conceited enough to think my letters of sufficient consequence to reckon the withholding them a punishment equal to your offences. The truth of the matter is we are both very idle, and as I lose much more by it than you do, I have most reason to complain; but as you promise to reform (which, by the bye, I do not much expect you will), I shall say no more on the subject at present, and follow your good example, as I think a letter will by this time find you settled at Highcliffe. I am very glad to hear Lady Bute was so well, notwithstanding the badness of the

weather, which, by your account, has been full as bad as ours, and worse cannot well be. I have been here now above a month, and except five or six days in the last week when I really began to think summer was coming, we have not had one complete fair day, and most of the time it has been as cold as November. Since Saturday the rain has returned, though it has been much less cold; it has quite broke into all my amusements and comforts, and besides its being very disagreeable, I am afraid it will be very hurtful to the country if it continues.

I am very sorry to hear Lord Bute is so indifferent, and entirely agree with you in regretting the little taste he has for cheerful society, which certainly is a great comfort to those who have a relish for it, but at his time of life is, I fear, not to be acquired. It is unfortunate for him and for his family. Talking of society puts me in mind of what certainly little deserves that name—our races—which begin the 27th. I must sacrifice two or three days to the delights of the week, and dread it more than I can express, but not so much as I do the shoals of idle people who will pour in upon us from Edinburgh after they are over. I am flattered with the hopes that there is to be very little company this year, and that all the fine folks reserve themselves for a certain Hunters' meeting in October. However, I never mind what is said, because there are always people enough to make it very tiresome. We were all at the play last night to see Mrs. Jordan, who is to act six nights at Edinburgh. She always delights me, and as the House was not very full, I was not so hot as

I expected. She acts again to-morrow, and I see a strong inclination in the young part of the family to go again, to which, I believe, I must give way, unless it happens to be a very fine day, which there is but little reason to expect.

Thursday Morning.

I begin to think of Lady Frances, as she promised to be here towards the end of the month; but I had a letter from her lately, in which she does not mention one word on the subject. I do not expect much comfort from her, as she leaves so much behind her she will be restless and fidgetty. Lord and Lady Herbert are to be here in ten days, and Lady Pembroke talks of being here the end of August. I wish you was to be of the party too. I often regret the immense distance we are placed at, as it cuts off all hopes of seeing some people I wish much to see, and is really a serious inconvenience in many respects. Lady Betty Cunninghame has been here this week, and one of Lady Murray's daughters. She left us yesterday, much against her inclination, as she wished to partake of the joys of the race week. I was very sorry, as I always am when young people meet with such disappointments, as they are pleasures that do not continue to be pleasures very long. I am going for that reason to the play again to-night. I cannot say any inclination of my own would carry me, as it is a very fine day, and will be very hot, I daresay.

I am sorry to hear Lady Frances [Douglas] is likely to meet with vexation in her executorship.[1] I

[1] See *ante*, p. 136.

foresaw it was likely to be the case with such a colleague. I wish Lady G[reenwich] and her aunts would not trouble their heads about it and increase her trouble, but that is a vain hope. I hear nothing of the Mackenzies, and rather imagine they will not now be in Scotland; indeed, it makes little difference to us, for we have the chance of seeing them. Farewell, my dear Lady Louisa. I say nothing for my daughters; let them answer for their own sins. They are afraid to send their love to you till they have made their peace. My best compts. to Lady Bute, and believe me, sincerely yours, E. B.

The following letter is inserted here, from a privately printed volume of memoirs sent to Lady Macartney, and is thought might be of interest as showing the progress of the King's illness. The writer, Sir George Staunton, as has been previously stated, was associated with Lord Macartney in much of his political work.[1]

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON[2] from LORD MACARTNEY

Parkhurst, near Dorking, Surrey, 10th October 1789.

DEAR SIR GEORGE—Though I have little to say that you can be very desirous or interested to know, yet possibly you may be glad, at Paris, to receive a letter from England, however trifling its contents may be. Lady M. and I are much obliged to you for your remembrance of us before you set out, but nothing occurs at present to trouble you with a commission for, or we should take advantage of your

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 53.

[2] See *Staunton Family*, p. 322.

kind offer. In my way from Hampshire I stopped a few days in London, in order to pay my duty at the levée last Wednesday, where I found almost as great a crowd as used to attend there before His Majesty's illness; but many were, I believe, disappointed, as he made a turn to his left at the door, instead of standing to talk to people in the threshold, as formerly. However, he did not appear to pass by any one intentionally, but spoke pretty equally to everybody who was fairly in his way. What he said to me, and what I overheard him say to others, was remarkably *proper* and guarded; but Sir Frederick Haldimand seemed to have a larger share of his conversation than any person near me. I saw Sir John Aubrey and the Duke of Queensberry in the crowd, but was not within reach of knowing how far they were noticed. The King is perfectly well, but, to my eye, looked more ruddy and more corpulent than formerly, his manner composed, and much less hurry or precipitation in his address and enunciation than he used to have—a few transient smiles, but not a single laugh that I could observe. The news at Court was the Duke of Dorset's appointment to the stewardship of the household, and the Duke of Beaufort's to the government of Ireland. The first has actually taken place, and the other is daily expected. The Marquis of Buckingham is said to be dangerously ill of a universal languor and depression. My Lord Auckland (Mr. Eden) is talked of for Paris, and Mr. Fitzherbert for Spain. I think both very likely. I have heard no one yet mentioned for the Hague. I hope your tour to France will be an amusing one, and that

I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here on your return, being, with great truth and regard, dear Sir George, very sincerely yours, MACARTNEY.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH from LADY LOUISA STUART

Highcliffe, 26th September 1790.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS—It gave me very great pleasure to receive your kind letter just as I was meditating some inquiry after you before I closed the summer, which I reckon I do when I leave this place. We are just upon the point of setting out for Bath, where I hope Lady Portarlington and her family are by this time arrived, and Miss Herbert with them; but she, I fancy, will only stay two or three days. She went to meet them at Swansea, where they staid six weeks to bathe in the sea, having come over from Waterford. I trust we shall have Lady Portarlington next winter in London. This puts me in mind of your governess. I may very likely be in the way of hearing of one, but I can only promise you her (Lady P.'s) *pis-aller*, for I suppose she will now very seriously endeavour to get a proper person for her daughters, who begin to be of an age that extremely requires it. Her eldest son is going, or gone, to the gentleman who was tutor to your friend, Mr. Herbert, and who has now ingaged to take a certain number of boys. I am very glad it is so settled, for, besides the *brogue*, I have heard but a bad account of Irish schools, and that a Lord is much more a Lord there than here. *Apropos* of Lords, I understand your

cousin Bruce[1] seemed very much improved when he came over for a short time. I was sorry Lord Ailesbury had any alarm about his health.

I am grieved poor Lady Harriet [Don] is so uncomfortable every way; her lot always strikes me as far below her merits. Lord Glencairn,[2] disagreeable as he is, will be a sad loss to his sisters, I suppose, for he appeared a very kind brother, and the next[3] is but a *mauvais sujet*, married to the strangest woman in the world. I believe he was arrested for her debts the day after their wedding, and by odd chances it has come in my way to hear of the most whimsical adventures of theirs, schemes to get money, etc., very much in the style of Mr. Barrington,[4] and so forth; but *she* the principal person. I had a letter from Lady Douglas the day before I received yours (the Duke of Buccleuch franked it), and she said in it she was to exchange him for Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline. Your daughters have used me abominably ill, and if I had had anything else but reproaches and questions to fill a letter with, I should have told them so; but, however, I will condescend to say give them my love. You must forgive me if this letter is uncommonly stupid. Our way of life does not produce many enter-

[1] Lord Bruce, Lord Ailesbury's son.

[2] James, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, left Scotland for Lisbon in 1790, and died on his return, in January 1791. He was Burns's friend and patron, for whom he wrote the "Lament" ending with the touching lines—

"The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

[3] John, the fifteenth and last Earl of Glencairn, had been in the army, and took orders in the Church; his wife was daughter of the tenth Earl of Buchan.

[4] The notorious pickpocket who had been tried and acquitted at the Old Bailey in December.

taining or, indeed, chearful ideas. Had not I wished to thank you for yours directly, I believe it would have [been] better to put off writing till Bath had given me something amusing to say. I know you will forgive me for inclosing a letter to your care; it is, as you see, to my old friend Mrs. Alison,[1] who, to my great sorrow, is a hare with so *many* friends, that she remains in the same uncomfortable situation, and I don't perceive when or how she is ever to get out of it. I do think nobody ever was so cruelly used as she has been by Mr. Pulteney and Mrs. Montagu, and, what is the most provoking part, with a mighty ostentation of friendship and generosity, for which half the world give them credit. Yet she will not let either be blamed, at least as meaning ill. Naming her puts me in mind of the Kerrs. I had a glimpse of Lady M. St. John and Lady Sydney[2] one day; they were at a neighbouring gentleman's, and came with Lady Howe[3] to walk on the sands, where I met them. I was very glad to see Lady Sydney look as pretty as ever, and to find she had so much holiday as to be allowed to visit her sister. I heard Lord Lothian uses them rather worse than before.

I am ashamed of this dull letter, so shall not

[1] Mrs. Alison, a daughter of Dr. John Gregory, had lived with the celebrated Mrs. Montagu from her father's death, in 1773, until her marriage, in 1784. Mrs. Montagu's husband was a cousin of Lady Bute's. Pulteney presented Mr. Alison to several charges in England. Their son was Sir Archibald Alison, the historian.

[2] Lady Mary St. John was the third daughter of the fifth Marquis of Lothian, and wife of General the Hon. Frederick St. John. She died in 1791. Lady Sydney Kerr was her sister.

[3] Sophia, Baroness Howe of Langar in her own right. She married firstly, 1787, the Hon. Penn-Asheton Curzon, and secondly, in 1812, Sir Jonathan-Wathen Waller, Bart.

excuse its being short. If anybody should have a mind to write to me they may direct to No. 29 Milsom Street.

And now adieu, my dear Dutchess. It will give me great pleasure to hear again from you whenever you are so inclined.—Yours ever most sincerely, L. S.

We had a sad alarm about my brother Charles a fortnight ago. He was very ill, and continues but unwell still—is going to Spa when he can travel.

P.S.—Monsieur de Calonne's son, a youth of about eighteen, is *en pension* by way of learning English with the clergyman of this parish, who told us two days ago that the father was gone over to Brussels to meet the refugees from France. This looks as if he still had a hand in the Court intrigues, and was in hopes something might be done. This man added, the boy seemed very anxious and uneasy, thinking his father would run into danger, but I suppose the young gentleman is not trusted with secrets of State.

The allusion above is to the son of Calonne, the French Minister of Finance, whose extravagance was the basis of M. Necker's celebrated attack on the Royal Administration called "Comte au Roi," in which he laid bare the secrets of the Exchequer, and showed the nation to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Necker then summoned, amidst much enthusiasm, the States-General to meet on the 5th of May 1789. This has been called "the first day of the French Revolution."[1] Calonne and others of the King's Ministry, together with the nobility, were impeached by the National Assembly, and fled the country. Calonne himself was then (1790) in Germany, about to meet some of the French Royal Family at Coblentz. Young Calonne visited Burke at Margate in December 1791.

[1] See Alison's *History of the French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 120.

LADY LOUISA STUART from the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Dalkeith House, 13th October [1790].

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA—Many thanks to you for your letter. Since I received it Lady Douglas gave me the particulars of your *saut perilleaux*, which is like a frightful dream. There certainly never was a more fortunate escape.[1] She (Lady D.) came here yesterday in her way to Petersham. She stays with me a week, which, to judge from her size, is full long enough; however, it will not be too long, as she is not to be confined till the end of December. Lady Pembroke came here on Sunday for a month. I think her better than when I saw her last, but she looks very thin and pale. You make me excuses for the dulness of your letter; mine will certainly deserve many more, though I have one piece of intelligence to give you which, as it interests me nearly, I flatter myself will not altogether be uninteresting to you. Lord Stopford,[2] who has passed above a month with us, has made a proposal to Mary, which seemed so agreeable to her that, you may suppose, we were well inclined to give our consent. There are so many desirable circumstances in this alliance that I feel very happy with it. He left us very abruptly this morning, owing to a hasty summons to join the regiment, which is under orders.

[1] Lady Louisa says, in a letter omitted, "I am really none the worse for my cold bath." Apparently an unexpected dip in the sea at Highcliffe.

[2] James George, Viscount Stopford, afterwards Earl of Courtown, married Mary, eldest daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, and Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Montagu, 29th January 1791. She died 1823. Their son, James Thomas, Earl of Courtown, married his first cousin, Lady Charlotte Montagu Scott.

This, you may suppose, has disconcerted us all a good deal; it is very unlikely they should be sent on any foreign service. At the same time, any doubt on this subject is unpleasant, and I am very impatient to hear what they are to do. The Duke thinks they will probably be sent to Portsmouth or Plymouth to replace some of the regiments sent on board the ships. Our motions will be very much regulated by his, for if he is to be absent for any time, we propose staying here till January; indeed, that was our intention before, as he was to do duty in the Tower for a considerable time had these orders not arrived, so that the marriage would not have taken place till February at soonest.

I sent your letter to Mrs. Alison; her fate is indeed very hard. It is quite wonderful to me Mrs. Montagu's behaviour with regard to her. I hope this letter will find you safely arrived at Bath. I shall be glad to hear particularly how Lady Bute bore her journey, and whether the waters promise to be of as much service to her as usual. We have lately had some most divine weather, but within these two days our old enemy, the wind, is returned with redoubled violence. This day it is blowing an absolute tempest. I hope your brother is better, and will soon be able to travel. Spa seems an odd place to go to at this season. I thought no person ever went there after September. Lady Betty [Cunningham] has very good accounts of Lord Glencairne. He mended every day on the road. She has been here some time, but is gone home for a few days, when she returns to visit Lady Douglas. Lady Harriet [Don] is fixed at home; her eyes are better.

I agree with you that she is perfectly thrown away in her present situation, and I think she is quite changed by it. Thank you for promising to think about my governess. I cannot be so unreasonable to expect the first choice, as Lady P[ortarlington] wants one. I am happy to think I shall see her next winter.

My daughters plead guilty, but hope you will accept their love. Our best compts. to Lady Bute, and believe me, ever sincerely yours, E. B.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH from LADY LOUISA STUART

Bath, 17th October 1790.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS—I had actually begun a letter to wish you all joy some days ago, upon receiving the agreeable news of Lady Mary's match from Lady Ailesbury; but the papers coming in with an account of the guards going to the West Indies, I was struck to see Lord Stopford's name in the list, and have ever since been debating whether I should write or not, for I fear this is a terrible drawback to the gladness which (I flattered myself) was reigning at Dalkeith, and a cruel shock to poor Lady Mary, for whom I feel most sincerely. I hope in God, though, there will be no war after all, and I hear it is in general very much thought there will not.[1] I am almost afraid I am teizing you to death by adding another letter to the number you must be receiving and answering on this occasion, but, as you know very well, I don't write out of form, but from taking a real interest in everything that concerns you, which will not let me be quite silent; you

[1] Complications arising from the French Revolution in 1789.

know, too, you need not give my congratulations an answer till it is pleasant to yourself. Lord Stopford is a very fortunate man, and appears a very deserving one. I own I have always thought these kind of matches between people who have had that thorough acquaintance with each other's characters which only near connexion and long intimacy can give, the likeliest of all to prove happy to the parties themselves; and to you and Lady Courtown it must be very delightful to be connected by a still nearer tie, after so many years' friendship. I can imagine nothing so comfortable as such an alliance where there are no new faces to see and no unknown tempers to suit one's self to. Accept, I beg, of the warmest good wishes of my heart. My mother and Lady Portarlington charge me to say all manner of kind things for them, and to tell you how glad whatever gives you pleasure must always make them. They are both very well. This fine weather has agreed extremely with water drinkers, and I think my mother finds much more benefit than she did last year. We have here Lady Middleton and Miss Brodrick, Lady Bateman, Lord Milton, and Miss Damer, and one of our former French ladies. These are our chief society. My mother stays pretty constantly at home in an evening and has one card-table. I believe the place is empty, but I know very little of it. Lady Portarlington is bathing her poor little lame boy,[1] whose feet are much in the same state they ever were. He is very lively and active, and it is hardly a possibility

[1] Lady Portarlington's second son, Henry, whose feet turned inwards when a child.

to keep him from walking, as the medical people recommend; but I think him more delicate than I could wish, and fear he is weakly. The others are all very fine children. They have taken the late Lord Guilford's house in London for six months, from the beginning of December.

I trust, my dear Dutchess, Lady Mary will understand that I *don't* write to her merely because I think she would *wish me hanged if I did;* if it had not been for this last disagreeable piece of news, however, I almost believe I should have ventured to provoke her so far. Now I shall content myself with wishing her, through you, all imaginable happiness.

This very minute your letter is come in. I am half sorry you have prevented me, yet extremely obliged to you for your great kindness in taking the trouble to write at such a time. You very rightly imagined what you had to say would interest me not a little. But what pleases me best is to perceive that the *W. India story* is not true. When one is at a distance from other sources of information one always (notwithstanding experience) falls more or less into the folly of believing those nasty newspapers. It did indeed seem an odd thing for the guards to be the first troops sent abroad, and I can't help hoping that we shall have no war after all, which, I hear, is many wise people's opinion. I believe I have said that before, but this letter has had so many interruptions, you must not wonder either at that or the blots; of all places this is the one where you can have least time to yourself, and where *I* can least settle my head to do anything. Tell

Lady Pembroke Miss Herbert went away to Tottenham Park last Wednesday. We were very sorry to lose her. Charles is gone abroad, and the last accounts from him were very comfortable. The journey, I believe, was thought likely to be of the most service, but still he was advised to try steel waters.

Mrs. Wilson[1] left Bath a week after we came to it, which, I fear, I had not the grace to consider as a misfortune. I was greatly amazed to hear her say she was going to London, and had taken a house in Clifford Street. I suppose she saw me stare, for she added, with a very consequential air, "I shall have a great deal of *business* in town this winter." According to the gossip of this city, Mr. Wilson declared he was going to lodge Mr. Somebody (the member for Barnstaple) in Newgate, and to take possession of a large fortune left her by her grandmother. Mr. Wm. Brodrick told me he met him at an inn in Devonshire last summer, and was informed by the landlord he *had been* attending Miss R.'s second lying-in, and was *going* to cherish his wife on the same occasion. Lady R. lets her daughter live with her, it seems, but shows her virtuous hatred of such *ways* by turning the poor children out of doors as soon as born. An edifying piece of strictness, especially in *so* virtuous a person. I cannot divine what will become of these strange people, and sometimes think it will end in Mr. and Mrs. Wilson getting intire possession of Lady Greenwich, and using her as they please. She certainly has an odd sort of *fear* of them, and it

[1] See *ante*, p. 137.

would be a *jugement de Dieu*, between you and me, not altogether undeserved.

Several fine people passing and repassing by my window, and some of the worst pens I ever beheld, are to answer for all mistakes and scrawl in this letter, which I am ashamed to send, but have lost so much time in doubting already, I will not stay to write another. My love to your daughters and Lady Douglas, whom I will write to when she reaches Petersham. Adieu, my dear Dutchess.—Yours ever, L. S.

Bath, 11th November 1790.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS—I reproach myself for not having writ to congratulate you immediately upon the news of the peace, in which you are now so much interested; everybody must be glad of it, I should think, on every account, but I was particularly so upon Lady Mary's, as the event that threatened her seemed to me in such circumstances a heart-breaking thing. Now one may wish you all joy anew, with more *heart*, as the people say; and I hope this danger being removed, nothing else will interrupt or lessen your satisfaction. Lady Courtown,[1] who had so many stakes in the game, must be happy indeed. I suppose we may thank our stars for the helpless condition of the French; had they not been in the glorious state of freedom, we should hardly have come off so easily. By the by, have you read Mr. Burke's book?[2] (pamphlet it can't be called). I have, though not apt

[1] The elder Lady Courtown, Lord Courtown's mother, was a daughter of Richard Powys of Hintlesham, Suffolk.

[2] *Reflections on the French Revolution*, published in 1790.

[to] study politicks, and am extremely pleased both with the style, the arguments, and the tendency, although there may be a few flourishes he had better have left out. I think it will entertain you. We go on here much in the same way—my mother, I thank God! remarkably well and chearful, and Lady Portarlington, etc., very comfortable. I don't know whether it was before or since I wrote to you that Lord Portarlington came back with an odd complaint of failure and weakness in one leg, which had seized him suddenly at Lord Warwick's after a sad imprudence (going a-lounging in a damp church to look at tombs and inscriptions when extremely overheated with shooting). The physicians here say it is nothing but the effect of a sudden chill; whatever it is, this is certainly the place of cure, and the bathing and pumping have done him so much good, he now has only a little *limp* remaining. His health was not affected otherwise, nor (fortunately) his spirits. Bath is uncommonly empty this season, and reckoned very dismal. It is all one to us, who stay pretty much at home. Lady Middleton and Miss Brodrick continue here, and are our *best* company by a great deal in one sense, being people very pleasant to live with every day, which is not the case with many whom you like well enough to meet once a month (or week) in London. I have also a resource in an acquaintance of my own, who is become so from being Mrs. Weddell's dearest friend, and sometimes visiting her for a few days in London—I mean Mrs. Harry Hoare.[1] You may

[1] A connection of Lord Ailesbury's, whose first wife was Susanna, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., of Stourhead.

perhaps have heard of such a person from Lady Pem.,[1] as her husband was a very dear friend and *pupil* of my Lord's, and, with his good help, I believe, spent a good deal of his fortune, and raked himself into a consumption, of which he died. She is a woman of remarkable sense, and more knowledge, both of the world and books, than usual, therefore a very agreeable companion in a quiet style, but comes hither at present to attend upon her own family, and nurse an old father, almost childish and bed-rid, so I see less of her than I could wish.

Friday.

Thus far I wrote yesterday, as one does everything by piece-meal here, and to-day another kind letter from you has been beforehand with me again. Indeed, you do me but justice in thinking nobody can more sincerely participate in your joy; but why do you say "War being at least *delayed*"? I hoped it was fairly ended, as far as human probability goes. A gentleman in this town proclaims having had these words in a letter from Mr. Rose of the Treasury, "Certain and positive peace, upon our own terms," and God grant it may be so! Your coming to town so much earlier than has of late been your custom is a very pleasant prospect to me, and to my sister too, who, by the by, charges me to say over and over again how glad she is of the event in your family, and how she has deliberated about writing, but feared saddling you with a new correspondent. I can't say I want *her* to be *saddled* with one, finding by experience she does

[1] Pembroke.

but just make both ends meet with her old ones. When laziness is named you know Lady Douglas is *not far off*. You presume a little too much upon my knowledge—at least, 'tis a knowledge I have very lately gained. Mary did drop a word of her being at Petersham, in a letter I had this week, and I also saw Lord D.'s name in the list of the Levée company in the papers, otherwise I should be in profound ignorance; but I confess this idle place makes me almost as bad as herself, so I have the less right to grumble. I want mightily to know the meaning of this Wilson history, having taken it for an utter fable. I hear she complains bitterly of neglect in her letters to her friends here, that nobody calls to see her, etc., not having found out, I suppose, that London is sometimes empty in autumn. I am hurried to finish my letter and go out with my mother, otherwise I should not end quite so soon, as I feel I have not thanked you half enough for your letter. I have some *velléités*, according to the new French affected phrase, of writing soon to Lady Mary in person, so I will say nothing here to her.—Ever your affectionate L. S.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lady Portarlington

10th January 1791.

My dear Louisa—As I prepared you for a long silence, I suppose you have not been surprised at it. We returned a few days ago from our visits at Dunmore[1] and Abbeyleix. I always find it impossible

[1] In Queen's County, the residence of Sir R. Staples.

to write or do anything while I am there, the houses are so full of company, and there is so much visiting. At Lady Staples's there was a pretty large set, but at Abbeyleix we sat down two-and-twenty at table, all inmates in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow,[1] with five children—two daughters and a son grown up, the others children. Lady De Vesci, two sons and a daughter grown up. I wish you could see the sort of comfort all these families have in each other, you would then think a large family a blessing. I must admire the Irish manner of bringing up children, for in all the families I have happened to know there seems the most perfect ease and confidence, and except from their attention to each other, you would never find out which were fathers and mothers and which were sons and daughters, every one amusing themselves in the manner they like best, and nobody expecting any particular respect or attention. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow have a great fortune, and have been used to live as well as anybody could wish, and from his being perfectly independent, you might suppose there would be *pride*, as we have seen, but tho' he looks stiff and old, his daughters run up and put their arms round his neck to bid him good-night, and he looks at them with a satisfaction which is quite enviable. Even at the Duke of Leinster's, where there is a great deal of state, I could not help admiring the great grown-up girls stealing an opportunity when they thought the company did not mind them to hug their

[1] Mrs. Brownlow's youngest daughter married John, eldest son of the first Viscount de Vesci. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 84.

father and mother with an appearance of affection that did one good. I will adopt this comfortable fashion if I can with my own children in spite of the vulgarity of it, for I am convinced familiarity with one's children is looked upon in that light by a great many of us English. At Lady Staples's there is a son and daughter grown up, by a former wife, and I am sure you would not find out she was a stepmother, and what I admired most is that there is all the more noise and folly belonging to youth going on at one part of the room, while the older people are diverting themselves in their way without being the least disturbed—on the contrary, appearing to enjoy their mirth. I look forward sometimes with the hope of seeing my family all around me in the same way, and I hope you will be a witness of it, as I am sure you would enjoy it as much as I should. Lady Staples's eldest daughter (of her own) is now fourteen—very tall, and as womanly and pleasant a companion as any of the grown-up ones. She still learns her lessons with the governess, but at all other times is treated quite like one of the company, and converses with everybody with the most perfect ease, tho' without pertness. Think of our poor nieces. I should like to have my brother and Lady Mountstuart thrown into some of these sets. I daresay their astonishment would be very great. I had a letter from John[1] from Hallingbury. He says nothing of the charms of it, but his great delight seems to be going in a stage coach, which he mentions having done with a very genteel man who was going

[1] Lord Carlow, the writer's son, was staying at Lady Mountstuart's place, Hallingbury, in West Essex.

to spend a week there. He speaks of no boys but Corbett and Henry Stuart. What are become of all the rest? I hope you have got Lady Macartney comfortably settled in town. I long to hear a better account of her arm. I can't help wishing myself with you. Lord Portarlington talks of soon going to town, then I shall be alone in this cold place. I was almost stifled with the heat at the other side of the country, and when I came back it appeared like a cellar. However, the weather has lately been very fine and mild; but I seldom go out, it's always so wet. It's disagreeable walking, and I have no other way of going, so I waste away my days at the fireside. I cannot think of doing so without regret, as my time is now precious. One does not know how soon infirmities may come on, and I feel ungrateful to Providence for not enjoying every moment while one has good health. This leads me to mention a family who are in great distress. Mr. Temple, a son of Lady Pery by her first husband, not above two or three and thirty, was attacked lately with a stroke, which deprived him of speech and the use of one side. He also spits blood and has a variety of other complaints, which makes them despair of his life. He has eight children, and his poor wife going to lie in. I pity them very much. Nothing makes one feel the advantage of health more than things of this sort. I am glad to hear Lady Douglas is so well. Give my love to her. You will be very comfortable together in her box at the Opera. This letter perhaps will be very tiresome to you, but I have so seldom anything to write but the account of my uniform dull life that I am glad

to have some fresh subject, and tho' I have already said so much of my distant neighbours, I must mention an acquisition they have got to their society who produces them no small entertainment. You probably have heard of a Lord Ashbroke who married a fisherman's daughter[1] when he was at Eton. He—I suppose ashamed of her—never kept company with anybody but farmers and the lower kind of people; they lived entirely in the country, and she, being a good sort of a woman, was contented nursing and taking care of her children. He died some years ago, and she came to a very fine place belonging to her son here in Ireland, and upon seeing it, very sensibly thought it would be most for his advantage to settle himself. He is now of age, and she prevailed on him to come over with her this summer, and seems to wish him to marry here. One of her daughters is married in England, and she has three more with her here. She is a handsome great fat woman, with good sense, but, as you may suppose, very ignorant, and does not disguise her low education, her manner of speaking being very entertaining—I be, and I bain't, and I loves, and I hates at every word. Then, talking of her son, she says, "It's all one to *he*." However, she seems very good-natured, and all her family very fond of her. She has married lately a clergyman, who was her son's tutor, but she says they all love him, and none of them disapprove of her second marriage. She was to give a ball the day I came away, and she, in a very hearty way, begged I

[1] Elizabeth Ridge, widow of the second Viscount, married secondly the Rev. John Jones. Her eldest son died unmarried.

would come to it, "tho' she was afeard it would be very disagreeable, didn't know how to get chairs in the old house to sit upon, all the china stole away in the family's long absence, such a distress to get provisions, as her housekeeper did nothing but cry at the wickedness of the Irish people, who asked double and treble for their goods, swore by everything that was sacred they would take no less, and then came back and offered them for a quarter of the money. For my part, I see no such cheapness in this country, for if the beef cost less, the servants eats more of it, and all comes to one." Then she applied to me for the truth of her assertions. Her son is really a pretty young man, but seems so fond of sitting at table that that neighbourhood will be rather shy of him, as they have so many sons to whom it will be a bad example. I had no idea I had scribbled over all this second sheet, which will make this foolish letter cost you a million; however, it contains more than Miss Herbert's does. She does not send me more than could be contained in two pages, if closely written, and her letters sometimes come to three or four shillings. I never begrudge paying for a good deal of writing, but I grudge paying for paper. Pray give my love to Lady Macartney and Lady Lonsdale. I intend writing to the former very soon; the latter does not want the trouble, I daresay. How goes on the Dutchess of York and all the fine people, etc.? I hope my father continues well, and that my mother's spirits still keep her up. I am glad to hear she has some comfortable partys near her. God bless you, my dear. The children desire their love to you, and are very much obliged to

you for remembering them. I hear the hounds in full cry as I sit by the fire, and expect to see a fox chase out of the window presently. We have now got three or four packs of hounds kept within a mile or two of us. Adieu, my love.—Your C. P.

The following letter from Lord Mountstuart to his sister shows the anxiety the family were beginning to feel on their father's account. In November Lord Bute had fallen 28 feet over his own cliff at Highcliffe, and had escaped apparently with only a sprained ankle. He was "recovering well," writes Horace Walpole in December 1790, "for a man of 77 years of age." However, the shock must have told upon him, as he never seems to have recovered entirely from the effect. He spent most of the last few years of his life at his favourite retreat in Hampshire, where his well-known Botanic Garden furnished him with never-ceasing interest. Lord Mountstuart's advice about moving his mother, then herself in a declining state of health and unable to bear much worry, was followed eventually; and in October he writes to his sister at Bath, where she and Lady Bute had established themselves for the winter.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lord Mountstuart

Hallingbury, 1st February 1791.

YOUR letter, my dearest sister, affects me very much, the more as I feel the impossibility of proving of any use, either by advice or otherwise. . . .

Pray indulge me in hearing from you now and then how matters are, and the greatest satisfaction you could procure to my mind would be the information of your

removal to Bath, which I suspect to be more than ever necessary.

Whether the rigid manner in which my own children are educated, or that, in fact, I have about me an austerity disagreeable to young persons, Corbett and I are by no means acquainted, notwithstanding I never have said a single word approaching to reproof. He seems tractable and good-natured, not without a certain livelyness, but withal perfectly childish and inactive. The luxury of my house will, I fear, do the boy no good.—Your affectionate brother, M.

Mountstuart, 7th October 1791.

MY DEAR SISTER—I feel infinitely obliged to you for sending such immediate accounts of my mother's journey to Bath. I pray God with you that the place will produce all the good effect we can desire, and on my return to town, which will probably be about the twenty-fourth, I shall use my influence with Pirner[1] to recommend as long a stay as possible. From thence, and when I have visited South Audley Street, my mother may be assured of hearing from me; in the meanwhile you will present her with my unalterable and most affectionate duty. To-morrow I set forward on my return, but a visit or two, the necessity of stopping at Newcastle, and some business at Hallingbury, will protract my arrival in London until the period before mentioned.

The last post brought letters from both my sons in Spain. Mr. Stuart goes to Italy. The second determines for the East Indies, proposing to sail with the

[1] The doctor.

first Swedish ships, which I believe to be the surest conveyance, since it is a very moot point whether the opposition interest can command for him a place on the establishment—that is to say, the mean, unworthy situation of a Writer. Under these circumstances, I must entreat you to recommend him by the first ships to General Medows, and that you will likewise prevail with my mother to do the same. You must likewise each favour me with a few lines to serve as an introduction, which I shall forward to the young man. This being a subject extremely painful to my feelings, you must excuse an abrupt conclusion. Were I employed in conveying to you my sincere and affectionate regard, I could not say enough. MOUNTSTUART.

Hallingbury, 20th October 1791.

MY DEAR SISTER—I arrived here late last night, and found your letter of the fifteenth, with its enclosures, for which I return you my best thanks. The reason of my writing so very expeditiously is on account of the intention you seem to hint on the part of my mother to leave Bath the end of the month—that is to say, next week, when the waters agree so peculiarly, but before a sufficient time is allotted to them to restore that strength to the constitution which various checks have rendered of serious consequence. May I hope you will be able to divert this plan, that at least you will endeavour to obtain a delay of another week, because I purpose being in town on Monday, when I will instantly see Pirner, and represent matters in such a light that not only a mandate from him, but from a

more weighty quarter, shall be immediately dispatched insisting upon a longer residence. To this he shall be induced by the most powerful of all motives, namely, dread. I know it will operate, having on former occasions carried a similar point myself by true though forcible representation, and if ever a moment existed which called for such interference, the present may be esteemed of that nature. I still postpone writing to my mother until I can send accounts from South Audley Street.—Your affectionate MOUNT STUART.

The following letter is inserted here as, though Lord Bute's death had actually taken place a few days previously, it was written before the sad news had reached Lady Portarlington in Ireland, and shows how the family had foreseen the fatal termination to their father's illness.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

14th March 1792.

OH, my dear Louisa, how I feel for you, and how I wish I could partake in the melancholy employment of giving comfort to my dear mother. You may imagine how I was shocked at the first account of my father's dangerous state, and notwithstanding Lady Macartney's goodness in writing every day since, I have been in a miserable state of suspense from Sunday till this morning, when I got letters from her as late as the 10th. I fear we must not flatter ourselves with any hopes, and it gives me great comfort to hear he suffers very little pain, and that my mother is so calm and resigned; indeed, if we consider the advantage it is to

him to be delivered from a life in which he has appeared to have very little happiness or comfort for some time, we ought to rejoice instead of grieving; but it is impossible to get the better of the tyes of nature. My first wish was to set out and never stop till I arrived in London, and I am sure I should have done so if I had been left to myself, but I could not get Lord Portarlington to agree to it; however, I hope I may prevail on him some little time hence if the worst does happen, and then perhaps I may be of more use, as I daresay my poor mother at present had rather be alone than have anybody with her, and I understand from Lady Macartney that Lady Lonsdale and my brothers are constantly with her. I can easily feel that she does not know how to tell them so, but I daresay it oppresses her very much. I trust you exert yourself as much as you can to keep up your spirits, that you may be of more use to her. How I do wish I could have my father's blessing before all is over, and how I wish I could give comfort to my mother! Do, pray, tell her how much I feel, ten thousand times more than I can express, but I would not torment her with letters at such a time as this; for goodness' sake write to me and tell me everything you think about her. Before this reaches you it must be decided one way or the other. I cannot help having some faint hope, founded on the strength of my poor father's constitution; but, after all, this is selfish, for I am sure were I in the situation he has been for this year past, I should not be obliged to my friends for wishing me to remain in this world. I am very glad to find my

brothers have been so attentive, as I am sure it comforts my mother. Do, my dear Louisa, write. I should think it would be a comfort to you, and I am sure it will be to me. God bless you all and protect you. He knows best what is good for us. Excuse this letter. I hardly know what I have said.—Your ever affectionate

C. P.

CHAPTER XII

LORD BUTE died 10th March 1792. The following account is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that month :—

"At his house in South Audley Street, after a severe illness, which he bore with the utmost fortitude, aged 79, the Right Hon. John, Earl of Bute, Viscount and Baron Mount-Stuart, Knight of the Garter, one of His Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, a Baronet, Ranger of Richmond Park, Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, and President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

"This nobleman, after having passed through various offices with great ability, was, in 1763, appointed Prime Minister of State, and the nation being nearly exhausted by a long and expensive, though successful war, he concluded a peace on terms more advantageous to this country than had ever been obtained before. Though his conduct at that time was attacked by a party in opposition to Government with much severity and illiberality, yet there is no doubt but the impartial page of history will do him ample justice. Lord Bute declared, on coming into office, that he would resign as soon as he had made the peace, and he kept his

word, for, that great work being accomplished, he retired in the plentitude of power to enjoy a life of learned leisure. He was naturally disposed to philosophical studies, his knowledge was extensive, and his morals irreproachable. He was a lover and an encourager of learning and learned men, especially when genius and respectable character were united in the same person. It was on this principle that he asked and obtained of His Majesty a pension of £300 a year for Dr. Johnson. As the Earl of Bute lived esteemed and respected, he has died most sincerely and justly lamented, leaving few equals behind him for knowledge, sense, and dignity of mind. His Lordship married Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., by Mary Pierrepont, daughter of the first Duke of Kingston, by whom he has had issue five sons and six daughters. He is succeeded in titles and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Mountstuart, who sits in the British Parliament as Baron Cardiff. Among many instances of his love to the Arts, the Earl of Bute printed, at his own expense, a botanical work, in nine quarto volumes, of plants appertaining only to England. Only twelve copies were printed, the expense of which amounted to £1000.[1] Copies were presented to the Queen, to the late Duchess of Portland, M. de Buffon, Lady Susan Mackenzie, Lady Banks, and Lord Mountstuart. Those remaining were reserved for legacies, and the plates were destroyed.

"A funeral procession, with his Lordship's remains,

[1] The title of this work was *Botanical Tables, containing the Different Families of British Plants*, 9 vols. 4to. [*circa* 1785]. The expense was probably greater than quoted, as Queen Charlotte's copy fetched at auction in 1819 £117.

set off on the 18th inst. from South Audley Street for Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, in Scotland, where they will be interred in the family vault."

The life of Lord Bute, his early loyalty to the House of Hanover, his rapid rise, the causes of his extreme unpopularity and of his retirement from public life, have been discussed with more than ordinary party acrimony, and often with extreme injustice. His chief offences were that his success was largely due to Court favour, that he was not, like his colleague and chief rival Chatham, an eloquent speaker, that he had amassed a large fortune—much of which was, however, derived from his wife,—and, above all, that he was a native of Scotland, a distinction of which he did well to be proud, but which was at that time regarded in England with especial disfavour.

Of his merits as a Statesman, even after all that has been said, it is difficult to form a just opinion, nor is it necessary here to touch upon them, but in his private life, with which alone these letters are concerned, he appears to somewhat greater advantage than is usually supposed. His taste and magnificence were shown in the extent and disposition of the grounds and particulars of his house, or rather palace, of Luton, and in the plans and designs for his London residence, now called Lansdowne House,[1] of which, indeed, he executed only the commencement, leaving the completion of it to Lord Shelburne. His library and gallery of

[1] Lady Louisa used to relate in her old age how she remembered when a child going with her father to see the first stone laid of Lansdowne House. The day was very wet, and the little girl's shoe got stuck in the mud where the present garden now is laid out, which was then "like a ploughed field."

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AUTOTYPE COMPANY.

JOHN LORD MOUNT STUART.

AFTERWARDS 1st MARQUIS OF B

JOHN, LORD MOUNTSTUART

pictures remain in the possession of his descendant to attest his love of literature and the fine arts, and the pension he granted to Dr. Johnson may be cited as evidence of his discernment and freedom from prejudice. He is known to have paid attention to astronomy and to various physical sciences, and of botany, particularly of the families of British plants, he was an industrious and successful student. Two of the groups classified by Linnaeus and Sir William Jones, *Stewartia* and *Butea*, were named after him. To him also Haller inscribed his celebrated *Bibliotheca Botanica*.

His eldest son, John, who succeeded him as fourth Earl (afterwards created first Marquis) of Bute, had married in 1766 Charlotte Jane Windsor-Hickman, elder daughter and co-heir of Viscount Windsor of Ireland. Of this marriage the eldest son John Lord Mountstuart was announced by his father, in the following concise letter to Lady Louisa, to be about to marry Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Patrick Crichton Earl of Dumfries. The wedding took place 12th October 1792, but the young bridegroom, whose handsome face and pleasant manners made him a most popular member of his family, only lived two years after his marriage and died in 1794, a few months before his grandmother Lady Bute. He left two infant sons.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LORD BUTE

Dumfries House, 12th September 1792.

NOT through form, my dearest Louisa, but knowing the prediliction you entertain for your nephew, I wish

you should first learn from me that he makes, with all his heart and soul, the very advantageous match of Lady Elizabeth Crichton.—Your affectionate brother and sincere friend, BUTE.

Whenever you have occasion to write either to Lord M. or me direct your letters to Hill Street.

LADY LOUISA STUART from the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

Langholm Lodge, 19th October 1792.

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA—Thank you for your letter, which I received not long before I left Dalkeith House to come to this place. I am glad to hear Lady Bute had found the usual benefit at Bath, notwithstanding the very unusual bad weather. The account you give me of your brother is very uncomfortable; nothing can be more provoking than the kind of obstinacy you describe. It is a degree of unkindness to one's friends that I think quite unpardonable, and which not only vexes one, but makes one angry. I hope Mr. Stuart will have had more influence with him than the rest of his family, and that he will be prevailed upon to do whatever is most likely to be of service to his health. I congratulate you on the marriage of your nephew. I really believe he has been very fortunate, and from what I have heard of Lord Mount Stuart, the same may be said of his [wife].

We came here about ten days ago to meet Lord Stopford and Mary, who arrived in good health on Monday. I am quite happy she has got

over the voyage so prosperously. The sea is always a great bugbear, especially at this season. I shall be glad to hear you have got Lady Portarlington with you. I suppose she will have been settled with you some time before you receive this. We return to Dalkeith to-morrow. Lady Douglas and Lady Pembroke went to Bothwell Castle when we came here, and meet us at Dalkeith on Monday. What cruel disappointments we have lately met with! Not only the Duke of B.[1] has not taken Dumourier, but he seems to be retreating. People suppose there is something more than is publickly known in this transaction, but what it is no one can tell, and so everybody has a reason of their own. The only thing quite certain is that what you say of the French is perfectly true, and that they are a set of wild beasts. I believe it would have been much better to leave them to settle their own business; it is totally impossible to form the least conjecture how it will all end. I only hope we shall be wise enough to keep out of the scrape. It is wonderful the pains taken in this country to excite people to mischief as well as in many parts of England, but I am always willing to believe their efforts will be ineffectual.

I did not think when I wrote to you of mentioning your poor friend Mrs. Rannie.[2] Her child also is dead, which I think is rather fortunate, as the mother was so ill all the time she was with child. I suppose you will see Mrs. Mure, as she is gone to Mr. Hutchinson's house to stay some time. She is in very bad health, and worse spirits. Lady Harriet Don I have not seen,

[1] Brunswick.

[2] Formerly Miss Mure.

but Lady Betty has been with me since I came to Dalkeith. They are both very well. I expect Lady Harriet after I return. Remember us kindly to Lady Bute, and believe me, yours very sincerely, E. B.

The following extract from a letter (dated Parkhurst, 22nd October 1791) from Lord Macartney to Sir George Staunton may be of interest here. Lord Cornwallis, it will be remembered, had been made Governor-General after Lord Macartney's refusal to take the appointment, and General Medows, who is mentioned as distinguishing himself at the storming of Seringapatam, has been alluded to before as Lady Louisa's old friend and quondam admirer. A story is told of the General's tact and readiness in action, relating how, when leading this same attack, he heard one soldier tell another, as the men were waiting the order to advance in dead silence, that the place was *mined*. "True," replied his leader in an assured tone, "but it is *mined with gold*." He was made a C.B. the following year and a full General in the army:—"You have seen Lord C[ornwallis]'s letter to the Minister, of the 21st April, in the *London Gazette*, in which he confesses that a procrastinated war must be the certain ruin of the Company. I daresay he will do all he possibly can to put a speedy end to the war, but if he should fail he has told us the consequence. I hope and believe he will take Seringapatam, but will that terminate the war? I believe not. At all events it will require something more than General M[edows], or even Lord C[ornwallis] can do, to restore the havoc which the war must make in the Company's finances, and I am told that D[undas] himself has some serious thoughts of going there. When I was in town I was asked by a sort of great man at Court whether I did not think we should conquer Tippoo. I told him we should not only

conquer Tippoo, but all the other powers in India, *if we went to the expense of it.* I don't think he at all relished my answer, and yet I think it was a very fair one."[1]

The Duchess of Buccleuch from Lady Louisa Stuart

Bath, 11th December 1792.

MY DEAR DUTCHESS—I am but a bad correspondant, but, according to old agreement, I will not waste paper with asking pardon. We are now about to quit Bath, where we seem to have been but a very little while, in my opinion, for I am very sorry to go, as it is quite doubtful whether Lady Portarlington will come to London at all, and certain that if she does it can be but for a very little while. By the accounts she receives all is quiet in Ireland, in spite of the pains taken to make it otherwise, and of the frightful stories spread about that country. I hope therefore the disturbances in Scotland are equally exaggerated. I protest I believe many of these reports *about ourselves* come over to us from France. The precautions that have been taken, and the spirit and common sense that appears now to be rising all over the kingdom, will, I hope, ensure peace at home, whatever we have abroad. These political topicks naturally bring in a relation of ours who has been here this month. Poor Aunt Mary[2] is really almost what our forefathers styled *Cousin Betty*—wild and possessed. She has been doing all that was necessary to raise an uproar, had the people

[1] *Staunton Family*, p. 112.

[2] Lady Mary Coke.

been so inclined; haranguing in the booksellers' shops, lecturing the tradesmen, examining the walls for treason, threatening the *democrates* with the Mayor, calling monsters, villains, atrocious wretches, etc., in short, everything that could provoke honest John Bull's surly disposition, and all in a riding-habit of the King's *dressed* uniform[1] shining with so much gold, I am amazed the boys do not follow her. There is a woman almost ninety-five years of age who advertised lately for charity. I went to see her as a curiosity, and I found the famous Sir Richard Hill[2] had been with her before me to enquire into her opinion of faith and good works, or as she called it, her *foundation* in religion. I have offered to lay a wager that Lady Mary (if I can get her to go and give the woman something) will directly enquire her political creed, and examine her about the Aristocrates and Democrates of Queen Anne's time, for I asked her the other day whether a lame sick parson who lodges beneath her was a quiet neighbour, and she whispered me a long history of his having a dangerous curiosity to hear *ça ira;* in short, Don Quixote was a fool to her. She is much displeased at my mother and Lady Caroline Peachey for not going about and scolding the shopkeepers as she does. Sir James and Lady C. [Peachey] are but lately come. They seem pretty well. This place has been extraordinarily full, but I conclude the meeting of Parliament will thin it considerably. Lord and Lady Elphinstone are here—he rather better than when I

[1] See account *ante* of *fêtes* on King's recovery, p. 117.

[2] Rev. Rowland Hill's elder brother; he was famous for his controversial pamphlets.

saw him last. My younger cousins, the daughters, were strangers to me. I think them very reasonable, agreeable women (at least the oldest, whom I have seen most of), and remarkably well behaved.

My brother Charles went at last to Buxton, but did not reap the decided benefit from it that was expected. I trust, however, in the main he is better. I have heard nothing of him now a good while. Perhaps I shall find him in London. She was to go thither ten days ago ; she has been very unwell too, which is no wonder. Lady Portarlington is as well and as chearful as ever I saw her. I have improved much lately. I don't think bathing agreed with me thoroughly in the long run, though it seemed useful at first, but riding double[1] has certainly done me a great deal of good, and I believe I am now pretty well rid of all nervous complaints. Adieu, my dear Dutchess. My love to Lady Douglas and all at Dalkeith. My mother and Lady Portarlington desire theirs to you.—Ever yours,

L. S.

Lady Portarlington seems to have spent the autumn of 1792 at Bath with her mother and Lady Louisa, and the winter in London. Lady Bute writes to her after her return to Dublin, where she had taken a house.

Lady Portarlington from Lady Bute

London, 16th May 1793.

YOU cannot imagine, my dear daughter, the pleasure I received by your letter yesterday, tho' I had

[1] "Double," on a pillion behind a groom.

reason to hope by Lady Macartney's account of you that your long and perilous journey would end as happily as I find it did. I most sincerely congratulate you on the happiness of your seeing Lord Portarlington in good health. Long may it continue, and you and all yours enjoy every blessing! I assure you I can guess at your feelings on our separation by my own, but indeed it was much better for both of us to save the pangs of parting as much as possible. I am very glad to hear you have a large and convenient house, and am convinced that upon the whole you will be more comfortable than you could have been here, which thought gives ease to my mind, tho' I am sometimes disposed a little to repine at my peculiar fate that deprives me of company and society so dear and agreeable to me. But enough of this, and I will now proceed to tell you that Lady Mountstuart appears to be a most amiable and pleasant young woman, but her mother seems afraid of her walking from one room to another, and disposed to shut her up entirely. Lord Mountstuart goes back to his regiment to-day. I have got a very good house upon Mount Sion at Tunbridge, where I hope I shall spend the summer very quietly and conveniently, and I daresay meet with some pleasant society. We go on as usual here. I had last night Mrs. Damer and Mrs. More, with several other of your friends, who all rejoice at your happy arrival at Dublin. As to news it must be the province of your sisters to acquaint you with, I shall only add that Louisa is in perfect health, and her spirits better than usual. Believe me, my dear child, with every

sentiment of friendship and love, your most affectionate mother, M. W. Bute.

Kindest compliments to Lord Portarlington.

The autumn of 1793 finds Lady Bute and her daughter staying at Tunbridge, where they meet the newly-made Sir William Medows returned from his successful expedition to India, and established in a camp formed near the town under the command of the Duke of Richmond.

THE SAME from the SAME

Tunbridge, 30th June 1793.

YOU cannot imagine, my dear daughter, how much pleasure I received from the letter I got from you yesterday, for Louisa, having desired your governess to write from time to time, not hearing from her, I apprehended you might not be so well, and that she wished to delay writing till you was better. I now find it has been the poor woman's own bad health (which I am very sorry for) that prevented her, and much approve of your own precaution with regard to your eyes, which can't be too much attended to. You are quite in the right to be satisfy'd with your little infant, if it is healthy; the size is quite immaterial, and you had but little milk, it was certainly better to get a good nurse for it.

You give me a terrible account of Ireland, but I am hopefull it is not so bad as you represent it, as they insist upon it that many of the regular troops are ordered abroad, and I think it impossible that Govern-

ment would send them when so necessary at home, and I pray God that Lord Portarlington may be safe from danger.

We arrived here last Friday. I have a most excellent and comfortable house, as good a drawing-room and eating-room as I should wish for anywhere, very good bedchambers for Louisa and myself, a little spare apartment for a lady and her maid, all perfectly clean and well furnished, with a good garden and shady walks, full as large as I should desire to walk in, and quite retired, in short, a very pretty country residence. After the D. of Portland's installment at Oxford I have desired Corbett to come to me, as I think it may be a pleasure to him, and that he may be used to a little company, which may be of some advantage to him, hoping I shall be able to prevent too much intimacy with the young officers that this place must be full of, as the camp is to begin within a mile and a half to-morrow. All the generals and many of the militia bring their familys, therefore this place will abound with company. I have yet seen none but Sir William and Lady Medows, except Sir G. and Lady Cornewall, who have interrupted my writing for a quarter of an hour; they are very near neighbours, and so are Lord and Lady Elcho. Yesterday was so bad, there was no stirring out, and prevented visiting. I think I have wrote a long letter for me, my dear child; it may convince you of the good health of your most affectionate mother,

M. W. Bute.

Louisa is perfectly well and desires her love.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

Tunbridge Wells, Friday, 19th July 1793.

I WAS much pleased with yours of the 8th. It seemed in better spirits and more comfortable. I see in the newspapers that your Parliament is taking some vigorous steps to quiet disorders, and Lord Portarlington's name is among the speakers; I hope in God it will, and better than your fears suggest. I saw that the militia had had a battle with the mob in the county of Mayo, and got the better. After all, I have heard that when the militia was first instituted here, it was just as much opposed, and somebody was telling me the other day that in Norfolk, where the first regiment was embodied, the present Sir John Wodehouse and two or three other gentlemen served as privates in order to reconcile the people to it. Sir John is here, by the bye, with that very regiment, which he commands. He is a well-bred, pleasant man. I don't know Lady Wodehouse and the daughter. Our hot weather went off with a thunderstorm the night before last, and it has been raining and blowing ever since. Thank God, my mother has really suffered less from the heat than you would have expected, though some days it was very uncommon. She did not lose her appetite, or seem heavy or more oppressed than everybody else. It affected me more, for I never felt such a lowness and dejection. I could have cried any hour of the day. I quite loathed all eatables but fruit and wine, and though I kept the windows wide open at night, found it impossible to sleep; and then I was so restless, I

could not sit down to any sort of employment. One feels so nasty too, always melting away. The moment the weather changed, I confess a great many grievances vanished, and I was light and comfortable again. We have been at the rooms every night this week. I like the common ones, where one may walk upon the Pantiles very well. Though I am there quite as a young woman, I have to be chaperon to the Elcho girls, who are not allowed to walk by themselves, so seize me with great joy; but the balls are sad, dull affairs. Yesterday Mrs. Champneys was to have had a tea-drinking in the Grove, but the rain adjourned it to the rooms, and it ended in a dance; it was a very pleasant thing to the actors, but I sat two hours by a card-table without speaking to a soul, till my head grew giddy with the music and dancing, so you may think how it diverted me. You know one makes no more acquaintance, is no more jumbled into society at a ball here than at masks in London; parties and so forth are the things for that, and I have not belonged to one. However, if it clears up to-night we are going at last to see the camp and join a party with the Elchos[1]—Lady Binning, Mr. and Mrs. Drax Grosvenor,[2] and the Miss Hamiltons.[3] Your cousin, Mrs. D. Grosvenor, is woefully ugly, and has a most untunable voice. Is she

[1] Francis, son of the fifth and father of the sixth Earl of Wemyss, married in 1771 a daughter of Anthony Tracy Keck, one of the Queen's maids of honour. Lord Elcho predeceased his father in 1808.

[2] Richard Grosvenor, who married the heiress of Edward Drax of Charborough, added Drax to his name.

[3] The three daughters of Archibald, who succeeded in 1799 as ninth Duke of Hamilton. The eldest died unmarried in 1846. Charlotte, the second, married the Duke of Somerset, and Susan the youngest, the Earl of Dunmore. She lived till 1846.

otherwise agreeable? The eldest Miss Hamilton, *entre nous*, I can't bear; she palavers and cants like Lady Dunmore and Lord Galloway, is very forward, very ugly, and unpleasant, but that *cant* procures her friends, and Lady Lonsdale is always praising her. Charlotte, who is here with Lady Euphemia Stuart, is very pretty, but spoiled, and a fine lady; the youngest is in the bloom of youth, gaiety, and innocence, and fully as pretty. We have several beauties. Two of the Byngs are very pretty indeed. The eldest seems to have quitted the field entirely, for she never appears with Mrs. Byng and her sisters, or goes to any of the diversions. Lady Jane Dundas[1] and her daughter-in-law are just arrived for the latter's health. By her I learn that James is not going abroad quite so soon. Mrs. Legge is at everything, rides to the camp, etc. Poor Corbett's coming has been delayed by his catching a cold and a little fever at the Oxford balls. I agree with you about poor Mrs. Forrester, but, you know, that disorder always makes people obstinate and unconscious of their own danger. Adieu, my dear, and God bless you. I rejoice the coughs are better.

P.S.—Pray did I tell you the marvellous news of Lady Anne Lindsay's marrying Mr. Barnard, the Bishop of Kildare's son?[2] Mrs. Pierrepont and Mrs. Saltren flew down with it last week. They stayed one day only. The Medows have now got Mrs. Calcraft and her daughters with them. She is Mrs. Heneage's

[1] Lady Jane Dundas, wife of Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville. She was a daughter of the second Earl of Hopetoun.

[2] Lady Anne Lindsay, the author of "Auld Robin Gray," married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Kildare, on 31st October 1793.

sister, a very genteel woman that looks as if she had been beautiful when young, and the girls are pretty.

Tunbridge Wells, 29th July 1793.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—It seems long since I have either writ to you or heard from you, and I own I am very anxious to do the latter, from the frightful accounts the newspapers give us this last week of riots and outrages in different parts of Ireland—about Corke and Limerick especially, where it used to be reckoned quite quiet not very long ago. I am glad, however, of the vigorous proceedings in Parliament, in which Lord Portarlington seems to have so great a share, and of the soldiers having behaved well wherever they were opposed to the rioters. I hope in God all will still end well, as the French are beaten everywhere, for I look on them as the root of the evil. You think Ireland forgot and neglected by our rulers here from their doing this and that, now one might think they forgot and neglected England, by their putting such a man as the Duke of Richmond at the head of a camp composed of the flower of the gentlemen of twelve counties. It is amazing how he is both hated and laughed at, his foolish strictness, his affectations of secrecy and mystery, his confused orders, and his *haut* in the treatment of so many people of consequence (while the lowest man in the camp is always thinking he could kick him anywhere else), have the worst effect imaginable at such a time, when the commander should coax and conciliate them all. Even to the generals under him he does not deign to hint his

pleasure a day beforehand, and they come home from the morning's review without knowing whether they are to be out again in the evening or not. Then come his orders to *oppose the enemy* in such a place, and *surprise the enemy* in such another, with as great gravity as the Prince of Cobourg would issue them at Valenciennes, and so you may suppose they all laugh ready to kill themselves. Lord and Lady Fortescue are always making comparisons between this camp and one they were in here last war under General Fraser, whose civility and good-humour kept everybody contented in just the same situation. She seems a pleasant woman by the by. The Elchos are gone to town for a week to consult physicians on her account, as she never was able to drink the waters. The Cornewalls go away to-day, and the Binnings went last Monday. These last were a loss to us. I suppose the Legges will not stay much longer. On Monday next the camp removes to Brighthelmstone, which carries away a great many people. Lady Bristol is the only newcomer I hear of. The Medows have had with them a Mrs. Calcraft, sister to Mr. Heneage, and her daughter, whom we have rather taken to. She, the mother, has been very handsome, and is remarkably genteel and pleasing; the daughter, a wild, merry girl, out of her little wits with the balls, the camp, and the Pantiles.[1] They go to-day. Here is a very pretty little

[1] The Pantiles is the name of the promenade adjoining the Wells where the 'good company' used to pace up and down between their glasses, and which is still used for the same purpose, only the tiles given by Queen Anne, from which the name of the walk was originally taken, have been replaced by stones. Beau Nash presided for some time over the festivities at the Wells.

woman, a Mrs. Pigou,[1] and her sister, a Miss Ryecroft, and who should appear on a sudden as their *cicisbeo* [?] but the *old pale prince* with his long moustache. Mr. *Clopton* it seems is now his name, and they have a story here of his going to marry the Miss, which would be delightful and a good pendant to Lady Anne Lindsay's match, but I doubt he is only in his old ways flirting with the married sister; either of them might find some better beau amongst the officers without difficulty. Lord Craven and Sir Robert Harland are the *gros lot* of the camp, I think, and the Misses seem very anxious to find favour in their eyes. Mary and her brother came down to Lady Jane Dundas on Friday night, and left Tunbridge again yesterday morning. The Stuarts set out for Spa next Thursday. Lord Lonsdale is sick, which has delayed her coming, and poor Corbett is still not well enough to leave Oxford, and when he does Lady Macartney wants him to come to her for a little while, to recover strength in a quiet place. Adieu, my love! I shall long to hear again from you, for all these riots alarm me terribly. I hope you are not going to leave Dublin. My mother sends her best love. God bless you!

Tunbridge Wells, 8th August 1793.

IT seems an age since I have heard from you, my dearest Caroline, and perhaps you will say the same of me. At present I have very little time to write, Lady Lonsdale being here. She came last Thursday, and I have been routing about with her ever since.

[1] A son of Sir Richard Ryecroft married a Miss Pigou.

We go to see something every morning, and though it is leaving my mother more alone than I could wish, yet I believe it better for us both than sitting melancholy together, for I have often such an oppression of spirits that I scarce know what to do with myself, 'though I struggle to the utmost. I observe I never enjoy any party much without paying for it in this way afterwards. Lady L. and I went on Friday morning to the camp, and breakfasted with Lady Augusta Lowther in Sir William's tent. There were George Pitt, a Mr. Clitheroe and Miss Harbord sang catches besides the musick of George Pitt's regiment, and it really was very agreeable. On Saturday night we went to see the *feu de joye* for the taking of Valenciennes. The militia were not quite perfect in their firing, but altogether it had a noble effect, not the less so for a storm which was just beginning. It was after sunset, the firing on one side seemed answered by the lightning on the other, and the blackness of the sky gave effect to both, but that effect you may suppose was aweful rather than joyful. We went to drink tea afterwards with Mrs. Morton Pitt in George Pitt's tent, and the storm came on with great violence and furious rain; after it was a little abated G. P. and another officer sang with Miss Gambier, who has such a little sweet voice as Mrs. Cholmondely. It was very pretty, and Lady Lonsdale was quite enchanted, but altogether it got perfectly the better of my unchearful spirits; the awefulness of the storm, the touching musick, and the being a *guest* of *some* people's[1]

[1] Sir William Medows, Lady Louisa's former *fiancé*. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 27.

(perhaps) knocked me down. Besides melancholy recollections there is a sort of comparison one must involuntary draw between one's own situation and cold dreary prospect for the future and that of married persons gay and happy in every particular, fond of each other, with a fine pleasing girl growing up to renew youth to them, their friends around them all solicitous to pay attention to the woman whom her husband makes the first object in their society. I would not have you think there is any envy or malignity mixed with my feelings, for I really think the lady alluded to one of the sweetest and most ingaging creatures I ever saw. She is inclined to take to me, and has a very affectionate manner, and all this when I am out of spirits overpowers me more and more. However, the camp removed on Monday, so they are all gone. You have no notion how solitary and dismal that removal makes this place look—houses shut up and not a male creature (hardly) to be seen in the rooms or on the Pantiles. The camp stays a week in Ashdown forest, ten miles from hence, a beloved whim of the commanders, and very hard upon the officers and men; then it goes to Brighton for a month, then returns here, till when, I am afraid, this will be very dull and thin of company one knows. Lady Medows went over to Brighton to take a house, but came back, and does not finally remove till Saturday. . . .

The Legges go away to-day, the Elchos to-morrow. By the by, she is still very indifferent, and he has lost a sister he was very fond of, so they have not

mixed in the company lately.[1] Mrs. Legge is growing unwell again. These waters have quite set up Fanny Musgrave and made her again young and handsome. Lady Jane and Miss Dundas are here, but they live quite retired, and we seldom see them. Lady Lonsdale and I have gone this week to see Bayham Abbey[2] and Bounds.[3] I was charmed with the latter. We had another storm last night. The weather is certainly warmer on the whole than for some summers past, and I suspect it makes me bilious, for though I keep fine early hours and take much exercise, my appetite is not good, especially when I have those low fits. My poor mother looks dejected. I am afraid the Stuarts going abroad vexes her. She has just heard from you. I am glad you are well, but anxious about poor Caroline's cough.

Lady Louisa Stuart from the Duchess of Buccleuch

Dalkeith House, 22nd September [1793].

MY DEAR LADY LOUISA—It is now, I think, near three months since we have had any intercourse. I sometimes heard of you and Lady Bute, and was happy to hear she was well and seemed to like her habitation at Tunbridge. I have now but little chance of hearing anything of either her or you except from yourself, and I shall therefore provoke you to write to me by making the first attack. We have long since agreed not to make any excuses for not writing, and so

[1] Lady Anne Charteris died 29th July 1793.

[2] Seat of the Marquis Camden in Kent.

[3] A place in Kent belonging to the elder branch of the Hardinge family.

let us begin from this time just as if nothing had happened, and without preface of any kind. I believe it is very unnecessary for me to say how very glad I was to hear of your brother's being appointed to the Bishoprick of St. David's. It must have been in every way a very pleasant thing both to you and Lady Bute, and it therefore gave me very sincere pleasure, as also to hear how much he was approved of in his first exhibition at Windsor. I do not guess where this letter is likely to find you, though I shall direct it to London. I do not know whether you ever hear from Lady Douglas; I shall therefore tell you she is well, and so are all her family. She made me a flying visit about a week ago for two or three days, and brought Sholto, who was to go up with Henry to school. All my family except Harriet went to Bothwell yesterday for a week; I remain to take care of the nursery during Mary's absence, and propose making my visit when they return. We have had the finest weather I have seen these many years—quite an old-fashioned September. To-day it blows and rains, but I hope it is only an equinoctial storm, and will not last. We are in a constant state of anxiety with respect to France, and I am really quite afraid to open the letters every day. However, our last accounts have been so good it encourages one to hope for further good, and I am willing to hope Lord Hood's success may be productive of such; but still I doubt the affair is very far from being near an end, and one cannot feel easy till it is. If one may believe the newspapers, they appear more mad in France every day. Their absurdity is

scarcely credible, and if it was not for the horrors connected with their nonsense, would make me laugh. I conclude you must be very anxious to know something about the Dutchess of Gordon and Lady Susan's marriage,[1] for here we think and talk of nothing else, and so this is to inform you that the Duke of Manchester is still daily expected, but not arrived; that her Grace and all her family are living in a *very* small house with her mother, who is a stupid, foolish woman and a little of a Methodist, consequently I should think would be much annoyed by such a numerous and lively party. I have not seen her, but must call there in a day or two. I must confess I dread a visitation from her very much, and therefore put off the evil day as long as I can.

Farewell, my dear Lady Louisa. Pray let me hear from you soon, and remember me kindly to Lady Bute.—Yours very sincerely, E. Buccleuch.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lord Bute

Margate, 31st October 1793.

My dear sister—Having promised before I left town to support the recommendation of Mr. Gunning, who constantly takes care, I think, to make immediate application upon all vacancies in St. George's Hospital, it is out of my power to obey the Dutchess of Buccleuch's commands.

A letter has been sent from Luton for the Bishop, which, not knowing how to direct, I commit to your

[1] Lady Susan Gordon married, 7th October 1793, William, fifth Duke of Manchester.

care. The good accounts of my brother afford me infinite pleasure. Be so kind to acquaint him that Mr. Littlehale's declining the living of Luton upon the terms of residence recommended to me by William as a necessary condition, I have offered it to a cousin of Sir William Musgrave to hold for Corbet. Should he also refuse, which is most probable, I am at a loss how to act, being acquainted with no clergyman I should like to trust; and to bestow this preferment on an entire stranger to the family might be risking a good deal.—Ever your sincerely affectionate BUTE.

Lord Macartney had been appointed (26th December 1792) Ambassador to China on a special embassy with the object of furthering and protecting British trade in the Celestial Kingdom, and also, if possible, of establishing a permanent British Minister at Pekin. The mission was not successful, the Emperor requiring a degree of servility which Lord Macartney refused to submit to. He was attended by Sir George Staunton, his former private Secretary, and though they had to leave without apparently gaining their object, seem to have succeeded in paving the way for a future British embassy. Lord Macartney was created a peer of Great Britain on his return in 1794 by the title of Earl Macartney of Parkhurst. The following letter was written from Canton during his embassy to China.

LADY MACARTNEY from LORD MACARTNEY

Canton, 7th January 1794.

MY DEAREST LOVE—Tho' I am not certain that the ship which carries this letter will arrive in the

Channel before us, yet I take the chance of her, as she is to sail so much sooner than we shall do. She is, besides, a neutral vessel, being a Swede, for, by the last accounts, I think Sweden had not yet declared against France, though I think it very probable she will be drawn into the confederacy if the war continues any time.

I have omitted no opportunity that offered for writing to you since I left England. My last was by the *Bombay Castle* from this place about a fortnight ago. Since her departure I have received your letters and journal to the end of June, which gave me a great deal of pleasure. I at the same time received one from Mr. Cheap, alluding to a former one, which he said he had written to me, but which never came to hand. Tell him that, as I have written to the Select Committee by this opportunity, and as I hope to see him so soon, I shall not now trouble him, but I beg you will say many kind things to him from me, and assure him that I very sincerely partake in everything that can be honourable and agreeable to him.

We hope to leave the coast of China about the 1st of March, but as we shall have a large convoy to take care of, and must stop either at the Cape or St. Helena for refreshment, I think it probable our passage will be nearly six months. I reckon about the latter end of August or beginning of September that you may expect to see us. We are all perfectly well at present. Your nephew[1] is grown a very fine young fellow indeed.

[1] Probably Charles Stuart, son of General Sir Charles Stuart, who was abroad then. See *post*, vol. ii. p. 235.

I scarcely knew him again at my return from Pekin after four or five months' absence, so much was he improved in figure, manner, and every other respect. Adieu, my dearest love.—Ever, ever your M.

During the past year Lady Bute's health had gone from bad to worse, and the following letters show her gradual failure till her death, which occurred at her house at Isleworth, 6th November 1794.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Curzon Street, 15th September 1794.

I HAVE this moment received yours of the 7th, my dear sister, and hope by this time mine of the 8th has reached you, tho', alas! I grieve to think how much vexation it must have cost you.

I am this moment come from Isleworth, and have the comfort to tell you that our dear mother has certainly been better for some days past, and the physicians still do say she may go on for a long time, but I cannot flatter myself it will be what we should reckon a long time, and I do not believe she thinks so herself; yet she does not at present appear to grow weaker, tho', as I said before, there is a very great change in her within the last two or three months, and, my dear sister, there is a change in her constitution, so that Bath would be totally improper for her, and that is the true reason she has not gone there these two years, tho' she did not tell Louisa and me so till a very short time ago.

She has a great propensity to sleep, which is a very great happiness for old people, and, thank God, she does not appear to suffer from pain. I own I do wish very sincerely that, as you cannot stay in your own place, you may determine upon coming over here for the winter with at least a part of your family, and if you do fix upon this plan, it will be much better for you to come now soon, because you will have an opportunity at this time of year of having your choice as to a house, and will be able to hire one much cheaper than if you deferred it a month or two.

Louisa wrote to you very lately, and says she means to do so soon again, for she is, thank God, much more composed than she has been, and really does support herself wonderfully. Oh, it would be very comfortable to us all and to our poor dear mother to have you here, and perhaps you may place your dear Henry and George at school, where you may leave them without anxiety. Then the three girls and the two little boys will not take up so much room or confine you here so much as if you had them all with you. I live upon the road and have done so ever since I wrote last to you, for I cannot bear to be away an hour from my mother that I can spare, and yet, you may imagine, Lord Macartney wants me very much here; he only arrived at this house last Friday to dinner, but is, thank God, perfectly well, and desires to be most kindly remembered to you and Lord Portarlington. God bless you and yours, my dear sister.—Ever your most affectionate

J. Macartney.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

18th September 1794.

MY DEAR LOUISA—Since I wrote to you I had a letter from Lady Macartney, who gives so indifferent an account of my dear mother's health that I cannot tell you how much I am alarmed, nor how much I have suffered for two days past, and as I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of not seeing her again, and as I fear it would not be possible for us to spend the winter in England, I have come to the determination of taking John over myself, which saves Lord Portarlington the trouble, and will give me the satisfaction of spending a few weeks with my mother and you. Lord P., who, to give him his due, is always good-natured, complied with this request the moment I made it, and I trust nothing will happen to the children during so short an absence. You may suppose it will cost me a pang to quit them, but say nothing of this, and do persuade my mother I think nothing of it, as Lady Macartney delivered me a message from her, saying the idea of my leaving all my family would take off the pleasure she should have in seeing me. . . . I wrote thus far some days ago, but did not send it, because I wrote at the same time to Lady Macartney and desired her to acquaint you with my intentions, but your letter, which I got yesterday, has entirely changed my plan, and tho' it is with the utmost reluctance I give up all hopes of seeing my dearest mother, I could not think of gratifying myself at her expense. You may imagine what my state of anxiety must be, and how much it costs me

to give it up, and tho' *your* situation must be painful to the last degree, watching the declining health of a parent so deservedly dear to us, yet it is enviable to mine, who would give the world to share with you in making the remainder of her life happy and easy. I am anxious to hear if she is composed and resigned, as I have no doubt of her being aware of her own situation, tho' perhaps she says nothing, and it would be some degree of comfort to me to hear that she appeared satisfied and easy in her mind, as I very much fear it is vexation that has brought on this weakness. Lady Macartney says Dundas gives hopes that she may live for years. God grant he may not be mistaken. I fear it is a bad sign her wishing her family away from her, and looks as if she thought she should soon have done with this world. Oh, my dear Louisa, how I wish I was with you! You have occasion for somebody to help you to bear this trying scene, and tho' I am but ill qualified for the task, there would be some comfort in being together. When I got your letter yesterday we were just setting off for Dublin, and I came with them, as I thought it better than to be left to enjoy my own thoughts alone, so I shall remain here till John sails, and I believe Lord Portarlington will go with him himself. There has been no pacquets for five or six days; that is the cruel thing here when one is anxious about anybody. Sometimes I have thought of writing to my mother, but I rather think she dislikes being troubled. God bless you, my dearest Louisa, and support you in this trying situation.

—Ever your affectionate C. PORTARLINGTON.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Parkhurst,[1] 24th September 1794.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER—I have this moment received yours of the 18th, and must now tell you that by your former one of the 15th, as you spoke so very positively about coming over, and even desired me to enclose a letter for you to Mr. Roberts, I thought it absolutely necessary to prepare our dear mother for your arrival, and to say to her that I thought there was every reason to expect you in the course of this week; and I wrote to you both on Saturday and Monday under cover to Mr. Roberts, for Lord Macartney had settled to come here on Monday and stay till to-morrow, therefore I wished to arrange matters for you, and with you, before I came to town. I own I am glad you have taken the resolution not to come without your family, as the thought of it certainly did flutter our dear mother a little, and she would have been very much agitated by your coming without your family, tho' I still think that if it would be convenient to Lord Portarlington to let you remove with your children, she will be most happy to have you here. I heartily wish I may see Lord Portarlington in London and talk this over with him, but I shall call at Isleworth on my way to town to-morrow, and will then inform my mother of your second determination. Indeed, my dear sister, it has been with the greatest pain I have imparted to you anything about her bad state of health, but as a little while ago I thought her in more immediate danger

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 128.

than at present, I could not bear that you should receive one of the most afflicting shocks you could experience without the least preparation. She herself, dear woman, had the same thought, and wished that you should by degrees know that she was in a declining way; but tho' I will not deceive you or encourage you to hope that she is likely to recover, yet I can assure you she is in no immediate danger now, and Mr. Dundas still says she may live with comfort for some time; she said this to me the other day herself, and tho' at times very low, does, I believe, think so. She has more than once talked to me in the most affecting but most comfortable manner possible, assuring me she was perfectly resigned, and that she felt a degree of peace and composure of mind she could hardly describe. She regretted that she had not hitherto applied so much as she might have done to the study of religion, but said her heart had always been right, and for the future she should devote her whole attention to that subject. She now seldom has the Bible out of her hands, and reads nothing but that and books upon religion; indeed, my dear sister, tho' it was with the utmost difficulty I could stand these conversations, and that my heart was ready to break, I could not but look up to God with the sincerest gratitude and admiration to hear her talk as she did. She has repeated to me several times that she is most thankful for the warning given her, and had she been able to choose, she should have desired it, and then adds that she never can be grateful enough that all this should be without her suffering any pain to signify. I have tried

to repeat these conversations to Louisa, but she is not calm enough to hear me, and usually puts herself into a dreadful way if I offer to begin upon the subject; tho' when she is with my mother she supports herself wonderfully, and does not appear the least nervous. I feared to affect you too much, my dear, otherwise would before now have written all this to you, because, tho' affecting, it is the most delightful theme for one's heart and mind to dwell upon. I had written a long letter to you on Saturday last, my dear, which I was just closing when I received yours informing me of your intention of coming over soon, and I regret now extremely that I locked it up in my drawer instead of sending it. Believe me I feel much more for you than it is in the power of words to express, knowing how much greater the distress and affliction must be to you, from being separated at such a time from your dear mother, but in all things we must submit to the will of God.—Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. MACARTNEY.

Isleworth, 27th September 1794.

AFTER I had written to you on Thursday, my dear, dear sister, Lord Macartney and I came here, and I found our dear mother, having got up, found herself so weak and so near fainting that she was obliged to go to bed again. She slept a great deal in the evening, talked to me in the same comfortable manner I told you of before. She had but an indifferent night, and continued so weak yesterday that Dundas did not think it right for her to try to get up. She dosed

almost the whole day, and hardly took notice of anything till the evening, when she seemed more revived and talked a little. Last night she had a good night, and seems better this morning, but Dundas still thinks her so weak that he has told me honestly he should not be surprised if she was to go off in a few hours, tho' it was still possible she might live for weeks, and even months.

Oh, my dear sister, how I pity you, and how I do wish Louisa had never written that letter to you, for had you received only mine, you would probably have been very near us by this time, but I have not yet heard whether Lord Portarlington and your son are arrived; and you and I, my dear, would have been the greatest comforts to each other, even in this most melancholy scene, for we should have talked over what must be most gratifying to our hearts and minds in this great affliction. Let me again repeat nothing can be more comforting and delightful than the conversations our most dear mother has held with me—quite heavenly. Dear woman, the night before last she bid me pray for her, and I declare whenever I lift up my heart to God on her account I find I have only thanks to return now—so much heavenly composure, resignation, and peace of mind, life declining with ease, and the prospect of a death without pain.

Isleworth, Wednesday, 1st October 1794.

IT will be some relief to your mind I think, my dear sister, now to have a few lines from me every day.

Our dear mother revived wonderfully yesterday

evening, after being very remarkably low in the morning, and absolutely taking leave of Lord Bute as if she was never to see him more. She was strong enough to get out of bed and walk to the couch, and talked much of her desire of going to London; said she should be more comfortable there than here. She had a good night, but is again dreadfully low to-day and very heavy—sleeps almost continually; however, that she has done for a long time, and we all must consider it as the greatest happiness that she can sleep so much; that, and her being free from pain are blessings which we can never be enough thankful for.

I trust, my dear, dear sister, that these soothing and comforting reflections will operate to make you bear with true Christian patience and submission a separation so infinitely for the advantage of her you so dearly love. You will, I am sure, call to mind how much gratitude we all owe for having been so long indulged with this precious parent, and you will remember that after people are turned of seventy-six their existence here is usually labour and sorrow; indeed, I please myself with thinking that my dear sister will cherish and cultivate all such reflections, turn round and look at her sweet children, and recollect the blessing these may be to her, and that she will exert herself on their account, and endeavour to train them up so that they may add to the felicity of her dearest mother hereafter—these are my wishes and most earnest prayers for my dear, dear sister, and come from her most affectionate and faithfull J. M.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

1st October 1794.

I RECEIVED your second letter this day, which has done away the impression of the first, so I will say nothing about it, but tell you how much gratified I was at your saying my mother seemed pleased and satisfied with me, and that she meant to write to me. Getting a last letter from her would be a comfort, tho' a melancholy one, as I could not see her handwriting with expressions of kindness towards me without satisfaction; but I fear I must not flatter myself even with this, as Lady Macartney wrote me word there was such a change for the worse on Monday that I am preparing myself to expect the next account to bring me word all is over. I will say nothing of what my feelings are, but I think it must be a great comfort to you who are with her to see the calm, resigned state of mind she is in, and that she sees the approach of death without terror, and feels a perfect confidence of being removed to a happier state. If one could divest oneself of selfishness one should not regret her, as we are all sensible of how little happiness she has enjoyed in this life, and as she had lived to an age when infirmities were coming on, and that her enjoyment of things here was at an end, we should be thankful to have her taken from us without any pain or anguish. I hope, my dearest sister, these are the reflections you make as well as me, and that you will have recourse to religion to enable you to go through this trying scene, and to hinder you from giving way to grief so as to injure

your health ; and recollect the advantage you have over me at this time, who am away from you all, and in a constant state of anxiety, while you can contribute to give ease to our dear parent by a thousand little attentions ; and, above all, you can contemplate that serenity and resignation which the consciousness of a well-spent life gives a person in their last moments, and which I think one must feel the better for all the rest of one's life. I cannot help envying you this satisfaction, which I would give anything to share. Lady Macartney says this dear woman has told her several times that she feels a composure she cannot describe, and that she is very thankful that she has had so long a warning given her, and at the same time free from pain, as it has given her time to collect her thoughts and separate them entirely from this world. May we all end like her, and may we all endeavour to follow her example in fulfilling the duties of our station. I am sure you will join with me in this prayer, my dear sister. God bless you and help you to support the painful task of closing the eyes of one so dear to us all.—Your C. P.

Lady Portarlington from Lady Macartney

Isleworth, 6th October 1794.

YESTERDAY, my dear sister, being Sunday, it was not in my power to write, but nothing particular has occurred. Our most dear mother is going on much in the same way, entirely free from pain, thank God, sleeping almost continually, but losing her strength in the most gradual manner possible, still in full possession

VIEW FROM THE HOUSE NEAR ISLEWORTH WHERE LADY BUTE DIED

VIEW FROM THE HOUSE AT ISLEWORTH WHERE LADY BUTE DIED.

of her understanding, and talking in the most heavenly manner. To her these lines are surely applicable, "Watch the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." It really is quite impossible for anything to convey a stronger idea of a foretaste of the happiness of heaven than she does by every word, look, and action. She is most happy in her maid, who is, indeed, quite perfection in every respect; our dear mother talks to her with affection and confidence, and thanks her for what she does for her. I have the satisfaction too to tell you that there is a very great change for the better in Louisa. I think I mentioned before that the Bishop is come, which, by the way, seems a very great comfort to our dear mother; she talks over all her affairs with him, and gives him directions about everything. He is very much affected, excessively kind and affectionate to all, particularly to Louisa, as he was indeed upon a former melancholy occasion, and as I really believe he always meant to be, if she would have let him. He has now reasoned a great deal with her, and has really had great success. She is become in every respect much more reasonable, and I do trust she will remain so, for I am happy to observe that she seems to want now to cultivate and engage him. Nothing, I am sure, could be so happy for her as to live upon terms of friendship with him. Whenever I have had the smallest reason to suppose there could be a possibility of their living together, after she lost her dear parents, I have most anxiously wished; but our dear mother herself has constantly checked these wishes, and told me not to

think of such a thing, for she knew it never would do; but at this time you cannot imagine how kindly he is thinking of everything that can contribute to her future comfort, and taking pains to arrange all things in a manner that may best lead to this. Oh, my dear sister, how I long to hear from you that your health is not affected, and that your mind is open to every consideration and reflection that can afford comfort in your present most trying situation; indeed, indeed much more so than that of ours, but as you always have known all things, I trust that you will be able to look forward with composure, and after a time with satisfaction to our dear mother being removed from this state of hard trial (as it has been, in truth, to her) to one of perfect happiness, to the full enjoyment of that reward which a life of so much goodness has a sure claim to, thro' the mediation of our Saviour. I trust you will recollect, my dear, as I said in a former letter, how very little comfort she seemed to enjoy here, and the various sources of vexation which constantly awaited her in this world, and which were not likely ever to change. Oh, my dear sister, much as I love her, I declare it will be a relief to my mind to reflect that she can never know sorrow or misery more, in such constant uneasiness or agitation have I been kept about her, but now her bright crown of reward is near.

Mr. Dundas has just been here, and says everything is going on much the same, and Louisa is really much better in every respect, and becoming quite comfortable. May God Almighty bless and support my dear, dear sister.

10th October 1794.

I HAVE been almost in a panic, my dear sister, since I sent away my letter to you yesterday lest what I told you may have affected you too much, and done you harm.[1] Yet as you appeared so desirous to know if our dear mother had mentioned you, and to have all your affection and gratitude repeated to her, I could not but be impatient that you should know your wishes had been fulfilled, and that you should enjoy that most comfortable satisfaction of receiving her warmest blessing for you and all your family. I shall long most anxiously, my dear, to hear that after the first few moments you were able to compose yourself, and to think of this with delight and pleasure. I told her that your only comfort was in the accounts I had given you of her happy state of mind, and that it was the most heartfelt satisfaction to you to know that she was so resigned, and enjoyed so much peace and tranquillity. She thanked me extremely for having written this to you, and bid me repeat it to you, and assure you that nothing could exceed the calmness and serenity of her mind, that all her thoughts were fixed upon one object, and that she had no care or anxiety for anything else.

[1] Lady Portarlington's youngest daughter Anna Maria, was born this winter. She was a lady in waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and died unmarried in 1864. After her aunt Lady Louisa Stuart's death, she lived in the house in Gloucester Place.

LADY LOUISA STUART from HER BROTHER, JAMES STUART

Rome, 5th November 1794.

MY DEAR LOUISA—When I first heard from Lady Lonsdale the sad alteration in my mother's health, my inclination was to write to you immediately, but recollecting you might perhaps be still ignorant of any danger, and a letter from me would therefore alarm you, I delayed till I knew you was acquainted with her situation. I have now only to assure you, my dear sister, that I feel for your affliction with all my heart, and that nothing within my power shall be wanting to mitigate it; as to an affectionate friend, I flatter myself you will communicate to me your situation and your wishes, and allow me to have the unspeakable pleasure of contributing to your happiness by every means in my power. Every individual of my family are as desirous as myself to be thought worthy of your friendship, and to give you every proof of theirs. In everything I shall have a singular satisfaction to do what I think will give pleasure to my poor mother, if yet alive; if already gone, my wishes on this head will neither change nor diminish. Let me have the comfort of hearing from you as often and as soon as convenient, and believe me most sincerely, my dear Louisa, your most affectionate friend and brother, JAMES STUART.

Lady Bute died 6th November 1794. Her death is thus commented on in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1794:—

"At her house at Isleworth, in her seventy-seventh year, Mary Wortley Montagu Stuart, Countess of Bute, and, in her own right, Baroness Mount Stuart, only daughter of the late Edward Wortley Montagu,[1] Esq., and sister of the late traveller, Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. She survived her lord (by whom she had five sons and six daughters) not three years, and her eldest son[2] not ten months; by her death the Hon. James Wortley Montagu obtains possession of his grandfather's fortune — £20,000 per annum."

The following epitaph from the monument in Wortley Church where she was buried in the vault where her father was buried, though written in the inflated style of the period, testified more truthfully than was often the case to the virtues of the departed :—

She possessed superior Strength of Understanding,
Solidity and clearness of Judgment,
Penetration, Excellence of Heart,
Sweetness and Tenderness of Disposition,
All which were exercised in a Conduct
Exemplary through Life,
And formed a Character
Above all Human Praise.
That the uncommon Virtues of
This best of Wives, of Mothers,
And of Women
Are rewarded, and will hereafter be glorified
By a Just Judge
And Merciful Redeemer,
Is the humble Hope of her most grateful children,
Who erected this Monument
To Her beloved Memory.

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[1] She was born at Constantinople (during her father's residence there as Ambassador) in 1717, and married to Lord Bute in 1736.

[2] Mistake for eldest *grandson*. See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 179.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Curzon Street, 7th November 1794.

MY DEAR SISTER—I hope it will be a relief to your mind, as it is to mine, to reflect that our dearest mother is now a happy spirit in heaven, happy beyond any idea we can form "or the heart of man can conceive," for she was, according to her earnest wish, happily released from all cares and sorrows of this life yesterday about one at noon. I had sent a letter away for you before that time, and mentioned the sweet sleep she was in, which continued till within a very short time of her death, when a slight convulsion came on and carried her off.

Mr. Dundas assured both Lord Bute and me that she had no suffering—indeed, I have always been told that people never do suffer in convulsions. Mr. Dundas is quite in admiration and astonishment. . . . I really do think that in a common fit of the gout I have seen her endure more; but let us join in praising and blessing God.

Mr. Dundas carried the news to Louisa, which she received with much more calmness than I could have expected. Lord Bute brought her and me in the coach to town, and she was very composed the whole time, and this morning he has sent me word that he had persuaded her to see his apothecary, who has assured him he does not apprehend any future bad consequences from all the agitation she has suffered. Sir Lucas Pepys is at present out of town, but when he comes

my brother thinks it will be best for her to have him. I think it is a sign she is composed as she has sent to desire I will come to her. God bless you, my dear, dear sister. I will write again to-morrow. Most faithfully and affectionately yours, J. M.

Curzon Street, 8th November 1794.

I HAVE this moment received yours of the 3rd, my dearest sister, and am better able to write to-day, for I must confess to you I was very much overcome and ill the day before yesterday and yesterday, but, thank God, I am now recovered, and possess myself entirely, and feel gratitude and pleasure at the reflection that my dearest mother, instead of being uncomfortable and miserable here on earth, is now looking down upon us in the midst of the most perfect happiness. Ah, it is a delightful thought!

I am this moment come from Louisa, and, upon the whole, found her greatly better than I had any expectation of. She talked of you, and of Lord Portarlington too, and said she would certainly see him before he set out; then said she understood I was in possession of what she was to have given him, which is a small parcel with a lock of our dear mother's hair. You may remember, my dear, I told you that this dear woman said to her maid when she had her hair cut, "Keep this for my daughters—they will be glad of it; and very good hair it is for a woman of near seventy-seven"; so dear Mrs. Wood[1] before I came away sent me four

[1] An attached maid of Lady Bute who remained with Lady Louisa as housekeeper for many years, taking all the trouble in her small *ménage* off her hands.

parcels, with our names written upon each, made up as exactly alike, I think, as possible. I do not wish to receive any answer from you, my dear sister, to this before Lord Portarlington sets out, otherwise I should like to know if you choose to have it made up here, and Lord Portarlington could give directions about it. Lord Bute has just been showing me the copy of the will, and I rather suppose he will desire Lord Portarlington to send it to you. To Lord Bute himself the house in town and everything in it; to Louisa twelve thousand pounds; to Frederick the interest of three thousand pounds; to Corbett two thousand pounds; to James the arrears of her estate; to Lady Lonsdale, you, and me, each five hundred pounds; William is residuary legatee, therefore it is not specified what he is to have, but I remember she told me she hoped it would be about ten thousand pounds. To Wilkinson five hundred, and I had almost forgotten to mention a legacy of two thousand to Lord Bute, besides the house, etc., etc.

She mentioned to Wilkinson that tho' she had not put it in her will, she desired her maid Wood might have a hundred pounds. How kind and good to every creature! But to return to Louisa, I asked her if Lady Emily were to come to town, whether she would see her? She said she had a great dread of seeing any one of her friends, yet if Lady Emily came, she would see her; then mentioned she thought she ought to see Mrs. Charles, yet could not bear the idea. I told her I thought there was not the least occasion for this yet, but I pleaded for Lady Lonsdale that she would just

let her come up for a minute, which she promised to do on Monday. After this she told me I had better go away, and come back in the evening, for her head was growing very wild, and she was going to ramble; upon which she fixed her eyes and began throwing herself into sad agitations. I entreated her to lie down upon the bed, and came away. Yet all the rest you see were very reasonable and composed.

I still wish much, my dear sister, that you would suggest the scheme of travelling to her, when she is enough recovered to move from London.

Lord Portarlington was so kind to all here yesterday, and tho' I saw him, I was hardly able to speak, but I met him again to-day at my brother's.

I will certainly write to you again, my very dear sister, on Monday, and with the kindest and most sincere wishes, am most faithfully yours, J. M.

P.S.—My next letter is to have a black seal. I feared to shock you with it till I prepared you for it.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

14th November 1794.

MY DEAREST LOUISA—For some days past I have not been able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write to you, tho' I wished very much to do it. I also wish to administer comfort, but feel that I want it almost as much as you; however, I hope you have been able to compose yourself, and that you are resigned to that event you have been so long prepared for. You

have at least the melancholy reflexion of having paid the last duty to our dearest mother (which, alas! I was deprived of), therefore, I hope you will not suffer grief to prey on your mind to the destruction of your health. I look upon her loss to me and my children as one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen us, and I shall feel the want of the kind friend and affectionate mother to the last day of my existence; but when I reflect on the small share of happiness she possessed in this world, and that at her age one could expect nothing but infirmity and sorrow, I am grateful to God for having taken her to a better state, and I heartily pray my end may be like hers. I wish I had been with you, my dearest Louisa, as I think we could have comforted one another better by words than by writing, but since we were not together at the time, I now think the meeting would be terrible to us, but I hope in the spring, or towards summer, you will be prevailed on to come over to me. At present I should think your best plan would be to travel about in parts of England you have not been, which would take you from the objects that would recall unpleasant recollections, be of service to your health, and dissipate your mind. I daresay Mrs. Weddell, who is fond of you, would do anything you pleased, and from having received comfort from you in *her* affliction, would be ready to administer it in yours. If you could prevail on yourself to see all your friends at first, I am sure it would save you many painful emotions; however, that must be according to your own feelings. I am glad to find that my brothers are kind and good. I am at

present in Dublin with Mrs. Moore, who is very good to me. Lady De Vesci is the only person I have seen besides. I am very impatient for Lord P's. return. I hope he will bring me a tolerable account of you.—God bless you, my dear.—Yours, C. P.

Lady Louisa Stuart from Lady Bute

Luton Park, 18th November 1794.

DEAR LADY LOUISA—It was inexpressible satisfaction to me to receive a letter in your own hand, as few people have had more trials than myself. I believe few have more sincerely participated of your but too just grief than I have. Believe me that one of the greatest pleasures of my life will ever be to shew regard to everything dear to *her*, who I valued as an own mother, and whose loss I as much feel, and when that object of her affection is as much esteemed by myself as you are, it is a double pleasure to be able to be of any use, and I beg you will remain in my apartment as long as it can be of any comfort to yourself, as I have no thought of London for this great while, and even if I had, I should think you doubted my affection if you would not permit me to offer you this small proof of it, as I am sure the great object of my Lord's life will be to contribute all in his power to the ease of yours.

I trust you know it has arisen from affection, and not from the want of it, that I have not before written to you, and from the same cause if I do not now often write, for, as in the present state of our minds there is

but one subject we can dwell on, my fear will be that, tho' kindly meant, it may not as much contribute to the recovery of your health and spirits as it would be intended to do, being ever, dear Lady Louisa, your truly affectionate C. J. Bute.

My young people beg to offer their most affectionate duty, and every kind wish to you.

CHAPTER XIII

LADY LOUISA STUART about this time settled into a home of her own at 108 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, Lord Bute sending her any pictures, *bric-à-brac*, and pieces of furniture that had been favourites of hers or her mother in South Audley Street. Many also of the Japan cabinets, brought by Lord Macartney on his return from China this year, found their way to the little drawing-room in Gloucester Place, which was henceforth for more than half a century to be the centre of a circle of devoted friends and relations, to whom the charm of Lady Louisa's conversation (notwithstanding in later years the drawback of her deafness) proved ever a great attraction.

She was at this period (1795) thirty-eight years of age, and no doubt at first felt the loneliness of her new life without the constant interest which the care and companionship of her mother had given her. Mrs. Wood, the old maid who came with her, is said to have been responsible for choosing the house in Gloucester Place.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

16th February 1795.

MY DEAREST LOUISA—I find, by a letter from Lady Macartney, you are now settled in town, and I hope you are more comfortable there than you expected; in short, my dear, you must take pains to get the better of your feelings, and try to be happy, or at least contented with your situation; and you will be so, for there is more in one's own power than one imagines when one is under the pressure of affliction, and I think one very powerful motive for exertion to you ought to be the consideration that if our dear parent could know what was going on, how much more satisfaction it would give her to see you enjoy yourself than giving way to a fruitless sorrow, which in some degree one must look upon as wicked, for have we not reason to be thankful and grateful that she was spared to us so long, and that her life was finished without pain or uneasiness, and with a full confidence of happiness in a future state? She has left you perfectly independent, therefore you can now live exactly in the manner that suits you; and you know one of your great subjects of uneasiness used to be being obliged to conform to her company-hours, etc., and not being sufficiently mistress of your own time; now you have it in your power to do as you please, and you ought to show your gratitude to God for the many blessings you still enjoy by showing a proper resignation to His will. How happy I should be if I could make you feel as I do on this subject, and that instead of pining your life away as

you have hitherto done, you would resolve to make the best of everything, to make yourself happy by trying to make every one else about you so, shutting your eyes to the faults and imperfections of your friends, and believing them to be only what you would wish them. I had a long and very sensible letter from Lady Lonsdale lately on this subject, and tho', from adopting the fashion too much in her sentiments, she certainly throws off all feeling in a great degree, yet I think her system a good one on the whole, which is to take every one as you find them, and not pry too narrowly into their defects, and as we are certainly kind to our own, we ought in charity to be so to others. Cheerfulness and good-humour are the chief qualities requisite in common acquaintance, but one must shew it in oneself, or one cannot expect it in others. You have a great many friends who are very valuable people, and who have a very sincere regard for you. This is to be reckoned an inestimable blessing, and it ought to be your peculiar care to keep them attached to you by appearing sensible of their value, and conforming yourself to their dispositions, as they who love one best may grow tired and *offended* at a constant dejection, which may make them think their attentions thrown away. I speak very freely to you, but what comes from the sincerest affection and the most ardent desire to see you happy ought not to displease, and the melancholy strain of your letters intimating the impossibility of your ever enjoying any comfort has urged me to say more than I intended, as I really have not patience with what you say on the subject. If you had been left destitute of family

fortune and friends what could you say more? I must then pronounce you ungrateful, and I hope reading this letter will produce the effect I wish.

God bless you, my dear, dear sister. Let what I have said sink deep into your mind, and let me have the happiness of thinking I have influenced you on a subject of so much importance.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LORD BUTE

Hill Street, 5th April 1795.

MY DEAREST SISTER—The key I gave you was of an old writing-box upon which I set an high value. This filled with old good-for-nothing articles, but to me, as well as to you, equally to be prized. I do not, however, send it until I receive your permission.

You seem to have forgotten your promise of taking whatever you like out of the other house.—Your ever affectionate brother, BUTE.

LORD PORTARLINGTON from LORD LONSDALE

Whitehaven Castle, 17th September 1795.

MY DEAR LORD—Your kind civility to me when in Ireland prompts me to take the liberty of requesting you to permit me to supply the place of those horses whose services you so obligingly assisted me with. I have taken the liberty of sending by my ship, the *Lonsdale*, five coach horses from my stud at Lowther. They are all broke in for the carriage or post chaise. Two of them are six years old, one five years old, and two of them four years old. You will greatly honor me by accepting of them.

I must intrude upon your Lordship for another favour, which is to desire Lady Portarlington to accept of a carpet (which I have sent by the same ship) made at Lowther of my own wool, and which I hope will be of dimensions for the drawing-room in your Lordship's new house in the country. I have sent my own groom to take care of the horses and carpet, and he will either be the bearer or forward this letter to your Lordship, and wait the receipt of your commands for the delivery of them.—I am, with great truth and regard, your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

LONSDALE.

I desire my compliments to Lady Portarlington and your young family.

Lord Macartney was sent early in January 1796 on a special mission to Louis XVIII. at Turin, to try and arrange the latter's Restoration. He thus describes the character of the actual government in France and of the aspirant to the throne in a letter written to his friend Sir George Staunton, who was then in China, where a second embassy under Lord Amherst had been at length despatched: "There are certain governments still remaining in Europe that are called despotic, but it contains no country where *tyranny* is actually exercised but France; and this is so well known to the tyrants themselves that they don't even affect to deny it, but attempt to obviate the charge by pretending that the present tyranny is a necessary vehicle for future liberty; but such impudent cant is now swallowed by nobody. I doubt much whether the French character is well suited to the republican form. Perhaps the monarchial, notwithstanding all objections, will be found the best for most nations, and

the French might certainly have it on a good model, but whether *they* will ever be wise enough for that I am not wise enough to know. If they are not, it will not be the fault of others, but their own, and they only are answerable for the continuance of the miseries of their country. Louis XVIII. has, I believe, as good an understanding, perhaps as much information, and certainly more virtue, than any of the five kings in the executive directory of Paris ; and adversity seems to have wrought the proper effect upon his mind, to have improved, and not exasperated him.

"He speaks of the principal persons concerned in the revolution without any appearance of rancour, and of the revolution itself with a degree of calmness and dispassion that one could scarcely expect. I own my favorable sentiments of him. I have seen him almost every day for these five months past, stripped of all those trappings which dazzle common minds, and have only to say that if I am imposed upon, he is the most consummate hypocrite that ever was born in purple."[1]

On all sides we read of rebellion and disorder, as we see in the following letter. Ireland was now in a state of mutiny : large numbers of the people had banded themselves together as so-called national guards, addressing each other in imitation of the French revolutionists as Citizens, and headed by one Matthew Dowling. Unhappily, all the differences, civil and religious, which already divided the country were brought in to intensify the ill feeling, and a civil war with all its attendant miseries was threatening the unhappy country. In this contingency large Yeomanry corps were formed throughout the island to protect the Government, and Lord Portarlington was given the command of the regiment raised in Queen's County. One gets a glimpse in these letters of the horrors

[1] See *Staunton Family*, p. 125.

of civil war as the soldiers become more ferocious, and less under the control of their officers. Abercromby gave them up in 1797 as being only formidable to their friends,[1] and in a general order intimated that execution would be made of every one caught plundering. There were some splendid exceptions, and Lord Portarlington's regiment appears to have done its duty, but even with it "no quarter" seems to have been the practice.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

Gloucester Place, 1st May 1796.

MY DEAR SISTER—I have been expecting a line from you or Lady Macartney impatiently for some days, I mean since I had yours of the 21st; that of the 26th is just now arrived. What you say of the state of affairs almost takes away the heart to congratulate you on the seeming attainment of an advantage. God grant it may prove one! My brother wrote me word of it last week, that is to say, of the place and the amount, but not its name, which, however, from your former letters I understood. I therefore longed for the confirmation from yourself. Were it a quiet time, it would be joyful news indeed. I was in hopes you would have taken some resolution about the Commission,[2] and therefore did not write again. Sir William Medows is far away, and not expected in town at all, nor do I know any military man to apply to, Colonel M.,[3] I daresay, knowing nothing of the trade of jobbing commissions, for jobbing it is. James,[4] or rather his adviser,

[1] See *Cornwallis Correspondence*, ii. p. 413.

[2] A commission in the army for Lord Carlow, who was then only fifteen years old.

[3] M'Leod probably.

[4] James Stuart Wortley, her brother.

Sir William Cunningham, does understand it, you may see by the proof, the former's second son and the latter's two cubs being Lieutenant-Colonels by twenty years old; not that I would wish to see Carlow so, for I think it very important he should learn to obey before he is put in a situation to command. All I have done, therefore, is to catechise James, and bring him as close to the point as possible, and this is his reiterated and repeated account. The regiment is a Highland one, raised by the Duke of Argyll for a Colonel Campbell. James Wortley was Lieutenant-Colonel, but by the last accounts they had from him, had changed (into a regiment ordered to the East Indies) in favour of young Craufurd, a natural son of Fish Craufurd's brother, whom Lady Mackenzie knows. James seems perfectly confident that he can manage both with Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, so that Carlow shall never be obliged to join, and, farther, insists that he can get him a lieutenancy in the same regiment very quickly for one hundred and fifty pounds more, and then you may pause and consider what measures to take for a company in some other by the time he is fit to join. The price for an ensigncy in quiet times is £500 in an old regiment, £400 in a new. James says it is not a regiment good for him to join at all, and if he was not sure of getting him leave of absence he would not propose his going into it. If it were a good one with an able officer at the head, let me frankly say his joining in a year might be the best thing that could happen to him, for strict garrison duty would educate him, to all intents and purposes, better than any academy in

Europe, and in a fine climate like the Cape be all one could wish; but, indeed, Lord Macartney's being there[1] is an objection. That the colonels of regiments can manage such matters is certain, because one Charles Stuart[2] of your acquaintance, who has been abroad these two years (and, by the bye, I never heard was designed for the army at all), has been almost as long one of the first lieutenants in his father's regiment, and James tells me the General (who, I must say, I did think, from principle, would have set his face against such proceedings) had contrived equally well for a son of Adams the lawyer, a lad with Carlow at Bonnycastle's, whom Carlow told me was meant for the E. I. Artillery. I said so, and James said "Ay, so they tell the boy." People are not such fools as to let boys of that age know more than they choose. Why, my brother James had no notion he was a lieutenant when he went to Mr. B's. But then, unluckily, "Lord Viscount Carlow" must observe his own name in the Gazette, while James Stuart might pass over his without any reflexion, being that of a thousand other people. However, James insists that Carlow ought to know nothing about it, or if he does, be told by his father at once, "I choose you should stay two years where you are, and let me hear no more about it." I can't understand how James should have influence with the Duke of York, unless thro' General Harcourt. I dropped a word, "Could not you or my brother Bute

[1] Lord Macartney was appointed in 1796 Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, but resigned on account of ill-health in December 1798.

[2] Her nephew, son of General Sir Charles Stuart.

perhaps get a commission for nothing?" "Why," said he, "General Harcourt asked the Duke for one last month, and he told him he had two hundred names on his list." So that your own interest in Ireland would be more likely to accomplish it, which, if we stand at all, must be improved by Lord Portarlington's situation. For my own part in the matter, my dearest Caroline, do not scruple accepting it from me. When I settled my business this winter, I placed two hundred pounds loose money in Exchequer Bills, to be ready at command (luckily, for the Stocks have so fallen since, getting out would be a bad affair), and there it is. Believe me, you are full as welcome to both for the commission as to one for the linen, and if you borrow it, it will prevent me sending you the latter this year. That will baulk me a little, but no matter if the object is really considerable. If I can lay hold of General Ross I will ask his opinion, and very good one, if he will speak out, but he is a cautious person who does not love to give any.

Tuesday.

I have delayed sending this till to-day, that I might ask General Ross, but I could only do it by note. Here is his opinion: "He thinks it a pity Lord Carlow should purchase a commission at any time, as one would probably be given for his family, etc., etc. (that's compliment); but in case it's thought advisable to purchase in the regiment at the Cape, he thinks it highly probable leave would be prolonged from time to time, but it could not with propriety be asked from the

Duke of York beforehand."[1] And now, my dear sister, your answer to this must fix something positive, for otherwise the commission may be gone. I end in haste; indeed, the state of your country frightens me terribly. God defend, preserve, and bless you.

The year 1797 opened gloomily in public affairs; disasters at sea, disorder at home; Ireland in a state of mutiny, with a foreign force daily expected on her shores, and suspension of specie payments in the Bank of England.[2]

"It was at this moment of gloom," to quote the able author of *Influence of Sea Power on History*, "deepening almost to despair, that the news of the naval battle of Cape St. Vincent (fought 14th February 1797) flashed across the otherwise unbroken darkness of the sky. It not only carried with it a hope of better things, of a turning tide, but it aroused that spirit of natural pride and well-grounded self-confidence, that moral force which is the chief support in a great trial of national endurance such as there lay before the British people."[3] In this victory the great names of Nelson, Collingwood, and Jervis were honourably united. The latter was created Earl of St. Vincent. From this time forward Nelson's victories throw a radiant light over the British fleet, redeeming their losses and blunders during the

[1] Lord Milton writes *apropos* of this to Lord Portarlington:—

MY DEAR PORTARLINGTON—I own to you I should prefer the Woolwich plan. I am perfectly jealous of the Bishop of Down for having thought of it first, and I have a strong reason the more for wishing it to be adopted, as I flatter myself I have some interest with Lord Cornwallis, and am sure I could easily get him to shew some favour to the little man in question, for that, after all, though he need not be told it, is his true name and description, and therefore your objection to this mode, as giving him too much liberty, and putting him too much on the footing of a man, has the less weight with me. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*

[2] See *Ann. Register*, 1797.

[3] See *Century Magazine*, February 1896.

first years of the Napoleonic war, and only culminating with the victory which cost the nation the life of her great captain at Trafalgar, 21st October 1805.

There are no letters in the early part of this year, but we imagine Lord and Lady Portarlington were mostly in Kildare and in Dublin, with occasional visits to Dawson Court, and that Lady Louisa was at her house in Gloucester Place, from where she dates the following letter to her sister in Ireland.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

Gloucester Place, Monday, 24th July 1797.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—I received yours and Lady Macartney's of the 12th at Lady Lonsdale's the beginning of last week, very fortunately before Mr. Aldrich's cargo was quite ready, so I sent to him directly to add another piece of chintz and another of yellow, and I have the pleasure to tell you the whole set out for Liverpool on Thursday last, that's to say, was delivered in the city that day, and you will have notice from the brokers when it sails.

But Mr. A. came to Fulham on purpose to remonstrate against putting up anything else with it, as he said the most trifling matter that was counterband would endanger the seizing of the whole, so we gave that up, for all the parcels are of a size to go in people's pockets, therefore it will be easy to send them, and some are already gone by one of the Agar young men.

I am glad you have a Custom-House friend, but if there is any duty to pay, I have already begged of

Lady Macartney to answer the demand for me, as you must receive it clear of expense. My canopy bed contains three breadths and a half of chintz in each of the curtains. The half-breadth is something in the nature of a gore, for it narrows towards the top, but not quite, for it never ends in a point; it comes next to the outside breadth. Of course, there is an equal quantity of lining in each curtain, and there are five breadths besides of lining made to hang full against the wall; for the length, the canopy being fixed to the cornice of the room, *that* depends on its height, the curtains just sweeping the ground an inch or two when let to fall straight. My bed is six feet long, and that I find rather too short for comfort; you had better make the couch seven. Then, of course, the part hanging against the wall must be a little wider. I have not *relined* the lining, for 'tis only show, to look like a tent, and need never be touched or worn out; the curtains are separate from it, but I think it would be better if they were just tacked together, which my upholsterer denied, that I might pay for seven or ten yards more narrow fringe, which was quite unnecessary.

Lady Lonsdale I left in very good spirits. I have half promised to go to her again for a little while before I go farther; but I was forced to come to town this week to pay bills and settle my affairs, pack up and put my house in order, for if I go a great way off, I shall stay a great while.

I have this minute had a letter from Lady Emily, from whom I have not heard this age (indeed, I am too bad a correspondent myself to expect her to be a

good one). She says you have writ' to her to make Mr. Bonnycastle[1] write to Lord Portarlington an account of Carlow, "which," she adds, "he did immediately; and, I conclude, mentioned that he thought him 'too liberally supplied with money.' He mentioned this to me, but I could not meddle on such a subject; the boy would have hated me, and, of course, they must be the best judges what they choose their son to spend."

I transcribe her words that you may have them exact. I think she might have told this *to me* before, but perhaps it has been since I saw her or heard from her.

I am too late for to-day's post, and 'tis so hot, I am tired and languid, which must excuse my very dull letter. I will get Lady Macartney's tooth brushes (if I can, for I can tell you 'tis no easy matter, they have got into the way of making them so hard here too) and a bit of binding for you, and send them to R—— in a day or two. Adieu! and God bless you. I shall write to her very soon.

Added Postscript.—Since I wrote this I have asked my maid, and she says the half-breadth is quite straight all the way, and not at all a gore.

One of Lord Bute's characteristic notes is inserted here to show the interest he always took in his sister and the rest of the family.

[1] The "coach" Lord Carlow was reading with at Woolwich.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LORD BUTE

Madrid, 17th February 1798.

MY DEAREST SISTER—I have long lived in hope that, according to your promise, I should have heard from you. I do not take your silence in bad part; it seems a defect in every branch of the family never to write, but, warmly interested in your welfare and happiness, I am anxious to know how you are and all particulars concerning you.

You may perhaps equally blame me for not writing to you. What, however, have I at any time to communicate from this country except my affection for you? Since the arrival of Frederick my own life has been rendered infinitely more comfortable. I at least enjoy peace and ease of mind—objects unknown for many years past—and withal good health. When you are in humour for composing, pray send me a full history of the whole family. If you have not heard it before, keep my secret, but has it reached you that our niece Mary[1] found means to captivate the boy Marquess of Carmarthen, that they were inseparable at Rome, and he afterwards followed her to Vienna? All happiness attend you, my dearest sister, which will constantly prove the sincere wish of your truly affectionate.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH from LADY LOUISA STUART

London, 21st February 1798.

YOUR kind remembrance, my dear Dutchess, has given me extreme pleasure. I never have had the *assur-*

[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 44.

ance to think *you* the person in fault, altho' I have found many reasons and causes to justify myself to my own mind. Indolence is (in the fashionable cant) the order of the day with me—that is, of every day and all day, and, according to its well-known custom, gets the better of every other inclination, so that I always find a lion in the path when a letter should be written, and never feel as if I had anything to say worth anybody's taking the trouble to read. I was very, very near writing to wish you joy of Lord Scott's[1] appearance, but delayed it from day to day, till I gradually lost sight of the intention. Lady Douglas I *did* write to, two days before you, and she wrote to me, but as I was teized into doing it by a third person, I shan't pretend to make it a merit. This much I am very sure of—I can, from my heart, return you your words, "it is not want of friendship and goodwill," with as much warmth and sincerity as I firmly believe you uttered them. That kindness and that society which made the charm of a great part of my life left impressions never to be effaced, tho' time and events have cast a shade of melancholy over them that often disposes me rather to shrink from the recollection than indulge it.

I was truly glad of an event so pleasant to you as the birth of Lord Dalkeith's son, and hope Lady Dalkeith is now quite recovered from the complaints that followed her lying-in. I don't know whether to condole with you or congratulate you on the destruction

[1] George Henry Lord Scott, the grandson of the Duchess of Buccleuch, born 2nd January 1798, died, in his eleventh year, 1st March 1808. This was the promising "youthful Baron" mentioned in Scott's famous lines to Mr. Morritt in *Marmion*.

of East Park,[1] for you were so overstocked with houses in that part of the world that one less might be no bad circumstance; but a fire can hardly ever be otherwise than frightful, and as the building was there, I suppose you made some use of it. I forget whether (*in my time*) the menagerie was there or at the other. I hope it was now at the latter, and you lost as little as possible besides the mansion.

Lady Mary and Lady Caroline were so kind as to call here yesterday, and I so unlucky as to miss them, which really fretted me; but I shall soon try to find them at home, and hear further particulars of you all. They will find this a dull winter for amusements, I fancy, the times being too serious to encourage gayety, and the publick demands too urgent to admit of expense. Does Lady Courtown still remain in Ireland? I hope she is in a quiet part of it. The state of that country is very frightful indeed. I cannot say Lady Macartney's account of it gives me any comfort. Lord Portarlington's own demesnes have never been attacked, but the country in general has been declared in a state of disturbance, and put under military law at the request of the gentlemen, who were worn out with sitting up armed every night for weeks together. My sister is now gone to Dublin. Alas! what will all this end in? A few French landing there would, I fear, have the worst consequences, the savage and lawless spirit of the people making them naturally democrates, without knowing the *doctrines* of the sect. Lady Macartney brought over with her my sister

[1] For description of East Park see *ante*, vol. i. p. 130.

Caroline's second son, the boy whose feet were so much turned inwards; they are now astonishingly well, and he is gone to Winchester School. This gives hopes for the others, three more having the same defect—two boys and the youngest girl. I am sorry you don't come up this winter, tho', after all, for my own part I lose but little, our distance of place in London allowing so few glimpses of each other. You will say that was my fault for settling in the Portman Square district, but without a carriage I should not find Grosvenor Square much nearer to Whitehall. Pray remember me to the Duke and Lady Elizabeth. I wonder whether I shall ever see Dalkeith again! The vision passes before my eyes very often, but I know not when I shall have resolution to realize it. Whether I do or not, however, I shall always feel the same attachment and the same gratitude for your unchanging kindness.—Yours, my dear Dutchess, most sincerely and affectionately,

L. Stuart.

P.S.—Now we have broke the ice, do let us say a word to one another now and then.

I shall answer Lady Douglas very soon.

Viscount Carlow from Lord Portarlington

Dublin, 21st February 1798.

My dear John—As I think it time for you to begin in the army, I have agreed for an ensigncy in the 20th Foot, of which Colonel Champagné[1] of

[1] Colonel, afterwards General Forbes Champagné, was the eldest son of the Dean of Clonmacnoise, who had married Marianna, eldest daughter of Colonel Isaac Hamon of Portarlington, and had five sons and five daughters, one of

Portarlington is Lieut.-Colonel, and Charles D—— a Lieutenant; it is recruiting with the suplementary militia, and by that means cannot leave Europe. As I hope you will make the army your profession, I have thought it best for you to go into the Foot service as the most instructive; you may change hereafter if you like the Cavalry better. I intend, however, that you should remain six months longer with Mr. Bonnycastle, . . . which I hope you will make the best use of to obtain information.

You will have heard before now, I suppose, that your great-uncle, Lord Dorchester, is dead.

I am now attending Parliament, and expect your mama and sisters in town in a few days. Henry went over with Lady Macartney on his way to Winchester School. The Queen's County has been for some time past disturbed by banditti going about the country to rob houses of arms, and it is now proclaimed by Government in a state of disturbance, and subject to the restrictions of the Act. . . . We are very thankful to Colonel and Lady Emily M'Cloud for their kindness to you, and hope you are attentive to them, and profit by being often in good company, which is a great advantage to a young person. Let me hear from you soon.—Your affectionate father,

PORTARLINGTON.

whom married Lord Paget, and was the mother of the Field-Marshal Lord Anglesey. Another of the Dean's sons, Josias, was Governor of Ceylon in 1799.

The Duchess of Buccleuch from Lady Louisa Stuart

Gloucester Place, 31st May 1798.

My dear Dutchess—The date of your last reproaches me heavily, but I will waste no paper in apologies. I take this fit time to write, when I have just been at the prettiest entertainment possible in your house. I expected it would feel very strange, and something like melancholy, not to see you, the Duke, etc., but *you might have been there* for aught I knew; and as I went with Mrs. Weddell, who loves and understands pictures and all the other fine things your rooms are filled with, her delight in examining them took away my attention from the company. It certainly is a sight that strikes one with surprise, after being used to the frippery of common furniture, and so different from anything else in London, that, without having in the least an old-fashioned air, it seems the remains of a better age. I just saw and shook hands with your daughters, and then the crowd eclipsed them. The crowd itself was gay and pretty, and those who have real beauty are wonderfully distinguished by the present dress. I fear one must add those who have real youth, for if you did see the old brown faces in black wigs! the yellow necks set forth to view! and the transparent dresses that leave you certain there is no chemise beneath! the fault of the reigning fashion when carried to its extreme, even for the youngest and handsomest, is, to say the truth, *indecency*. Not that it shows so much more

than people have done at many other times, but that it both shows and covers, in a certain way, very much answering certain descriptions our precious neighbours the French used to give in their instructive novels. The figures one meets walking in the street with footmen behind them are exactly what Crebillon would have painted lying on a sopha to receive a lover. And in a high wind! Men's clothes outright would be modesty in comparison. Don't imagine me an old maid growling at the young people, for some of the most remarkable statues in wet drapery are very fully *my* contemporaries at least.

Saturday, 2nd June.

Since I began, the increasing bad accounts from Ireland have almost put everything else out of my head. Good God! what will become of that wretched country? Downright war, however, is a certainly better state of things, and, strange to say, a safer than that they have been in this half year; but the French *may* come any one of these days, and then scarce a hope remains. Otherwise, were the Rebellion once crushed, it might restore order and security. I have not heard from my sister for some time, and have no particular reason to be uneasy at her silence, because she said she would not write till she could tell me certainly whether she should pay me a visit here or not; yet at present the reports of every day make one so anxious that one cannot help thinking of all possible difficulties and dangers, especially as it was her plan to go into the country the end of May, and Dublin now seems the only safe place. She has long talked of coming to

England this summer, if practicable—that is, in plain English, if there are *the means;* and as a lodging is not only a most uncomfortable but a most expensive expedient, I have proposed to lodge her and her three daughters in this house as long as she likes to stay in London. But, alas! I do not wish to see her an emigrant. I heard last night by chance that Lady Courtown was arrived in Dublin. All this will shorten my letter, which I began with some disposition to make like those of old days. I saw the Douglas boys at Lady Caroline's breakfast, and thought them much improved. I am very sorry to hear so indifferent an account of Jane,[1] to whom perhaps a winter in the country, or, to be more exact, a winter *out* of London and its hours, is an advantage, for balls have flourished as much as if all was peace and plenty. Poor Lady Lucy was certainly very unhealthy, and it is likely her children may not have good constitutions. Adieu! my dear Dutchess. I can tell you no news to-day farther than you will see in last night's *Extr. Gazette*, which was far from agreeable; yet they seem to have no head or fixed plan, and if the French do not step in, all may end well. God grant it! My love to all at Dalkeith.—Ever yours most affectionately,

L. Stuart.

Lady Portarlington, on the breaking out of the memorable Irish Rebellion in May 1798, accepted her sister's invitation to occupy her house in London, and she remained there six weeks.

[1] Afterwards Lady Montagu.

The following letters were written to her by her husband during the campaign. Lord Portarlington gave his personal services in the field, acting as Colonel of the Queen's County Militia. He and his wife were destined never to meet again; a neglected chill, brought on by exposure while camping out, turned to inflammation and proved fatal the following November.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Strabane, 30th June 1798.

IT is a great comfort to know that you are happy among your friends in London, instead of being exposed to alarms at home. The rebels made an attempt to get into the Queen's County lately, but were completely repulsed by Sir Charles Asgill [?], but not before they had burnt Lady Ormonde's town house at Castlecomer, which was very well furnished, had a good library, some good pictures, and her service of plate. Some of our own corps of Yeomanry were in the action, but none of mine. Young Higgins has behaved so well that Sir Charles has made him his Brigade Major.

Your account of Carlow is very pleasing, and I suppose, as he is tired of Woolwich, it will be best for him to join his regiment the 26th of July, which day he has leave to. The agents of the regiment, Ross and Ogilvie, I believe, can give him information about making up his regimentals, and about sword, hat, etc., etc., which must be according to the King's order. Officers have a soldier allowed them for servant, which might serve him. But I should wish that when money and opportunity offered that he could get a lieutenancy

of Dragoons, as Champagné is now lost to the regiment.

It is charming to hear that Henry's feet improve as well as his person; send me his account of what he is reading at school, and where the master proposes to place him. How are the girls liked? Since I have been here I have suffered much from my asthmagh. I waked about four in the morning with an oppression of my breast and a violent wheesing, which continues while I lye in bed, and makes me cough all the time. I fear I am breaking up. Get advice from some good physician, and send me his full directions what to do.

Write to me as often as you can spare time, as it will be a great relief to me in country quarters, but don't expect much in return, for we have no news in this quarter, which perhaps you will say is best news; but I hope Lord Cornwallis will bring us together in larger bodies, more in the nature of active service. Adieu! my love.—Your PORTARLINGTON.

Omagh,[1] 12th July 1798.

I AM glad to find, my love, that you wish to be at home, and that you think it the most comfortable place, but I cannot yet promise you that you can return so soon as you mention, for tho' the root of the Rebellion seems to be cut up, yet we cannot answer for events without a little further experience. Many of our statesmen, I find, blame Lord Cornwallis's proclamation for pardon; he does not, I am told, consult the old

[1] County Tyrone.

cabinet, and acts merely by his military cabinet.[1] We remain quiet here, and people only intent on their farming and manufactures, which are both flourishing in a great degree. I spent a fortnight at Strabane, and am now come back to reside here. My asthmagh is much better. My difficulty of breathing in bed lasted but a few days, and was occasioned, perhaps, by the closeness of the weather. I shall observe your directions, but wish in earnest you would get advice from a physician what I am to do to prevent it increasing.

I think with you that Carlow had better stay a little longer with Mr. Bonnycastle, till his half year is out, which will be the latter end of August, for which he may get leave. If he joins his regiment then, he should stay at quarters to learn his business, and not to lead an idle life on recruiting. If, in the interim, he could get into the Dragoons, so much the better, as Col. Champagné is separated for ever from the 20th.

The master at Winchester has treated Henry very ill to keep him so backward, and you will direct Henry, as soon as he is settled at school, to let you know where the master has placed him at school, and what books he reads. If he has an inclination for the sea, I think I would not baulk it, but then he should go immediately, or it will be too late. He would have learnt more Latin if he had continued with Mr. Bourdage.

I am glad Lord Dorchester is ordered back, as you

[1] Lord Cornwallis, on assuming the command in June, told the Prime Minister, "It shall be one of my first objects to soften the ferocity of our troops, which I am afraid, in the Irish corps at least, is not confined to the private soldiers."—*Lord Cornwallis's Memoirs and Correspondence.*

said that his health was not very good. Paine acquaints me that the hay is very forward, and that he has got home 1400 of good turf. Adieu, for the present.—Your P.

VISCOUNT CARLOW from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Omagh, 4th August 1798.

MY DEAR JOHN—I find you cannot obtain leave of absence beyond the 19th inst., so you will be ready to act by the time this reaches you. When you join, immediately wait on the commanding officer of the regiment, and attend the duty of the regiment constantly, and avoid recruiting if you can, as it will be better to remain with the regiment for instruction; besides, recruiting is a business of great risk, and as you are young, unless you should have a serjeant of more honesty than one generally meets with, you may lose considerably by him, and by desertion also. Make a friend of your field officer if he is a good sort of man, as he will in that case instruct and advise you.

It will be proper for you to live at the regimental mess, where you will live cheap, and not be subject to drink too much, which I hope you will be very careful about, and about other matters; for any excesses at an early age weaken and depress the body and mind ever after. Write to me in a few days after you get to quarters.—Your ever affectionate father,

PORTARLINGTON.

Give my compliments to Mr. Bonnycastle, and beg he will accept my thanks for his care and attention to you while under his tuition.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Donegal, 3rd September 1798.

NO material news yet. This day Lord Cornwallis, with 10,000 picked men, is to attack the enemy—in number about 1500, with 7000 rebels joined to him at Killala.[1] I expect to remain in this town, as I have received directions to send 150 men to Killybegs, a harbour west of this place, where an enemy might land. Adieu, my love.—Your P.

Donegal, 5th September 1798.

THERE is nothing decisive done yet in Mayo. I find that Lord Cornwallis was encamped on the 2nd inst. at Tuam, about thirty miles from the French. This precaution and delay in subduing 1500 French seems to me most extraordinary. I am afraid that the body of rebels has augmented. It must give great confidence to our enemies, at home and abroad, that such a small number of troops landed in this country has caused so great an alarm to Government. I received an express last night to acquaint me that a reinforcement of troops from England is sent to be landed at Killala, or wherever they are wanted in this great Bay. We have now three ships of the line and five frigates in it. As the French seem so intent on making experiments to land troops in this country, I am afraid I shall be obliged to stay with the regiment

[1] Towards the middle of August General Humbert landed at Killala Bay, in Connaught, with about 1000 French soldiers. He defeated the British forces at Castlebar, and almost succeeded in reaching the Irish capital before he was intercepted by Lake.

great part of the winter. There is a very good sulphurous water here, like the Harrogate. I am profiting of the opportunity, and I drink it, as I think it may correct my blood, and prevent a return of that sort of irruption I had some time ago. There is a tolerable pleasant society of water drinkers here, with whom we mix and mess, and have our game of Casino every evening with some agreeable pretty women, which is a lucky *rencontre* in this wild and remote corner of the Island.

Adieu, my love. I hope I shall have better news to communicate when I next write, tho', in fact, you will hear everything in London almost as soon as I shall here, as we have no direct communication with the army.—Your P.

Sligo, 12th September 1798.

WHEN I wrote to you last from Donegal I believe I informed you that I was ordered to Enniskillen. I proceeded by the way of Ballyshannon, and then received orders to go back to Omagh, but just as I was setting out, received fresh orders to proceed to this place. I arrived here last night with the battalion companies of my regiment, amounting to about four hundred and fifty men, and wait here for orders. I received indeed this evening orders from General Champagné to return to Omagh, if no particular service required me here, but as I understand, notwithstanding the late victory over the French army, the country remains very rebellious between this town and Killala, where the French landed, I have offered

to General Moore to co-operate with him if he thinks it necessary to settle that part of the country. This town was deserted five days ago when the French were within five miles of it; but they turned off towards the county of Cavan, and were very near giving Lord Cornwallis's army the slip, in which case they would get before him to Dublin, joined, I believe, by a strong body of rebels, who were ready to receive them on their way, and in Dublin their generals were very able, and know the country better than ours, whom they laughed at, and with reason, for suffering them to make such a progress. I have seen some of their wounded prisoners here, who abuse the rebels for not acting with more spirit than they did. I think it most likely I shall march back to Omagh to-morrow morning. I have heard from you since I informed you that I was ordered to Omagh.—Your P.

Sligo, 19th September 1798.

I REMAIN here in suspense in regard to my motions. The country is yet in the hands of the rebels between this town and Killala, and I wait the orders of General Trench, who is near the latter place, who will acquaint me if the co-operation of the troops under my command here is necessary; if not, I shall move to Enniskillen. Within these few days two hundred and fifty French have landed from a small vessel on the west coast of Donegal, with arms and ammunition, but finding that the landing at Killala had not the effect they wished, they went off again. They said that four French 74-gun ships and several frigates

had left France before them for this kingdom with troops and arms, which force, I suppose, will be on this coast in a few days, if not taken by our fleet. Of that I see little chance, for it prevents at no time an invasion of this wretched country. I think we shall probably have a winter campaign, for the French, since they find it so easy to send troops, will throw them in at every convenient opportunity, and the body of Roman Catholics will join them, for they are totally alienated from the existing Government of the country, and firmly resolved to destroy it if possible, and to put themselves under the protection of France. A great English force is arrived in this kingdom, so that I think we shall be a match for them at any rate, but I believe that the country must be fought for, as it was at the end of the last century.

This is a very pleasant, picturesque country, but my time is so much taken up with the business of my command in this town that I have little time to enjoy it. I have had no letter from you since I informed you from Omagh of my being ordered to march to Donegal, except one which you wrote before you received that letter.

Adieu, my love. By next post I hope to give you more satisfactory news.—Your P.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH from LADY LOUISA STUART

Gloucester Place, 16th September 1798.

YOUR letter, my dear Dutchess, which I was much hurt I could not answer by return of post, found me

just come to town, and just purposing to thank you for a former one received, I am ashamed to say how long ago. Your kindness in writing again, and on such an occasion, is the greater. Believe me, I feel it sensibly, and no one can rejoice more truly at any event that is interesting to you. I have heard Lord Home[1] by chance mentioned as "a fine young man." I wish I had merely seen him, in order to form some picture in my mind (as one wants to do of a place where one's friends are to live). May he prove everything that can give happiness to Lady Elizabeth and comfort to you! I have been out of the way of all uncles and aunts for some time, unless, indeed, one of yours, Lady Mary Bowlby, from whom I was glad to hear that Courtown[2] did not suffer such total destruction as was said, though, alas! to have the walls standing is but a poor alleviation. My sister is with me here at present, and desires me to assure you, with her kindest love, that she most sincerely participates in your joy, and ever will do so, tho' there is so little chance at present of your meeting soon again. Not but if she stays the winter in London, I trust you may have a glimpse of each other. Whether she will do so is uncertain. Lord Portarlington and she, to be honest, are not particularly apt to be steady in their determinations, and if they were, the times would hardly allow any fixed resolution. I want her to stay, not merely from the womanish motives of wishing for her company, etc., but from thinking it so probable the French may

[1] Alexander, tenth Earl of Home, married, 1798, Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duchess of Buccleuch.

[2] Courtown in Wexford, the Irish mansion of the Duchess's daughter, was sacked by the rebels.

repeat the same little harassing experiment of throwing in a small force here and there, that women had better be out of the way. To excuse myself for not writing before, I must tell you that she and her three daughters were my lodgers for six weeks by night, the rest of the children commonly here all day, so that there was not much leisure or, in truth, much *space* to sit down and write. We parted the beginning of August, she to go to Lady Macartney in Surrey, and I to Mrs. Weddell in Kent, from whence I went to Lady Emily Macleod. In a small house that is *not* one's own writing is still a more difficult matter, and after many attempts I put it off till my return home. We are now all together, and shall remain so till Lady Macartney brings the young children to town, when my sister will move with all into Lady Carhampton's house in Hill Street, which is lent her till she makes some more fixed arrangement. I do not like her going back to Ireland at all. You say nothing of Lady Douglas in your last, which I hope signifies that all goes on well there. I am sorry you think there is any tendency to weakness of health in Jane. Her mother was the same *quiet* character; but, indeed, *she* was far from healthy, as it proved. You would like my nieces, I think. They are playful, innocent girls, young of their age, and perfectly good-tempered. The youngest promises to be handsome. All are very dark, but with good complexions. Lord Portarlington's house and estate have not directly suffered, tho' many towns and places in his neighbourhood were nearly destroyed. At this time I don't think a long letter would do you any good, and I

must not be too late for the post a second time. Adieu! then, my dear Dutchess. Say everything that is kind to Lady Elizabeth, who, I hope, will be as happy as I wish her, and remember me affectionately to the Duke and all the rest of the family.—Ever most truly yours,

L. STUART.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Foxford,[1] 28th September 1798.

MY LOVE—I gave a letter to you to a gentleman last Monday to put in the Post Office of Boyle.[2] As it may not have reached you, I will recapitulate the circumstances of my march. General Trench having ordered me to meet him on a day and hour specified, before Ballina,[3] where he expected resistance from the rebels, I left Sligo with a column, consisting of my own regiment and two field-pieces, one troop of the 24th Dragoons, and four Yeomanry corps. The first evening, as I was riding with a troop of horse at some distance before the Infantry, our advanced guard gave the alarm, and we found the rebels advancing on us at a very short distance. I left the horse to skirmish, and rode back to join my men, which having done, and advanced, the rebels retreated soon, and we encamped for the night on the first advantageous ground. I say encamped, but we had no tents, and lay under the stone walls and ditches. The next morning, six miles from Ballina, the rebels appeared again in considerable force, under two French officers, when I

[1] County Mayo. [2] County Roscommon. [3] County Mayo.

again formed my line and advanced to meet them. But the French officers, probably not liking to meet the regularity and spirit of our attack with their dastardly band of rebels, and afraid of being surrounded from the movements of my cavalry and the rapid march of my light company under Captain Warburton on my left flank, gave way, and we could only overtake and kill between two and three hundred of their rear. We lay all night on the field of battle under incessant rain, and next morning reached Ballina, which I found evacuated. I here met General Trench, also coming into the town, and he ordered me to proceed at the head of his column to Killala, to which place the rebels had returned. As we approached the town they fired on us, and sent word they were determined to defend it, on which the General ordered my regiment to storm it on one side, while the Kerry regiment did the same on the other. The rebels made no effectual resistance, and we easily got possession of the town, but under such circumstances as would have shocked you to see, and it was difficult to prevent the soldiers from putting every one to death, the innocent as well as the guilty. We found the Bishop and his family all well. We returned after the affair to Ballina, where I received orders the next day to proceed to this town, which was reported to be in the hands of the rebels. I, however, found it evacuated, and have not been disturbed by them since my arrival. I hope a few days more will settle this country, when I have orders to proceed to Enniskillen, and from thence to Cavan, to Belturbet, where I suppose we shall be left

to rest ourselves after our fatigues. The regiment has to a man acted with the most perfect bravery and zeal for the King's service, and it has been a high gratification to me to have had such men to lead. Indeed, the yeomanry of my little brigade behaved the same, and the activity and the attention shown to my orders by the gentlemen commanding those corps made my command very pleasant.

This is the most horrid place you can conceive, a wretched little town built amongst rocks; and of eighteen officers none have beds but the major and myself; the rest lay on straw in the church, and on the floor of a wretched house that we have taken possession of. Notwithstanding the fatigue and wet, I am perfectly well, with exception of my asthma, which oppresses me every morning when I get up. I have taken a box of the pills prescribed by your doctor, but with no sensible effect.

The situation of the country and towns I have passed through is most deplorable—the corn left on the ground, and the houses of loyal men plundered and wrecked, and what the rebels have spared the army has destroyed. They consider everything as fair plunder, and we have the utmost difficulty in curbing their licentiousness; but it is the same, I suppose, on all like occasions.

The leisure which I have in this place during bad weather enables me to enter into this detail. I found the eldest Fortescue prisoner at Killala; he had received a shot in the forehead, but was recovered. His brother, the parson, was killed. Every gentleman's

house in this side of Mayo is destroyed, among whom are Lord Lucan's, Lord Tyrawley's, his nephew Col. Jackson's, Mr. Dennis Brown's, etc., etc. I hear the French fleet are out, so perhaps we may have a more formidable enemy to oppose.

Foxford, 30th September 1798.

I HAVE just received a letter from Carlow to say he has an opportunity to get a lieutenancy in his regiment, so I wish you would immediately get £150 Eng. on your credit from Latouche, and lodge it for that purpose at his regimental agent. It is very lucky to get the promotion so soon in the same regiment. The money must be lodged immediately, as two ensigns below him have lodged their money, and will get it if he does not do the same. I hope in a few days to get out of this disagreeable place. Direct to me to Enniskillen.—Your P.

VISCOUNT CARLOW from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Foxford, 30th September 1798.

MY DEAR CARLOW—I shall with pleasure advance the money for your lieutenancy, which it is a very fortunate circumstance that you have an opportunity of getting so soon in the 20th. Write immediately to your mother in London, who will lodge the money for you.

Since I wrote to you last I have been actively engaged with the rebels, when I had the satisfaction to see my regiment to a man behave with the utmost bravery. I led a column from Sligo to Ballina to meet

General Trench before that town. I was attacked each day of the march by the rebels, but who retreated as soon as I had formed my line and sent on my Cavalry and flank companies to join their flank. We killed about 300 of them. We are obliged to sleep in the open fields each night, having no camp equipage with us. The third day I met the General at Ballina, which we found evacuated, and proceeded to Killala, where the rebels had retired. Finding them resolved to defend the town, the General ordered my regiment to lead the assault upon it, which they did with very great spirit, and we soon got possession of it. Till this part of the country is quite settled General Trench keeps me to mind this part. I expect in a few days to move to Enniskillen.—Your most affectionate father,

PORTARLINGTON.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Ballyshannon,[1] 6th October 1798.

AFTER my return to Sligo from Killala I was prepared the day before yesterday to set off for Enniskillen, and so to my quarters at Cavan, when I suddenly received orders to march to this place to secure it, as ten ships supposed to be French were seen off the coast of Donegal. I came here accordingly, but have heard nothing of the French since I arrived, so suppose they were English, otherwise the French would have landed probably before this time. A French fleet, however, appears to be out, so if they are not taken by

[1] On the mouth of the Erne, Donegal Bay.

ours, suppose they will land somewhere on this coast. My regiment appears now to be in requisition to march wherever an enemy is to be found. Colonel Sparrow is here also with the chief part of the Essex Fencibles. In regard to your coming over this autumn, I should think, if you can contrive to spend the winter in England without much expense, it will be best for you to remain there, as I shall be obliged to stay mostly with my regiment, for we shall be subject to frequent alarms of invasion, and there are gangs of banditti in the County of Wicklow who make inroads towards our county. If you adopt that plan, the house in Kildare St. should be given up, but write to me fully your determination immediately; perhaps, if there is no immediate danger apprehended here about Christmas, I might be able to go once to you for a few weeks. I think the boys will be best fixed at Enniskillen School. It is unlucky that you insisted on bringing them up from Emo. It will be expensive and inconvenient sending them over now. If you do not come, perhaps you might fix them at some little cheap school at London, or Bath, if you go there, till you come over yourself. If you should decide for remaining in England, it will be time enough next spring to send over the stoves for the hall. If you get them new, I think those with *vases* look best. I have just now received your letter of the 28th Sept. As you find it too expensive educating the girls in London, perhaps, notwithstanding what I have said in the former part of this letter respecting the times, you had better come over. With the great force now in Ireland, the country must be quiet, to

which our naval victory in the Mediterranean[1] will contribute. It is likely to be fine weather now, so you had best make use of it, and come over to me. I had a letter this day from Mr. Bourdage.[2] He mentions yours, and as he despairs of finding a house so agreeable to him as ours, wishes that I would give him a farm at a moderate rent for the first years of the lease. He imagines we have some subject of *mécontentement* toward him by dismissing him.

Ballyshannon, 8th October 1798.

I have just received orders to move to Donegal, so stand a chance of being fixed on this dreary coast during winter to watch the motions of the French. We want, however, a place of rest to refit, as the regiment is in a very naked condition—cloathes and necessaries damaged in the expedition into Connaught, from which we did not bring back one hat. I hope, however, that Nelson's victory will have good effects in making our people more quiet at home, and the enemy less enterprising. Write to me at Donegal. I suppose you will decide now on coming over.—Your

PORTARLINGTON

Donegal, 20th October 1798.

THE French fleet has been defeated off this coast before they could land any troops.[3] Three of their frigates which escaped lay for thirty-six hours in this

[1] The battle of the Nile, in August 1798.

[2] Apparently a bailiff that Lord Portarlington wished to dismiss, but afterwards kept on to live in the house and superintend the property while the family were away.

[3] French fleet defeated by Sir J. Borlase Warren.

bay repairing their damages. Probably they have also been since taken. As all alarm is over for the present, I expect a change of quarters in a few days, as this is not a place to refit in, which we much want. I have escaped colds very well, but as my asthmatic complaint has increased considerably, I have tried your doctor's prescription, but without any effect. I am now going to try G——d's vegetable balsam, but I am afraid there is no effectual cure for an asthma except eating well, so if you can find a cheap French cook such as we had formerly, bring him over in your suite. I have not yet been able to go to Castle Archdall, tho' six weeks moving about it. I expect to get there soon for a few days, and shall look at Enniskillen School.—Yours, PORTARLINGTON.

P.S.—The French fleet had, I hear, 6000 men to land, besides great quantity of ammunition and arms, so the victory is a most signal one for this country, and will, it is hoped, give us a quiet winter. I wish you would bring over a housemaid or two, as they are so much cleaner than those of this country.

Donegal, 22nd October 1798.

AS you seem resolved about spending the winter in England, I shall say no more about it, and shall write this post to Kemmis to say we shall give up the house. I must try to get leave to go to town to remove my things.

Certainly, as I said before, if you do not like living in Dublin till next summer, you had better remain where you are, as the country, I think, is not safe till

Holt's[1] banditti is entirely destroyed in Wicklow, which I see no symptoms of, though I hope the French spirit of invasion is now turned by the late failure. As you will probably settle at Bath, I think it best for you to put the boys to some cheap school there for the time you stay. I wish I could go over to you for a short time, and I should be glad of an opportunity to consult about my health.

Let me know your thoughts about Mr. Bourdage, and what terms I shall dismiss him on, which I should be glad to do when I go up to town about the house.

Direct to me at Donegal, for I see no signs of going yet into other quarters.—Your P.

Donegal, 29th October 1798.

I AM on the wing again in consequence of information that the French have landed troops again at Killala. I am directed to take possession of this important post, to break down the bridge and defend it, if the enemy should point this way. I am not quite sure if the French are landed; however, I must wait here the event. These continual alarms, which I am afraid will last all winter, make me think you should remain in England, for I may not have it in my power to be with you at home. I have therefore wrote to Kemmis to give up the house, and you may now settle yourself for the winter, for let this decision be final, and if opportunity should offer I will go over to join you for two or three weeks.

[1] This bandit had at one time, between May and November, as many as 1000 followers, but a reward of £300 being offered he surrendered to the Government in November and "gave much information."

If you can fix the boys in any school for the time you stay, it would answer best, unless I can get over to you, in which case I would bring them back.

Adieu, for the present. I hope I may give you more comfortable news next post.—Your P.

Ballyshannon, 3rd November 1798.

I HAD the pleasure of hearing this day from Mrs. Moore that the boys are safely arrived. I have written to her to send them down immediately to Enniskillen, and shall settle them there myself. My regiment was brought here on account of the French ships seen in Killala Bay, and I was directed to take the command here, and to defend this post, a very important one, in case the French advanced from Sligo. But the ships have gone off, and all apprehension of their being able to land on this coast is over, at least for the present. My winter quarters are fixed for Aughnacloy,[1] near Dungannon, and I expect to get a route for it every day. I shall pass through Enniskillen, and shall have an opportunity of seeing the boys, and passing, I hope, a few days at Castle Archdall.

Direct your next letter to me at Aughnacloy, County of Tyrone.—Your P.

VISCOUNT CARLOW from LADY PORTARLINGTON

Thursday, 8th November 1798.

MY DEAR CARLOW—I received your letter yesterday just after I had got to Came, and should be

[1] County Tyrone.

delighted if it was possible for you to be here for a little while, but I would not have you ask leave of absence if it is not thought right, as you have been so little a while with your regiment. As to the expense of it, if you did come I think you should make your horse bring you. I hope you wrote to thank Mr. Damer for his goodness in asking you to come.

I do not wonder you should be surprised at my having any thoughts of returning to Ireland after all that has passed, but the truth is I grow tired of every place *that is not home*, and I am sure your father had rather have us in Ireland; therefore I shall most likely go there when I leave this; in the meantime I am very happy here, as I think [it] a most agreeable place, and Mr. and Mrs. Damer so good to us. I had intended sending William and Annie to a lodging at Weymouth, but they insisted on keeping them here. Henry I have left with Lady Macartney, and George and Lionel (I told you in my last) are gone to Ireland. They went by the stage to Parkgate, and after I had sent them I was miserable for fear some accident should happen to them either by sea or land; however, they got safe to Dublin, though they were two days at sea. I hope they will soon be settled at Enniskillen School. I shall stay here a month or six weeks. Adieu, my dearest son. Your sisters are bad girls that they do not write to you, but lately their time has been taken up with drawing; they have had Paine to instruct them. I am much obliged to you for enquiring about Doctor Taylor. I wish poor Annie's foot was as well as William's. Did I tell you that she has found her

tongue and chatters very fast?—Ever your affectionate mother, C. PORTARLINGTON.

I was going to put up my letters without ever mentioning the subject I chiefly wished to write about, which was the Lieutenancy. I can assure you the moment I received your father's letter about it, which was more than a month ago, I wrote to Messrs. Ross and Oglivie, and told them the money should be ready to pay the purchase whenever there was one to be sold, and their answer was that there was none at that time to be sold in the regiment, and that I might depend upon being informed of it by them the moment there was one; therefore, I think you had better let it remain so, as they will understand settling about it better than you will, and you can desire no more than to have it purchased as soon as there is one to be sold. Make yourself easy about it.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LORD PORTARLINGTON

Aughnacloy, 13th November 1798.

MY regiment arrived in these quarters some days ago, and I yesterday, having stayed behind to put the boys at school, and to see my sister.[1] I left the boys in very good spirits, and likely, I think, to be well taken care of in every particular. The state of this country having prevented Dr. Burrowes from establishing his school, he has at present but two boys besides ours, a son of Dr. Little's and a son of Mr.

[1] Married to Colonel Archdall of Castle Archdall.

Beresford's, who was brought from Eton to be placed there. Mrs. Archdall will be so good as to take them at Christmas. You do not tell me what you have done about Henry. Ephraim Stannus wants to know the name of the Director of the E.I. Company to whom you recommended his son, as he has a friend of some consequence in London who would co-operate in the business. *Apropos* of the E.I. Company, Lord Belmore told me yisterday, when I went to see his house, that they have great quantities of India muslin laid-up in stores, as they cannot dispose of them well till the war is over, when they would get seven shillings per yard for them, but at present the muslins might be bought from them for half a crown, or, at most, three shillings per yard, and that he bought a great deal of it for furniture. As this will find you, I suppose, at Came, I beg you will remember me most kindly to them. I have not heard from Lord Dorchester since he came to Ireland. Do you approve of proposing to Mr. Bourdage to remain with us on half the salary he now has? But you must remember that whilst he continues in the house, which, to be sure, will be useful for this winter, we cannot put the servants on board wages, and I shall not know till I go home what the expense has been in keeping house for him, his brother, and the family. I expect to spend a week at home the beginning of next month, when I shall settle at the bankers to continue your credit. I do not agree with you that a good dinner can hurt me, but I must relinquish suppers. I am busy at present in conveying the French prisoners across towards Newry for em-

barkation. This seems to me a more pleasant residence than Omagh.—Your PORTARLINGTON.

26th November 1798.

MY LOVE—In consequence of a cold, I have had most violent attack of my lungs, which was in a dangerous situation for six days past, but I had last night a favourable change, which gives me great hopes of getting thro' it. I am under the care of a good physician here—Doctor Mangaus. Remain quiet till I can let you know that I can join you in Dublin.—Your PORTARLINGTON.

The attack is a nervous nature, not consumptive.

These were the last lines written by Lord Portarlington to his wife. The neglected chill developed suddenly into inflammation, and before she had realised how ill her husband was he had passed away. The news was received by the afflicted family at Came in Dorsetshire, where Lady Portarlington and her daughters were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Damer, expecting every day a summons to join Lord Portarlington in Dublin. In her great loss Lady Portarlington employed the resignation and strength of mind she had often inculcated upon her sister, and the letter given below to Lady Louisa shows how bravely the widow tried to bear her burden and to dedicate what was left of her life to the nine children left to her care.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* among the deaths:—"At Augnacloy, County Tyrone, on his way to Dublin, John Dawson, Earl of Portarlington, Viscount Carlow, and Baron Dawson, in which latter titles he succeeded his father in 1779, and was raised

to the first title in 1785. He was also Colonel of the Queen's County Militia. He was born 23rd August 1744, represented Portarlington, and afterwards in two successive Parliaments, Queen's County, of which he was appointed Governor on his father's death. He married, 1st January 1778, Lady Caroline Stuart, fifth daughter of John, Earl of Bute, by whom he has left five sons and four daughters."

Lord Portarlington was succeeded by his eldest son, John, Viscount Carlow, who lived till 1845, when he died unmarried. The following letter from the Lieutenant of the regiment of the Queen's County Yeomanry, written after his father's death, bears testimony to the esteem in which he was universally held.

LORD PORTARLINGTON from RICHARD DOWDELL

9th December 1798.

MY LORD PORTARLINGTON—I take the liberty to say that I sympathise most sincerely at the very great loss you have sustained, one of the *best of men,* whom the country *adored.* I have lost my best *friend.* The Infantry yeoman have unanimously elected your Lordship their first Captain, and the Horse also have in like manner.—I have the honor to be, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

RICHARD DOWDELL, 2nd Lieutenant.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

Dorchester, 11th December 1798.

I SENT you a few lines this morning, but I determined as soon as I was able to write more fully, as I am sure you are miserable about me, and perhaps

think it unkind that I do not wish to see you; but know, my dear sister, that in my unhappy circumstances there is no remedy but time and patience, and the more quiet I am suffered to be the sooner I shall regain that composure which is necessary to enable me to exert myself for the advantage of my children. From Mr. and Mrs. Damer I experience the kindness of the nearest relations. Nothing can be more attentive than they are to give me every ease and comfort, therefore I shall hope soon to hear you are easy about me, and I think I am much better since I have seen him. I would have made my girls write to you, but as they are not much used to writing letters, I found I could not undertake to dictate to them. I have been able to apply myself to the best of all friends in adversity—religion. I read a great deal, and I have a thorough trust in God that He will protect the *widow and the fatherless*. I submit myself to His decree, and I already feel the advantage of a firm faith and trust in His divine goodness.

CHAPTER XIV

THE following year set in sadly enough for the bereaved family, who after a time returned to Ireland, where they lived at Emo Park, in the house which had been built by the late Earl, and which was about half a mile distant from the old Dawson Court. The only remains of the latter now left is a bit of the old garden, some of the foundation of the original house, and a pond said to be haunted. Emo itself owed a great deal to the young Lord who now came into possession, and whose extravagant tastes led him to commit many follies in his mother's more prudent eyes. Indeed, it was a serious blow to the family and all concerned when the wise head and thoughtful eye of the father were removed and the property left in the hands of a handsome, thoughtless boy, who used to boast "that one 'nought' more could not make much difference to a bill." We may be sure Lady Louisa had been a most sympathetic friend in her sister's trouble, and perhaps this was an additional reason to induce the Duchess of Buccleuch to persuade her to pay the long-talked-of visit to Dalkeith, an event which after this year seems to have been of almost annual recurrence.

The following letter from Lady Macartney, whose house in London had been attacked by fire, shows

she was expecting her sister and family on their way to Ireland.

LORD PORTARLINGTON from LADY MACARTNEY

Curzon Street, 2nd January 1799.

YOU will, I'm sure, my dear nephew, be glad to hear that I have got back to this house, and am able to sleep in it again in peace and security, and you will also be glad to know that your dear mother has finally decided to come to the house in Charles Street, where I have been to get everything ready for her. There were fires in all the rooms, and I assure you it felt quite warm and comfortable. She is to send Hover to town to-day, in order to get all her things moved, and I really hope she will be tolerably at her ease there. She is very anxious, dear woman, as well as I am, to hear of your being safe at Preston. I hope the mail coach was warm, that you did not meet with any accident, and that I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you very soon. I went on Monday to Mr. Riley and ordered furniture for your bed, which he promised me he would get ready by to-day, but having called there again just now, he said the Preston waggon would not set out till nine o'clock to-morrow, and that it would be at Preston in three days. He was to pack up the mattresses, blankets, bolster, pillow, counterpane, and furniture, all in a box and a bag, and the whole was to amount to ten pounds sixteen shillings. I told him to bring the bill to me, and I should pay it whenever you wrote me word you had

received the things and that they were right, so pray, my dear, do not fail to do this. I have not heard anything of the bed which you said was to be sent here for Pigott, but the best way will be for him to write word to the shop where it is for them to direct it and send it by the Preston waggon, as those from whom you buy the things always will do so.

I am now to tell you a piece of news in the family. James Wortley is to be married to Lady Caroline Creighton, daughter to Lord and Lady Erne.[1] She is not pretty, but he says he has long been in love with her, and everybody who knows her seems to agree in thinking her very good and amiable. So, you see, he has very soon followed his friend Corbett's example. Adieu, my dear nephew, and believe me ever your most affectionate, J. MACARTNEY.

LORD PORTARLINGTON from LADY PORTARLINGTON

Came, 3rd January 1799.

MY DEAR JOHN—I am very impatient to hear you got safe to Preston, and that you did not get cold by the variety of places you slept in after you left this. I do suppose you must have been very much surprised at finding Lady Macartney's house in such a state of confusion, but she has been very fortunate upon the whole not to be a greater sufferer, and she wrote me word she was able to sleep in it again on Sunday night last. I keep to my determination

[1] James Archibald Stuart Wortley, afterwards first Lord Wharncliffe, married 30th March 1799 Lady Elizabeth Caroline Mary Crichton, daughter of the first Earl of Erne.

of leaving this on Monday next, and have sent Hover to town to get things ready. My heart sinks whenever I think of leaving this, but I have no alternative. I am very sorry to see by the papers that Ireland is growing as bad as ever, and I find the people there expect a worse Rebellion than the former if they persist in the Union. What will become of us in this case God knows!

I have had a very good letter from Henry since you went, but I have not heard that his ship has sailed yet. I see your Lieutenantcy is gazetted. Lady Macartney says you bespoke a bed, by which I conclude Pigott was not forthcoming, otherwise you should have done without it as long as you could, for the reasons I told you.

I have heard no more from Mr. Hemmis, but suppose I shall soon. The weather has continued very cold, though not quite so severe as the few days before you left us. I had a few lines from Mr. Bourdage; he does not mention anything of Emo. Adieu, my dearest son.—Your ever affectionate mother,

C. PORTARLINGTON.

Many happy New Years to you, my dearest boy.

LADY PORTARLINGTON from LADY LOUISA STUART

[Dalkeith], 27th October 1799.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—I had the comfort of receiving your letter of the 20th to-day, and was delighted to find you had heard from your son; that he was safe I knew before, and disastrous and disgrace-

ful as the end of this expedition[1] seems, I am heartily rejoiced they are all to come back by whatever means. A thousand thanks to you for writing to me directly. I take it most kindly, for indeed I am very anxious about him, poor fellow, though I shall not seem thankful, for I do not intend to send a letter again till I can fill Lord Auckland's precious frank handsomely. It is such an indulgence to write as much as one pleases. All goes on here much as it did when I wrote last. The Dutchess always desires her love most affectionately to you. She is in a sufficient worry at this moment, Lady Home[2] being actually ill, so she (the Dutchess) and Lady Mary Stopford have shut themselves up in her apartment, the former looking as pale as if going to die herself. However, she is at the right way, and I daresay she will do very well. Her husband arrived here two days ago. He is a very pretty young man both in face and figure, and seems extremely good-humoured, but too Scotch both in language and manners.

. . . . . .

Lady Caroline,[3] whom I never lived much with before, I find very sensible and pleasant, with a good deal of Lady Douglas's fun in her, and like her in many of her ways. Lady Harriet [Don] is still at Bothwell, Miss Douglas[4] having entreated so earnestly for her to stay, the Duchess yielded. Lord Dalkeith is gone

[1] The expedition to Holland under the Duke of York.

[2] Lady Home and Lady Mary Stopford were daughters of the Duchess of Buccleuch. The former gave birth to a boy 27th October, afterwards Cospatrick, eleventh Earl of Home.

[3] Afterwards Lady Queensberry.

[4] Miss Jane Douglas (Lady Montagu).

thither to-day, meaning to stay there as long as the General will let him, and when he returns Lady Douglas comes too to this house. I am preparing to remove this week to Mr. Nisbet's, and from thence shall go to Lord Haddington's,[1] then return hither, and then to Bothwell. I was going to bid you direct, and forgot I should not send my letter for some time. The account of different places may possibly amuse you, tho' alas! when I think how much you have to occupy you painfully, I almost recoil at writing so much nonsense, and fear it will disturb and molest you.

Archerfield,[2] Saturday, 2nd November.

Here I came on Thursday, eighteen miles along the sea coast through one or two filthy, beastly towns (true Scotch indeed), but with noble sea views, and luckily it was a fine day; it clouded over before I arrived, and has been rain and fog ever since, so I will not speak of the country, not having had a fair sight of it. I fancy it is very ugly towards land and beautiful as a sea prospect, and the latter one only sees in a mist. The house is a most excellent one, an old one added to, rebuilt, and new fitted up. There is a low hall on the basement story, the rest offices. Above, an oval saloon of forty-six feet by twenty-five, a good dining-room, drawing-room, and book-room, an apartment for themselves, and another with two dressing-

[1] Tyninghame, Haddingtonshire. Charles, eighth Earl of Haddington, married, 1779, Lady Sophia Hopetoun, and died 1828.

[2] Archerfield, near Dirleton, the seat of the Nisbet family, came by heiresses to Mary, only child of William Hamilton-Nisbet, who married, 11th March 1799, Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin.

rooms, etc. In the middle a pretty circular skylight-room with eight doors, which connects the whole. I never saw a house so well disposed and with such good *dégagements*. Above this floor is one of excellent lodging-rooms for company. All is new and nicely furnished in the most fashionable manner. It wants nothing but more furniture for the middle of the rooms. I mean all is set out in order, no comfortable tables to write or read at; it looks like a fine London house prepared for company; quite a contrast to the delightful gallery at Dalkeith, where you can settle yourself in any corner. I wonder at this, for they are by no means formal people, and Lady Elgin was lively enough to have routed them out of any primness. They have heard from her from Gibraltar; she has been miserably sick the whole voyage, poor thing!

Here are Lady Robert[1] and Miss M[anners], a Miss Kinloch, cousin to Mr. Nisbet, and sister to Lady Cunliffe of Cheshire (another sister is married in Ireland), and Miss Ainslie, a pretty young friend of Lady Elgin's, who almost lives with this family, daughter of a Sir Philip Ainslie, elder brother to the Sir Robert who was Ambassador at Constantinople, and the General. She was in town with them last year. There has been (but she has gone to-day) Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of Mr. Nisbet's brother, a Dundas by birth. They play at cards staunchly the whole evening as they do in London, and for half-crowns. At Dalkeith shillings are the regular play of the house,

[1] Lady Robert Manners was Miss Mary Digges of Roehampton, and a sister of Mrs. Hamilton-Nisbet's mother.

and they only do it for about an hour. As I always lose I like the shillings best, and an hour is quite enough. Nothing can be more good-humoured or obliging than this family. Lady Robert looks very grave, very handsome. She is a beautiful woman for her age, and meddles with nobody; I wonder, however, how she likes such settled card-playing. I remember of old she used to declaim against it violently.

Wednesday, 6th.

The weather has been such as to make one have a heavy heart, for on Sunday night there was just such a storm as I remember at Highcliffe, and I have thought of nothing but your son ever since; I hope in God he was not exposed to it. I con the newspapers, but see nothing of the 20th Regiment, tho' several others are mentioned as returning. To-day too is very rough. God preserve him! I durst not say all this if I were to send my letter directly, but I trust we shall have satisfactory intelligence before it goes. We had sunshine on Monday, and went to see Amisfield, Lord Wemyss's house. It is a large red stone building, ill-contrived; one very fine room fitted up for statues; there are two real ones that seem antiques, the rest casts, I fancy bronze painted white, but so large, they make the room look too small, tho' I daresay it is of very large dimensions. There is a great gallery upstairs with some very good pictures, of which it seems he is a collector. He built much of the house, but now has forsaken it, and is building another immense palace at a place called Gosford. I came by it in my

way hither. You never beheld such a black, desolate spot, with not a shrub or a stick near it, staring on the sea-shore, yet the road betwixt it and the sea. The sea view must certainly be very noble. There is a *corps de logis* and two pavilions, all with domes, so at a distance it looks like three great ovens, but the front is really a very pretty one. They say the plan is absurd: three rooms in the middle, of fifty feet long, each lighted with one huge Venetian window and unconnected with the rest. I never saw a worse house of its size than Amisfield: twenty little dark passages and staircases. Yet they say Lady Elcho affirms she can make it very comfortable, and plans it out for ever. I wish she had it to try! I think she may make something of the place; it is all desolation now; not even a road made, and such a miry bog between the lodge and the house, we should have been overturned without extreme caution. Lord Wemyss has planted a hill, but in *stripes*, which disfigures the whole country, yet there is a cheerful extent of country to look over, a fine river, the town of Haddington, and an old abbey church, half a ruin, and very near a romantick groupe of rocks, which, well planted, might be beautiful. Haddington is a very decent place, and clean for a Scotch town. The place the Elchos used to live at is a small one some miles off. The old Lord would not let them come this year. He certainly uses his son very hardly, having nothing to complain of in him but what we all know, and he cannot help that he is a *fool*. It is said Lord Wemyss, though a very strange man, has good parts, and Lord Elcho's folly puts him out of all

patience; but though he may avoid his company, he should let him live comfortably, and *she* has not the same defect. This place, now I have seen it, commands a beautiful sea view, straight forward; an open one to the Baltic on the left, the coast of Fife on the other side, so plain in clear weather, you can distinguish the houses and inclosures; several romantick rocks in the sea just before you, and on the right the famous one called the Bass, covered with sea fowl. The old ruined castle of Dirleton (the family title, as it is called here) lies between you and the sea; it stands on a rock, with brushwood and shrubbery about it, altogether a very picturesque object, the village below it. Mrs. Nisbet has built most of the houses, and it is round a green, so more *English* than most in this region—indeed, would be quite neat and pretty if it were not for the race of pigs that inhabit it. Mrs. Nisbet says, however, they are much improved since she saw the country first, and I see some difference since I was in Scotland sixteen years ago. They wear shoes and stockings much more for one thing. And the town of Dalkeith is infinitely better—indeed, as good as an English town of the same size. But still they love a little nastiness just before their doors. On Sunday at church they make a very good figure, not a ragged person there, all clean and decent, and I was told clad wholly in the work of their own hands, the women spinning not only their own clothes, but the coarse cloth their husbands wear. Hereabouts the farmers are very rich and substantial. 'Tis a rich corn country, and Mr. Nisbet talks of letting land for eight pounds an acre. I need not

tell you it is very ugly, for you know corn-land without hedges can have no beauty, and if they have them, they keep them low, just to serve for a fence and not appear. There are scarce any trees about this place but what Mr. Nisbet has planted since his marriage, but they have a shrubbery flower garden, very fine kitchen garden, hothouses, and so forth, and some of his plantations will hereafter be very fine.

Saturday, 9th.

I am relieved from my fears of last Sunday's hurricane, as Miss Ainslie has a brother in the troops, and has heard he landed safely on Monday, so I trust it was not so violent in that sea. But would the 20th were safe on shore! Lady Macartney writes me word they waited a second embarkation. The weather is now calmer, and I hope they will have a good passage. I will transcribe what Lady Emily says in a letter I have had forwarded from Dalkeith (the only one she has favoured me with): "I hear from everybody the most pleasing accounts of Portarlington.[1] Captain Maclean saw him yesterday night in perfect health. He bore all the hardships, etc., just as one would desire, and was in the thick of the whole. Since he has been preserved, it will have been the very best education he could possibly have had."

Lord Charles Kerr,[2] the one who was, and is, lame, has married Miss Elizabeth Crump, a tanner's daughter at Farnham. The tanner was wiser than to want a

[1] John, second Earl of Portarlington.

[2] Lord Charles Beauchamp Kerr, second son of the fifth Marquis of Lothian. He died 1816, leaving a large family.

Lord without a sixpence for a son-in-law, and had turned him out of his house two or three times. *Lady Charles* is said to look like a better sort of a housemaid. His father says, "all things considered, it is not amiss." I wonder what things his Lordship considers! An ill fate seems always to attend that family, excepting Lord Mark, who has been lucky in all respects, owing partly perhaps to his father's original dislike and neglect of him, which forced him to bustle for himself and apply heartily to a profession. *Apropos* of luck, we continue *threshing* at cards every night, and I do think mine is uncommonly bad. I have lost *six guineas* already, yet by playing constantly for a month I feel that my play improves, and I never lose my temper and fret over it, so I think I am much on a par with other people. Mrs. Nisbet has remarkably bad luck, but if she plays against me she wins. Miss —— is said to win regularly, but with me she loses. It was just the same at Dalkeith, only playing but one rubber or two for shillings did not come to so much money. Here they play whist in the Scotch manner (what in London we call French). The rubber goes for two, and if you mark nothing the game is reckoned triple, so one rubber may be eight half-crowns. You often wonder why I don't play at cards in London. I have always found it the same, and a card purse of fifty guineas would not carry me through the winter to play half-crowns with shabby, disagreeable company. That Miss —— I have mentioned is an old maid like myself, a relation of Mr. Nisbet's. Her father, it seems, was one of the most popular and hospitable gentlemen

in this neighbourhood, kept open house for everybody in the old Scotch way, the scene of all cheerfulness and gaiety. Her second brother had a dreadful fever in the West Indies, and very long delirium, and returned quite altered in temper, discontented, sulky, and seeming to hate his father and elder brother. After the former's death he grew worse and showed such dangerous dispositions, the latter was pressed to take proper care of him, but from delicacy put it off. However *such people* were actually sent for, and in the house, but on some very outrageous behaviour the elder brother unfortunately went himself to seize him; he had a pistol in his hand, and shot him dead on the spot. He was tried, for the clamour was very great, and there was quite a party in the county that would have it done in malice and not insanity; so this poor miserable sister was forced to appear as evidence to prove him mad, and after a long scrutiny he was declared so, the estate vested in trustees, and his person given to the care of Sir —— ——, whose wife is another sister, and with whom this lady now lives. I remember to have seen the story in the newspaper three or four years ago, but since I have heard it she has become quite interesting to me. She has a third brother, but he, it seems, is silly and worthless, and no comfort to her. She seems to have very bad health, which one can't wonder at, her nerves having been destroyed by such dreadful calamities. We now sit in an evening in the library, where there is a spare table or two and a pianoforte, on which Miss Ainslie sometimes plays. This is much

more comfortable than that fine beautiful saloon, and one can feel at one's ease in it.

Tyninghame, Tuesday, 19th November.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie passed through Haddington yesterday on his way to Edinburgh,[1] and the papers say all the troops are now arrived, so I trust I may congratulate you on your son's being once more safe in England, and hope, as we have now had above a week of still calm weather, he escaped the dreadful storms there were before that, which really made me feel relieved when Lady Macartney wrote me word he was not to embark till the last. The wind quite worried me at Archerfield, as it used to do at Highcliffe, and I was glad enough to come hither on Thursday; indeed, Lord and Lady Haddington[2] are also more agreeable company, for tho' a very good and sensible woman, there is a heaviness in Mrs. Nisbet's society that pervades the house, and Mr. Nisbet is a terrible cracker of foolish jokes, altho' so good-humoured at home, one should find no fault with him. I was very glad to find Lady Haddington in perfect good health, with no trace of having had so long and severe an illness excepting sometimes the air of a little weakness of spirits. My Lord is just the same man, and, to be sure, does talk. Good gods! how he does talk! So we have chattered abundantly upon all things past, present, and future. He is so glad to see an old acquaintance from England, he cannot get the words fast enough out

[1] On his return from the unfortunate Dutch expedition.

[2] See *ante*, p. 280.

of his mouth, that is the question. Both seem highly pleased with their son, Carlow's old friend, and to expect everything that is good from him. He is at Oxford. This place is not much farther from the sea than Mr. Nisbet's, and one sees it from some of the windows, but it is upon a bay, and there is the comfortable shelter of very large woods, and many trees close to the house, which is an old one, originally a monastery, and patched with apartments by its successive owners, so no regularity without or within, up steps and down steps, full of closets, passages, and staircases —a good place for a ghost to haunt. However, vast, thick, solid walls and some very comfortable rooms, an excellent dining-room and a very pleasant drawing-room, and they are comfortable people, abounding in chairs, couches, and tables. He says he is very glad the outside is so irregular, for, as it cannot be spoiled, he may do what he pleases, and he means to add an apartment for her and a library for himself, which will be all they want for convenience. They have lodging room in abundance. It is crammed with family pictures, which he vows shall stay. He says it was a contrivance of people of no family, who did not like to talk of their relations, to laugh at them as old lumber, and make those who had them send them up to the garret, and all hangs to the present system of levelling. I can't but say there is truth in this. Some of his pictures are good, and as his family is very noble and greatly allied, one sees many faces one has read of both in English and Scotch history, which I always think amusing. We have here a sister of Lady

Morton's,[1] Lady Hacket, the same sort of genteel, well-dressed woman (they are Hamiltons, and Duke of Hamilton's near relations), but much more pleasing. Poor woman, her figure is so like our poor dear friend lately lost, in whose disease she seems far gone, and her pallid face puts me in mind of her; she interests me not a little. She has three daughters, ugly girls, but sensible and tidy, like herself; they seem reasonable sort of creatures. Lord Haddington says she was once much prettier than Lady Morton. I am sorry to go away from hence, but want to spend some time at Dalkeith, and suppose Lord Dalkeith will be in a hurry to go home as soon as he can get leave of absence. I have promised them, however, a much longer visit before I leave Scotland, and shall perform it, if nothing happens to hinder me, with willingness, for I feel easy with both. She is a very amiable woman, and I am used to him and his ways, and like his conversation. I daresay this is a most enjoyable place in the summer, full of pretty walks, but the ground is everywhere so wet now, one never stirs without being obliged to change shoes, stockings, and petticoats, tho' the soil is here dry in itself. We are within a walk of the sea, tho' the wind does not roar in one's ears all day as at Archerfield. There are about a thousand acres of wood, mostly open grove, for underwood being of no value, they pasture their woods and keep it down. Our niece[2] was here last year with her friends, the Dundases, and greatly disgusted both Lord and Lady Haddington

[1] Catharine Hamilton, granddaughter of sixth Earl of Haddington, and wife of seventeenth Earl of Morton, and her younger sister, Mary Hamilton, wife of Sir John Halket.

[2] See *ante*, p. 44.

with her manners. He says he never saw such a *Postilion* as she has grown in his life. He walked with her to a point to show her the view, and quoth she, "It was well judged truly to bring me here, who am just come from the Bay of Naples," and flounced away. This is very insolent as well as ill-bred, for I dare answer for her she made no such remark on any view Mr. Dundas showed her in any part of his possessions; but it happened to an unlucky person, for all Lord Haddington's geese are swans (according to the saying), and he will never forgive it while he lives. He has fussed through mud and mire and into every hole and corner of his odd house. He is very proud of his kitchen garden, and vies with Mr. Nisbet (both are remarkable fine ones), but the climate at Tynningham being much milder from being sheltered from east winds, they have myrtle and Chinese roses growing in the open ground, and the former were not even killed last winter, tho' only covered with snow.

Dalkeith, Thursday, 21st November 1799.

Thank God, thank God! my dearest Caroline, I have to wish you joy of your son's safety. Lady Macartney writes me word he is at Deal. My blood runs cold at the risks he has run being at sea all that tremendous weather, when it made one shudder to think of him often and often. I am almost afraid your spirits will hardly be able to stand so much agitation, and you will be as much overcome with the good as the bad, but that is easier recovered, thank God indeed! I say it with tears in my eyes, God bless you, and him,

and all of you! I have also received Car's[1] letter by this post, and one from Lady Lonsdale, who seems much better than she has been. I have not had such pleasant tidings long. I will answer Car to herself, and shall now think of sending my pacquet soon. There is no post to London to-day.

Friday.

I had time but for a few words yesterday. I am glad you have Mrs. Moore with you all this time, and hope it has a little tended to support your spirits. I found here Lord and Lady Dalkeith, Jane, and Caroline. Lady Harriet returned with them, who, if she had good teeth, would, I think, be the prettiest of the family, and Lords Dalkeith and Montagu came over in an open boat from Fife to be present at the little Lord Dunglass's christening, which Richard Stopford performed, and churched Lady Home last night. The child was called Cospatrick, a name in Lord Home's family since the founder of it seven or eight hundred years ago. . . . Lord Dalkeith and his brother are two pleasant beings. They have something like conversation, especially the former, who readily enters into it. This house is now so full, nothing more can be crammed into it. It has not much lodging room for its great size. They are forced to send my maid to the nursery, and stuff Lord Home into her room. The Douglases talk of staying till their boys come from school. The Dutchess has some emigrants' work to dispose of.[2] I shall enclose a little note-book for you, and

[1] Lady Portarlington's eldest daughter, married in 1801 to Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards first Lord Congleton. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 187.

[2] Work by French emigrants in refuge in England during the Revolution.

a pair of bracelets for each of the girls. I would send dear little Annie a pin-cushion, but cannot put one in my cover. I am almost afraid you will be tired of all the stuff you see here. It is so difficult to have leisure to write in other people's houses. I have always felt in a hurry whenever I have sat down. The Dutchess and Lady Douglas desire their kindest love, and are very happy to hear your son is safe. Also Lady Courtown. The Haddingtons were very full too of enquiries after you. I have never arrived at seeing Mrs. Mure, but hear she is well and talks faster than ever. Lady Harriet Don unluckily was in this country during my absence, and is now gone home. Lady Betty C[unningham] dined here once. She is grown oldish and very large. Her old mother is living, but in a weak state.

Saturday, 24th November.

And now, my dearest love, I shall pack this up, to go by to-morrow's post. I daresay the moment I have despatched it I shall recollect a thousand other things I wished to have said. I look anxiously over every letter I receive from Lady M. for some favourable news relative to your affairs, but, alas! have yet seen nothing agreeable to my wishes. I will not yet despair. I can't but wish your son should now go to Court once to show himself and put in mind where he has been etc., etc. It might possibly be of some use, and a prepossessing figure and handsome face does not go for nothing. Adieu, with all possible affection. May sunshine break out at last, and everything that is good attend you.—Yours L. S.

LADY LOUISA STUART from LADY PORTARLINGTON

27th December 1799.

MY DEAREST LOUISA—I am quite provoked to think how ungrateful I must seem to you for your two long entertaining letters, as you have had only a very shabby one from me in return, but I hope you will excuse this delay of my thanks, as it was occasioned by an event which has given me much disturbance and vexation: our poor old faithful steward, who was eighty-two years old, and has lived in this family the greater part of his life, was robbed and murdered some nights ago in our own grounds. He was riding home from hence after dinner to the post office of Emo, where he has resided and officiated ever since the time of the rebellion, when the postmaster was almost murdered and gave it up. I have been particularly vexed at this unfortunate circumstance, as there is a child here belonging to a poor woman, apparently out of her senses, who was found lying about in the grounds, three or four weeks ago, and as she seemed perfectly quiet and harmless, I have allowed her and her child to inhabit an empty room near the garden that used to be occupied by the gardener, as I was afraid of her being starved to death, and I could get none of the poor people to let her into their houses. Now this little girl, who is but seven years old, has been telling all the servants that she followed this poor old man the night he was killed and saw him fall from his horse, and that she threw a stone at him. From this has arisen a suspicion that her mother was concerned in it, and I had her searched, and

have really felt doubly unhappy at the thought of my harbouring this woman, who might have been accessory to the murder; but upon further examination of the child she acknowledges that it was a man she met who desired her to tell that story, and she has named his name and the place where he lives, so I have sent for a magistrate and some yeomen to go and search. I do assure you this affair has discomposed me so much that if John was not coming over I should quit the country, but he is now, I apprehend, on the road, so here I shall remain as long as he stays, and then go either to Dublin or London—I have not yet determined which. I am very much obliged to you for your offer, but I think it would be hard to force you to stay away from your own house, besides that, by that bargain as long as I staid there I could never see you. I am heartily glad to hear you amuse yourself so well in Scotland, and I fancy you now agree with me that in a comfortable house in the country where the family live at their ease the greatest comfort is to be found. I am very certain no pleasures of town are equal to it. I am very glad to hear poor Lady Haddington is quite recovered. Mr. Wortley[1] intended them a visit if he had gone home through Scotland, but his regiment does not go home so soon, and so all his schemes are altered. He and his friend, Mr. Houston, spent some days with me last week. You can't think how much he is liked in this kingdom, and how much more likeable he is than when with his family. I think he has now quite got up his spirits and looks remarkably well. I hope he will live

[1] The writer's nephew, James Stuart Wortley afterwards first Lord Wharncliffe.

sociably again in London, as he did before he lost his son. Mr. Houston seems a pleasing young man, but I hear in Dublin he pleases the elderly ladies better than the young ones. I was much entertained with your description of all the places and familys you have been in. I could almost fancy myself with you. You had better not trust to the [servants], as one of your letters was charged four shillings and sixpence and the other thirteen shillings. If you write on folio paper you can send me a good deal in it, and I do not grudge a double letter whenever you have an inclination to fill it. I have been disappointed in my wish of John's being presented. General Stuart was taken ill and could not go to the Levée. This was very provoking in so large a family. However, Lady M[acartney] got Lady Ely to explain the reason to the King and Queen. I have just had a letter from Lady Macartney full of commendations of my dear son, and I hope he will deserve them, tho' I shall not build much upon his having more discretion than other young men of his age, and I cannot expect him to resist temptations that are likely to fall in the way of one of his age and rank. My paper obliges me to conclude. Pray remember me affectionately to all the inhabitants I know at Dalkeith and elsewhere.—Ever your C. P.

Many happy New Years to you.

END OF VOL. II

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